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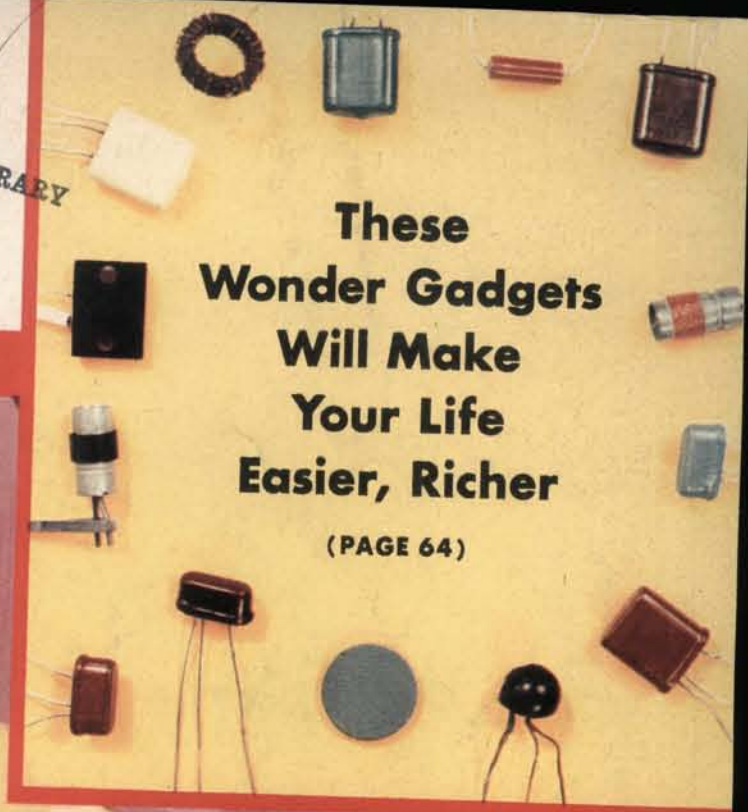

These Wonder Gadgets Will Make Your Life Easier, Richer

(PAGE 64)

LIBERACE

"Nobody Loves Me But the People"

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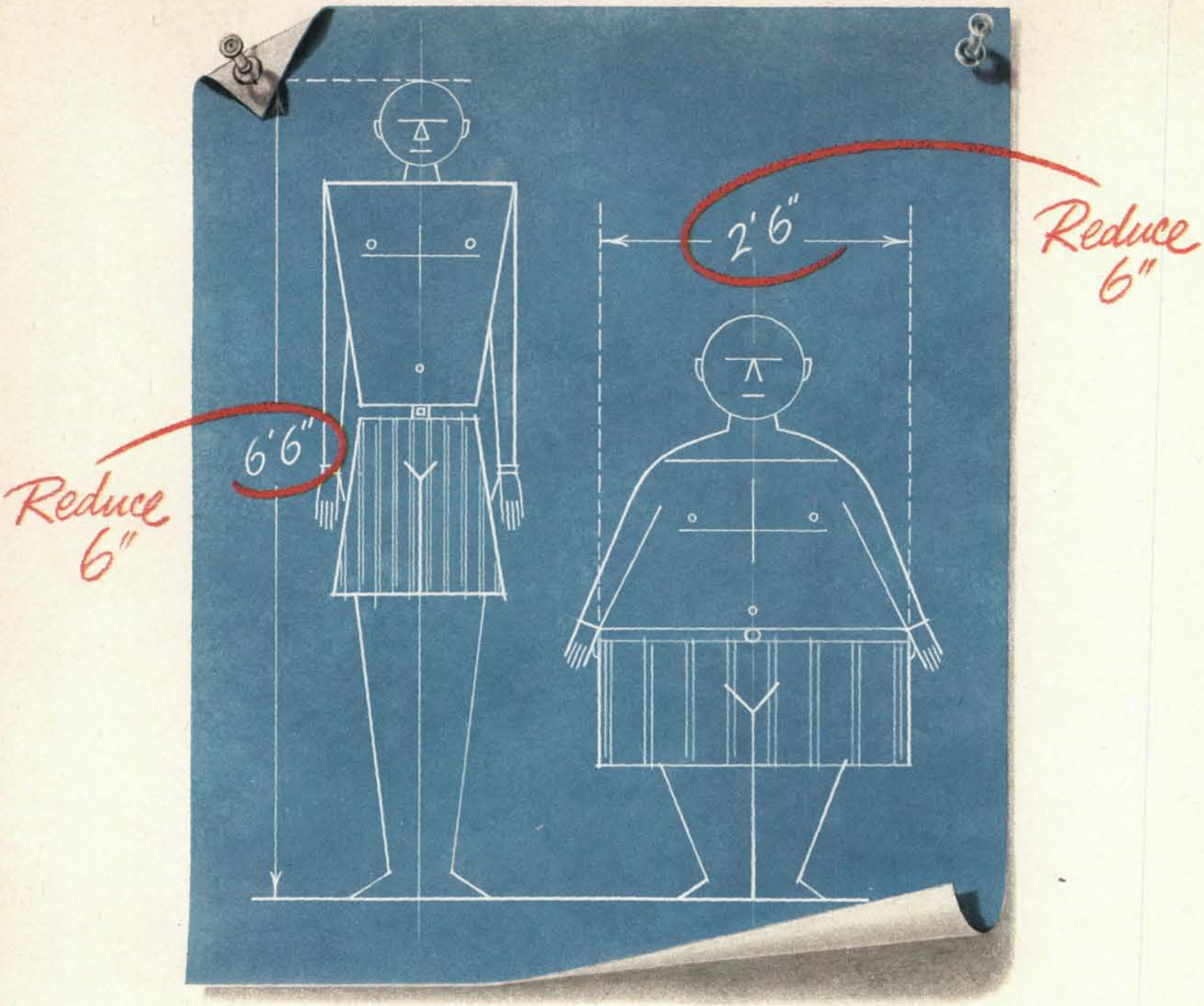

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Radiating love, the first authentic matinee idol created by television is portrayed—by the famous caricaturist, Al Hirschfeld—as he puts his heart into his smile in a familiar setting: seated at the piano in intimate surroundings, a candelabra glowing softly in the background. A searching and colorful report on the phenomenal rise of Liberace, by Richard Donovan, starts on page 28 of this issue

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Metropolitan dollars come home to roost!

LAST YEAR, Metropolitan benefit payments to policyholders and beneficiaries exceeded $1,000,000,000—an all-time record in the history of Life Insurance. Each of the Company's 1,000 local offices paid benefits, on the average, of over $1,000,000—tangible evidence of the value of Metropolitan's localized services. Undoubtedly, many of these dollars flowed into your own community.

These benefits did not just happen. They resulted largely from the efficient and faithful efforts of Metropolitan Agents—men who sought out those in need of Life insurance, diagnosed their requirements, and developed individualized plans to help protect families in a manner consistent with their hopes, ambitions, and circumstances.

To illustrate the benefits which Metropolitan's benefit dollars made possible in 1953, let us take a good American city like Indianapolis, Indiana. Metropolitan policyholders and beneficiaries in that city received $4,900,000 last year. There follow several cases which indicate the benefits which some of these dollars made possible.

On July 4, 1953, a Metropolitan Agent celebrated the holiday at the home of a good friend, an Indianapolis dentist. The dentist was devoted to his son whose ambition was to follow in his Dad's professional footsteps. Over the years, the Agent had urged the dentist to help assure the fulfillment of the boy's ambition in the event something unforeseen happened.

The holiday was especially significant because it was also the occasion on which the Agent delivered to his friend a $30,000 policy to make certain the son's dental education, plus a "nest egg" with which to begin practice. The following November, the dentist, who had never been sick a day in his life, passed away. Today, the son is in a well-known state university getting the coveted education—thanks to the love and foresight of a father.

A local Metropolitan Agent was startled to read in a newspaper that a middle-aged policyholder had been thrown from his automobile and had sustained severe back injuries. He called immediately at the home of the injured man to offer help in preparing claim papers and arranging for payment of immediate expenses.

Upon arriving, he found the injured man's wife nearly frantic and greatly concerned about the forthcoming medical bills which she had no money to meet. She was astounded to learn from the Agent that her husband had only a short time before taken out a substantial accident policy with Metropolitan, but had forgotten to tell her about it. She was greatly relieved to know that the medical bills would be taken care of . . . in fact, the Company ultimately paid $1,900.

The efforts of Metropolitan Agents are not always completely successful, and such instances emphasize even more "what might have been" if the breadwinner had protected his family with adequate Life insurance. Consider the case of two Indianapolis families which lived directly across the street from each other last year.

One family still lives at the old address. Metropolitan dollars are being used to help keep the family together, pay off the mortgage on the home and help educate the four children—despite the fact that the father died suddenly. Unfortunately, the father of the family across the way passed on without securing the adequate coverage offered by the Metropolitan Agent. As a result, his widow and two small children had to move to the home of her parents.

These Indianapolis cases typify some of the results of actual services that Metropolitan Agents have been and are continually rendering all over America—helping fathers and mothers safeguard their homes against the uncertainties of life. Yet, there are other ways—such as through investments—that "Metropolitan dollars come home to roost"!

Up to the time Metropolitan is called upon to make payments under policies, it invests and reinvests funds to help earn money for such payments. In all likelihood some of these investments are in your community helping provide jobs, as well as the comforts and conveniences of life.

Yes—in many different ways "Metropolitan dollars come home to roost." Every one of these dollars reflects the efforts of some Metropolitan Agent, points up the fact that he is an understanding friend and neighbor, and that . . .

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

I HAVE been smoking cigarettes for thirty-seven years, averaging in that period better than a pack a day. By a coincidence I recently had a chest X ray, which revealed one of two conditions: either I am so far gone that the roentgenologist and my physician decided not to bother me, or the butts have not done me enough harm to bother them. In either case I expect to go on smoking, because I like to smoke.

This, to be sure, makes me vulnerable to the criticism that I am stupid. But here's the way I feel about it: I know that a pack of cigarettes is not as good for you as a glass of milk, but I also know that I never got into any trouble or caused anybody else any trouble by inhaling a gasper. The docs have taken away my Scotch, almost literally over my dead body, but they know they're in for a battle if they try to deprive me of my nicotine.

I know of a fellow who read a book on how to give up smoking. He gave up smoking all right, but now he's writing a book on how to give up Life Savers.

★ ★ ★

MY CONNECTION with Grace Kelly is through the district attorney of Philadelphia.

If you only knew how strongly I am tempted to leave that statement unadorned and let you use your wild imagination to fill in the details! The statement, of course, is true as far as it goes. The whole truth in this case is far less spectacular than the loaded lead paragraph. It's simply this: Richardson Dilworth, the Philadelphia D. A., is a friend of mine, and at his house a couple of years ago I met Grace Kelly's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kelly. On that occasion I distinguished myself by proposing a toast in double talk, with which the Kellys were not familiar, so when I proposed a single-talk interview with Grace in Hollywood last spring, some instinct or possibly some family chatter warned her and the interview could not be arranged. But to prove that I am not a sorehead I will now state that in my opinion Grace Kelly is the most valuable female property in the motion-picture industry, and her value has nothing to do with her father's wealth, which is considerable. Well, her father's dough does have this much to do with her value: she doesn't have to appear in just any and every piece of junk that Hollywood might offer her. She can sit it out and wait till the good ones come along.

I just caught her in a good one. It is called Rear Window, a title which, since this is a Paramount picture, must have won a prize on the Metro lot. When you have an Alfred Hitchcock film that co-stars James Stewart, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey and Thelma Ritter, you can get away with calling it Rear Window, or Carpet, or Cigarette Ashes, or Blotting Paper or whatever else comes to mind when you have had a hard day at the studio. It's going to be known as the new-Hitchcock-movie-with-Grace-Kelly-and-Jimmy-Stewart anyway. And

AL HIRSCHFELD

Grace Kelly is the most valuable female property in movies today

it's also going to be the last of that kind: Grace Kelly's next picture could also be called Rear Window, but it, and future Grace Kelly pictures, will be known as the new Grace Kelly picture. This young woman is the real thing, the star that emerges from among a thousand Hollywood starlets. What's more, she is going to get better as an actress and will have lasting beauty as a woman. In fifteen or twenty years she'll be able to do Lady Macbeth—or Mrs. Simpson in Pal Joey. There are practically no young leading-lady parts that she won't be able to do in the next five years.

Frankly, I have a play right now that I would like to see her do. (A play of my own, of course.)

There were complaints after her earlier movies that she offered nothing, but I don't think you'll be hearing any more of those. I am perfectly willing to give Hitchcock credit for his work, and Robert Burks, the cameraman, credit for his in Rear Window. But let's face it, children, they were not directing or photographing a fish head (see following item). They had a young woman who possesses some of the fragility, the elusiveness, of Greta Garbo, and some of the humor and spirit of Katharine Hepburn. She also has some of the fragility of Hepburn and some of the humor of Garbo.

In spite of this lid-flipping I now confess that I no longer have any great desire to meet her, and the reason may be something like my reasons for not particularly wanting to meet certain authors, for example, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Newton Booth Tarkington, whom I could have met if I had made the effort. You see, I didn't want their fictional characters to lose any of the reality they had for me, which might have occurred if I'd met the authors. In the case of Grace Kelly, it's simply that I prefer to think of her in various costumes of various roles, saying things that I know other people gave her to say. To put it another way, I wanted to keep the authors' people real, and Grace Kelly unreal.

I imagine that can be arranged.

★ ★ ★

YOU CAN say what you please about television—but it's my turn now, and instead of giving you a personal opinion, I shall repeat a mild defense of it that a friend of mine offered the other night.

This friend, whom I shall call Jack (for it's his name!), is head of a large household, made large by the fact that he has children by a first marriage, children by his present wife, and stepchildren whom his wife brought with her. There are, roughly, ten children in all.

"Before we bought a television," said Jack, "the place used to be a madhouse. Kids all over the house. You know how it was. But then we bought the TV set and put it in the cellar, and now the kids go down there and once a week we throw them a couple of fish heads and everything's peaceful."

★ ★ ★

IT CAME as no great surprise to me when two men ran the under-four-minute mile. The electric timer and Nature have nothing in common, and when Nature decided man was sufficiently developed to run 5,280 feet in less than 240 seconds, man was able to do it. The wind, the legs and the heart were provided by Old Mother; the clocking was, and is, an artificial restriction.

I hope that I shall live long enough to see man once again do a four-minute mile. Under water.

▲▲▲

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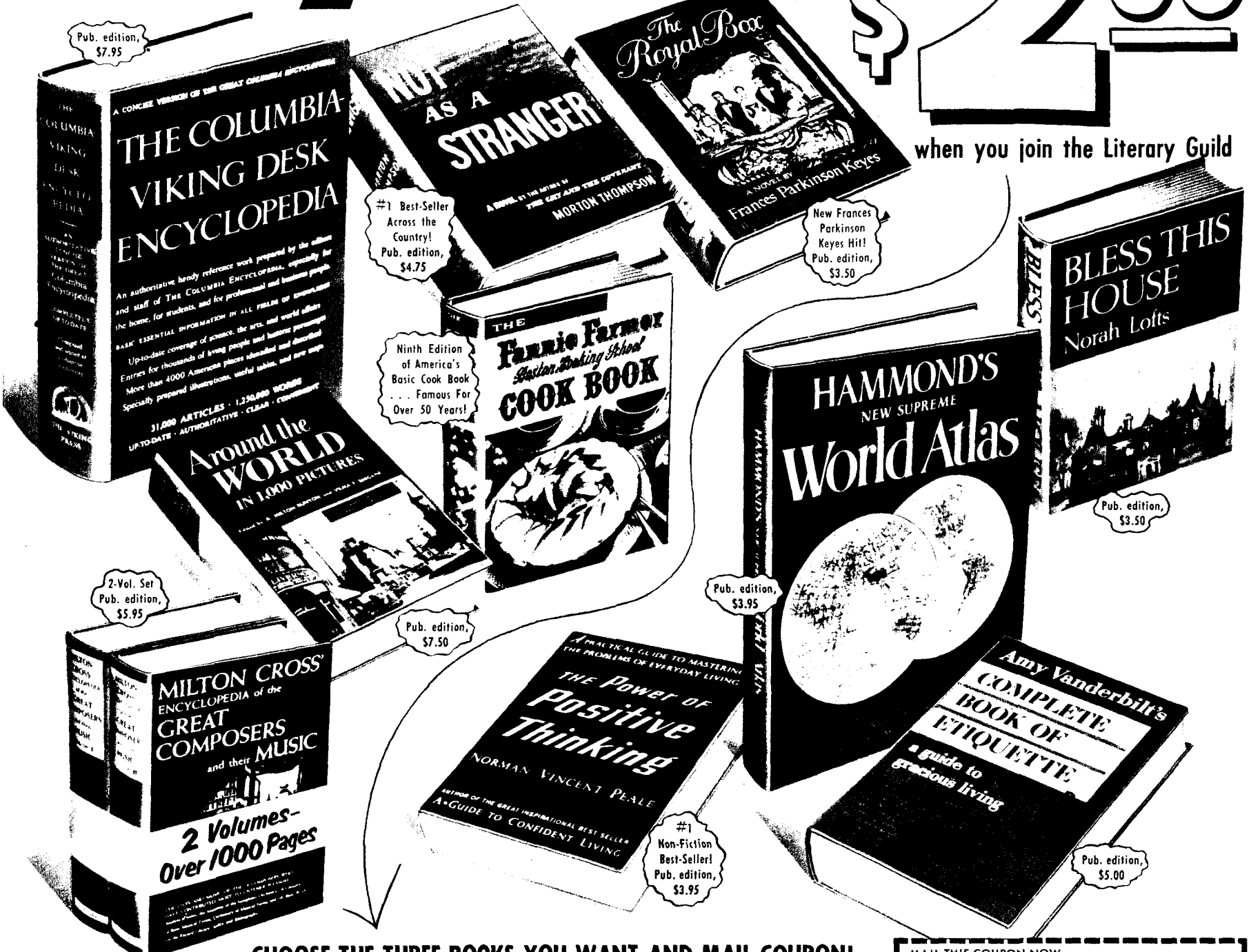
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PHILIPPE HALSMAN

Liberace reveals his character

YES, you're right, that's a picture of Liberace jumping up in the air. It was made by Philippe Halsman, photographer of celebrities, who did the specially posed portrait on page 28 that goes with Dick Donovan's story about Liberace. Why is he jumping in the air? We'll have to let Philippe tell you himself: "It's my hobby; I collect jumps of famous people. I have more than 100 jumps in my collection—Margaret Truman, Clare Boothe Luce, John Steinbeck, Tallulah and so on. I think that when a person defies gravity he cannot control his face and his true self comes out. It's like a personality test; you see their character.

"I remember when Tallulah jumped. She jumped and jumped, and she thought she was jumping, but one foot was always on the ground. I said, 'It's a make-believe jump; she lives in a world of make-believe.'

"Sometimes you see great ambition in a jump; sometimes you see them bite their lips and force a smile. But not in this jump of Liberace. He is completely relaxed. I see showmanship, and I would explain this jump by saying that this man achieves his ultimate pleasure in the enjoyment of his own showmanship."

That's what Philippe Halsman says. Now start Dick Donovan's story and see what *he* says.

★ ★ ★

GENERAL DRAPER'S article on tariffs is the latest example of his ability to get to the heart of a matter. When he was chief of the Economic Division of the Control Council in Berlin, he had to contend with a problem tougher than tariffs—Russians. Being an amateur magician, he sometimes tried a trick or two in fun. Once, at an inter-Allied social affair in 1945, he demonstrated how the Russians were draining out of Germany the very resources that the Western Powers were pouring in. General Draper placed four aces in the pocket of a French general's uniform and had them mysteriously reappear in the pocket of a Russian general. Everyone laughed, including Ivan; but the Russians kept on with their own world-wide sleight of hand.

★ ★ ★

JOHN WESLEY NOBLE writes from his Oakland, California, home: "A couple of years ago I heard about Eagle Lake from old-timers and from Fish and Game people; they'd gaze off in its direction with that look, but they knew nothing concrete about the spot. I traced Tom Rodgers, the Chico State College professor who's studied the lake, and he convinced me there was a story there.

"Since then I have had the chance to buy a couple of miles of lake shore for about 50 cents a lot but decided against it. A man might find himself growing fish fins on his back or algae on his tongue or something, after spending a summer there."

★ ★ ★

MAX SHULMAN'S story Low and Outside is not just another one of his delightfully readable fiction pieces. It has a message. Shulman lives in Westport, Connecticut, which in Little League circles is known as a hot baseball town. They have 18 teams, four classed as "the majors," eight as "the minors" and six as "minor minors." Each team has a grownup for manager and usually a couple of coaches, too. The rivalry among the adults is intense, but a bit over the heads of the kids.

"We have feuds over Little Leaguers all the time," Max explains. "Women are not talking to one another on the street; men are screaming at one another on the diamond. Only the other night one manager went home after the game and wrote a surly letter to the umpire about a call he'd made and sent carbons to people around town. Then the umpire wrote a nasty letter back. It's all settled amicably now, but you can see what I mean."

Shulman is really in the middle of this thing: he's an umpire, and two of his boys, Dan and Bud, are in the major league and Peter, six, is bat boy for the Spitfires, a minor-league team. The story's message, incidentally, is that Little League ball is great, but the idea is to teach sportsmanship, and if the grownups are going to be so badly behaved, then no one is going to learn it. (Another message from Shulman is that his play The Tender Trap is opening on Broadway in October.)

Wait till next year.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SIMPSON KALISHER

Shulman, the umpire who writes

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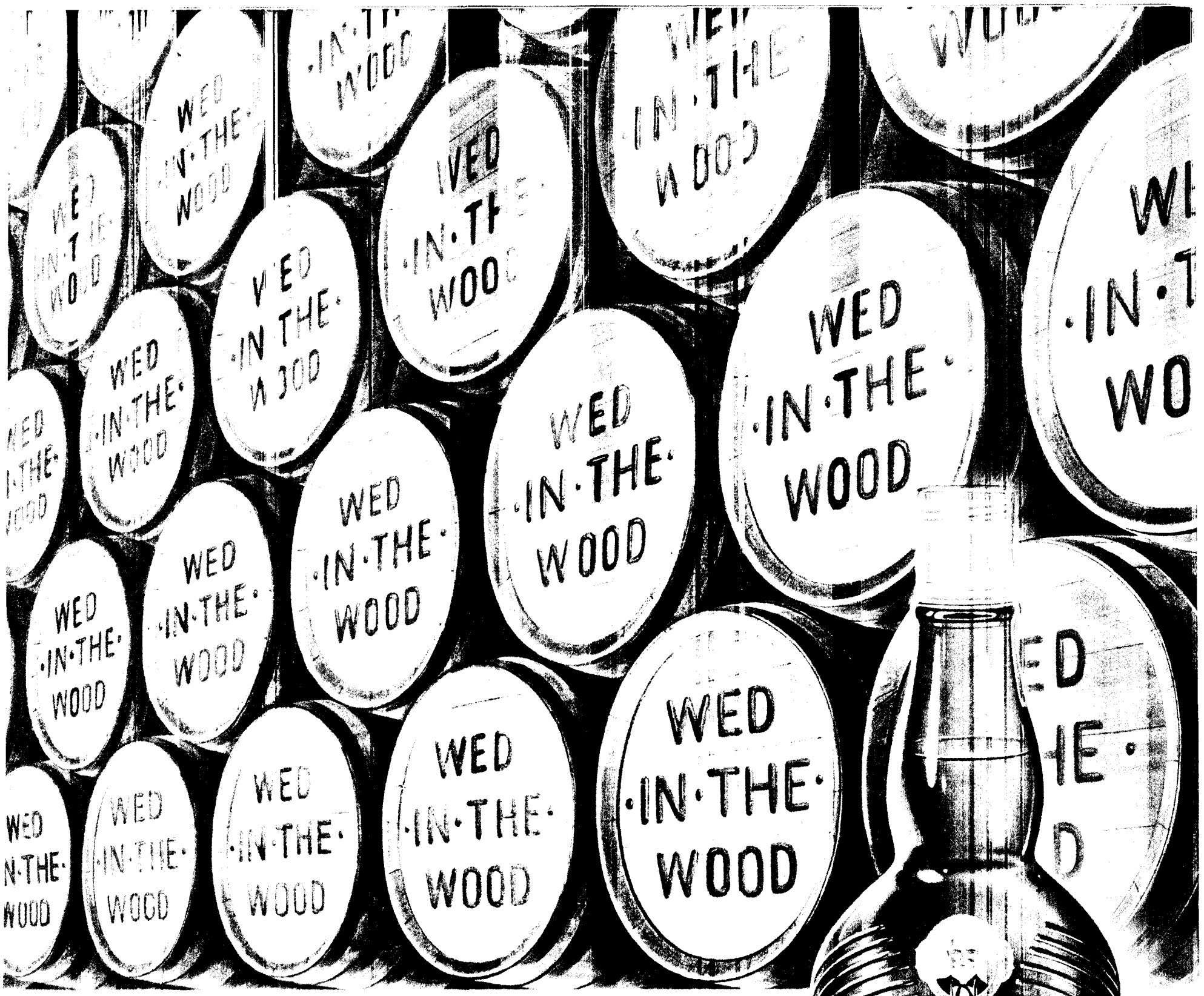

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The Man Who Inherited Everything

By ERNEST A. JACOBI

I was still upset and so, as Conklin-Smythe would have done, I made yet another round of pubs—to forget

LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

EVERETT CONKLIN-SMYTHE was dead. He had died on English soil, as he would have wished, but that was the only achievement of his squandered life. He lay on an iron bed in a barren hospital room and I stood by his side, unable to fight down my resentment. I had begged him to make a will, but he hadn't—and now my twenty years of service as his valet had been for nothing.

The doctor completed his examination and drew the sheet up over the body. Then he sat down to fill out a death certificate.

"What's the name of the deceased?" he asked.

Too wrought up to speak, I handed over the passport. There had been no time for formalities upon Conklin-Smythe's admission to the hospital, for when we docked at Southampton he had been brought ashore in a coma and had died without regaining consciousness.

The doctor finished copying out the necessary information and handed me back the passport. I gained sufficient control of myself to ask the cause of death; I was concerned about the obituary.

"He appears to have led a dissolute life," the doctor said. "I put down heart failure—it was the immediate cause." Heart failure would look good in the obituary, I thought. It was respectable, giving no clue to the excesses that had led to it. "You can fetch the certificate in half an hour at the cashier's desk," the doctor said.

It didn't occur to me to look at the death certificate until I was on the train to London, where I intended to get in touch with the family lawyers. It was then that I discovered that I had given the doctor the wrong passport; the name on the certificate was not Conklin-Smythe's; it was mine. My first impulse was to take the next train back to Southampton and have the mistake corrected; but it was still an hour to London and during that hour I had time to think.

Conklin-Smythe had been my employer, true, but after twenty years of shared exile our relationship was no longer that of servant and master. He had come to depend on me completely and had accepted me as almost his equal.

In a way I had become fond of Conklin-Smythe, too. He wasn't a bad sort except for his unbelievable laziness and lack of moral fiber, which had been the cause of his banishment and now of his death.

He had, as a young man in England, been involved in several scandals. Having no wish to risk further disgrace to the family name, his uncle, Colonel Aubrey Conklin-Smythe, had made Everett's absence from England the condition for his continued support. I had gone with Everett as his servant and to keep him out of trouble, writing the old gentleman a monthly report which he always acknowledged with a curt note. He never wrote directly to his nephew. Even the cablegram an-

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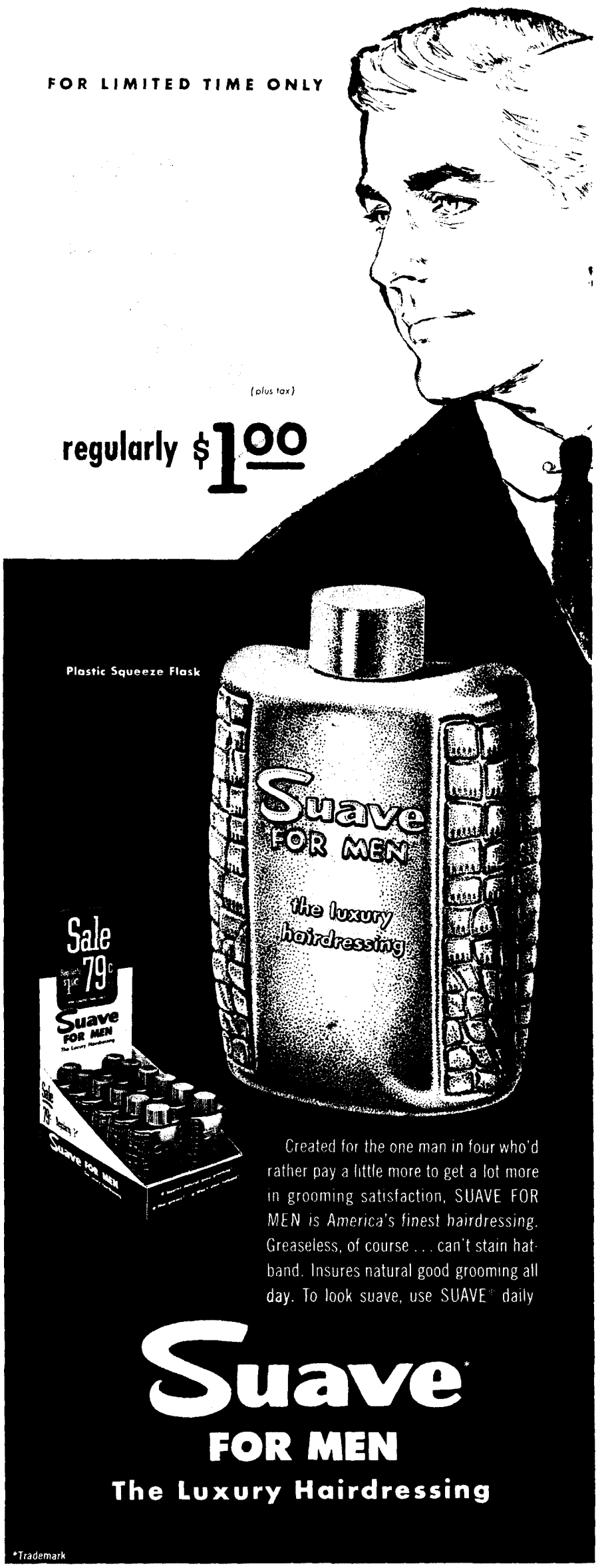
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COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT continued

nouncing old Colonel Aubrey's death had been addressed to me.

Everett, as it happened, was the sole heir to his uncle's fortune. The expectation of great wealth descending upon him, at long last, unfortunately removed his last remaining restraints. His dissipation increased alarmingly. He borrowed a large sum of money and we embarked for England immediately. Sensing that he couldn't last long at the pace he was keeping, I'd begged him to make a will providing for my future. He had kept putting me off—and now it was too late.

Or was it? Why not let the mistake in our identification stand? We were of approximately the same age and of similar height and build. Twenty years in the tropics had changed us both, and there were few people left in England who had ever known either of us intimately. Conklin-Smythe's only living relatives were distant cousins, who were known to despise both Everett and his uncle. That the family fortune would now pass on to them was the crowning irony of Everett's wasted life.

The matter was simple; I would be Everett Conklin-Smythe. I was familiar with the most trifling details of his past, with his mannerisms, expressions and idiosyncrasies. He had not been in touch with anyone for years, and there were no recent photographs of him besides the passport picture, and that could be changed. I could rebuff anyone who might try to renew Conklin-Smythe's acquaintance by copying his antisocial attitude. At any rate, I would spend very little time in England: I'd settle the legal formalities, take possession of the inheritance and leave the country immediately.

FROM the station I took a cab to the hotel where Conklin-Smythe had reserved rooms and silently handed his passport to the room clerk. This was to be the deciding test.

The clerk glanced at the picture and the name. "Oh, yes, Mr. Conklin-Smythe," he said. "We were expecting you on the earlier train. Did the other gentleman come with you?"

"He died in Southampton this morning. I'll be alone."

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Conklin-Smythe. Please accept my sympathy."

"Thank you," I replied. I signed the register with Conklin-Smythe's name—I could copy his signature in my sleep, if necessary—and followed the page to my room.

So it worked—even before I exchanged the photographs. And that part was easy. I had become Everett Conklin-Smythe, bearer of a proud name and heir to one of Britain's great fortunes.

I rang for room service and ordered a pint of gin and quinine water. I might as well try to get used to the stuff. Then I composed a telegram to my sister in Lancashire, advising her of my death and requesting instructions for the burial; it was, of course, signed—*Everett Conklin-Smythe.* . . .

The next morning I awoke at my usual hour and was about to get up when I remembered that now there was no longer any need for that. I called the switchboard, leaving instructions that I was not to be disturbed, and went back to sleep.

It was well past noon before I roused myself again. There was a yellow envelope under my door. It was a telegram from my sister: *Please make all necessary arrangements. Unable to attend funeral* (signed) *Mary Guinness.*

I was a little annoyed. I had saved about two thousand pounds over the years and had made her my beneficiary—to think that she wouldn't so much as bother to come to my funeral!

I called Southampton and arranged to have Conklin-Smythe's body cremated the following day. There was no point in leaving any clues. Then I set out to see the family lawyers.

But I had a bad case of nerves. Afraid I would betray myself, I stopped at the nearest pub. By the time I was calm again, the afternoon was gone.

I OVERSLEPT again next morning and missed my own funeral. I was still tense, so I made another round of pubs, as Conklin-Smythe would have done, to try to forget my worry. It took a week before I got myself sufficiently in hand to see the lawyers.

I had meanwhile engaged a young man as a servant to take care of me as I had cared for Conklin-Smythe for so many years. More and more, I seemed to be slipping into the pattern of my late employer's character. But as soon as I got out of the country again, perhaps I could get a grip on myself and stop playing the role of a wastrel. And I would soon have the money to do anything I wished. . . .

Sir Edward Bastorp, Q.C., received me coldly. "Sit down, Mr. Conklin-Smythe," he said. "I wrote you. You needn't have troubled yourself coming to England."

"Surely you understand, Sir Edward. After twenty years—"

"Of course." He continued scrutinizing me. I suppose I didn't look my best—though Everett would not have, either. "I'm afraid I have bad news for you," he began. I felt myself becoming tense again. "After careful consideration, your uncle decided against leaving you his fortune."

"But that's impossible!" I cried. "He couldn't have done that. He must have made some provision for me."

"He has," Sir Edward said. "Your uncle set up a trust fund, leaving it to the discretion of the beneficiary *whether or not to continue your allowance.*"

"A discretionary fund?" I said. The allowance had been small enough previously. "You mean he's left it up to my charming cousins?"

"No," he replied. "Your cousins will inherit eventually, but for the moment the entire income goes to your manservant."

"And if he dies?" I said.

"Then," Sir Edward said, "it will go to your cousins."

For a frantic moment I thought of telling him who I really was, but I realized I had gone too far; the penalties for attempted fraud, for falsification of passports—and Heaven knew how many other crimes I had committed—might keep me in jail for the rest of my life. It was hopeless. I must have looked very sick, for he asked me if I were feeling well.

"I need a drink," I said. It was what Conklin-Smythe would have said. I've been needing a drink frequently ever since. Lately, everything I do seems to be as he would have done it.

—ERNEST A. JACOBI

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I'm dating another man and the town's not talking

She's attractive! She's smart! Popular with wives *and* husbands. And the idea of "another man" delights *her* husband!

No gossip? No snubs? None! Jack works like a demon all week. He lives for his weekends when he can relax and enjoy his family. But who can relax spending Saturday morning getting the car lubricated? So he neglects it.

To a thrifty wife, car neglect can only mean costly repairs on a big investment—and no new coat for months!

That gave her the answer: *"I'll* have the car cared for! On a midweek day when Jack's at work!"

The idea clicked. They chose a good man. Made a date for every 30 days—for him to take care of their car. While she runs errands or visits the beauty shop, he lubricates and inspects the car. It's ready when she returns. No rush, no waiting. It's a midweek day . . . a Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday.

Young lady, why don't you make it a point to see that your car's cared for regularly . . . every 30 days. Set a midweek date now. Your husband will heartily "OK" it. So will the "other man," the Alemite-equipped dealer. And he'll give you every courtesy and consideration.

MEN! ENROLL YOUR WIFE in the Alemite Car Care Program

It's a life saver, money saver for your family and car. It's easy. Just do this:

1. Patronize the service dealer who uses Alemite equipment. You'll get the best lubrication money can buy.

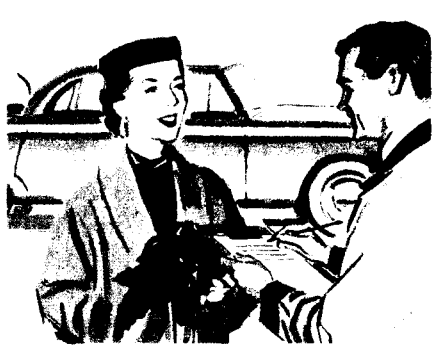
2. Pick a midweek day every month—a Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday. Then arrange for your wife to take the car in for Alemite lubrication.

3. Ask for complete Alemite lubrication, plus free inspection and warning services.

4. Ask your wife to bring you the itemized Alemite Report Card she receives upon completion of Alemite services. You'll save money if you do.

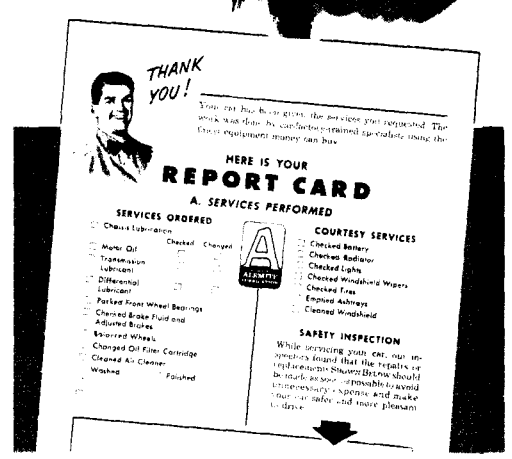
Look, Ladies! You're Money Ahead if you do this:

Drive in regularly every 30 days to keep your weekday date with your Alemite-equipped dealer. He has spent up to $10,000 for Alemite equipment to correctly lubricate your car.



He'll lubricate and check your car while you're shopping. His Alemite equipment is designed to scientifically lubricate the Alemite system that comes on your car.

As he lubricates every friction point on your car he can spot trouble that, if neglected, can affect your pocketbook and your safety. This valuable extra care is free.



The job done, you get your Alemite Report Card. Show it to your husband. It itemizes work performed and costs . . . lists free checkup services rendered . . . forewarns your husband of repairs needed so he can give them immediate attention and avoid unnecessary expense and inconvenience.

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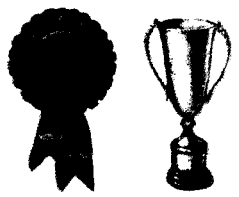
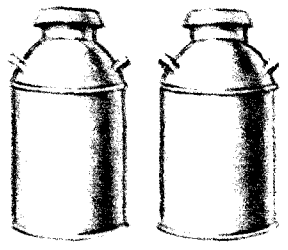
THESE ARE THE FARMS WITH

THE BLUE RIBBON COWS THAT WIN

THE PRIZES  AND PRODUCE

THE RICH MILK  THAT MAKES

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48 STATES

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Every day, reports Mr. S. Hyman, the gentleman went to the same restaurant in San Francisco. Always the same table, too. His order never varied —a cup of coffee and two spoons. Presently the waitress got curious. Why two spoons? He said that one was to put under the leg of the table in case the table shook. She said: "Oh."

★ ★ ★

Old 48 exclusive! Emperor Hirohito has received no reply to that note he's supposed to have sent to Georgi Malenkov. As we get it, the note read: "Dear Georgi, Please drop in and see me before making any funny moves. I may be able to save you a lot of trouble."

★ ★ ★

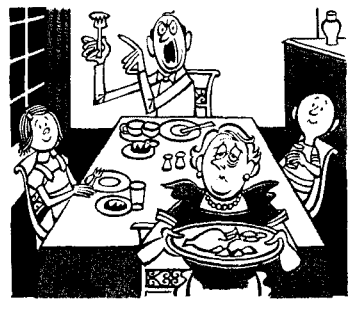
The educational rewards of travel are hereby acknowledged by Mr. N. M. Ferdig. Had he not driven from his home in Noel, Missouri, to White River Junction, Vermont, he would not have had the good fortune to discover that the latter town's barber is George Beard, that Denny Blood is a local butcher and E. H. Plummer is White River Junction's plumber.

★ ★ ★

Now and then we receive a jape from a community it really should come from. The story: One gentleman was introduced to another in a hotel lobby. The latter said, "Excuse me for not rising. I'm suffering from arthritis." The other shook his hand and said, "And I'm Jorgensen from Trenton, New Jersey." This from an unsigned customer in Corn, Oklahoma.

★ ★ ★

When they stopped at the St. Paul, Minnesota, filling station the harassed-looking gentleman barked at his wife:



IRWIN CAPLAN

"My dear, when are you going to stop your back-seat driving?" She replied sweetly: "When you quit cooking from the dining-room table, darling."

★ ★ ★

The reason for the recent excitement at the government laboratories at Los Alamos, New Mexico, is no longer a secret. Two of the young physicists wrote an article on nuclear reactions and the colony has been in a fission ever since. The title: Cross Sections for the Reactions D (d,P) T, D (d,n) He^3,T (d,n) He^4, and He^3 (d,P) He^4 below 120 kev. Several Hollywood studios are reported fighting hard for the movie rights.

★ ★ ★

We are advised by Mr. George Klohr, of Bena, Virginia, to stay away from Williamsburg. No telling what might happen to us should the chief of police, Mr. W. H. Kelly, see us wandering at large. And to show what

he means, Mr. Klohr sends us a paragraph from Chief Kelly's report. It says that while only eleven patients escaped from Eastern State Hospital, Chief Kelly rounded up thirteen.

★ ★ ★

We pause to ask whether you ever use beer instead of water in mixing a spicecake. No? Well, try it sometime. Wonderful! And we're grateful to Miss Bobbye Burnett, of Kansas City, Missouri, for the (burp) tip.

★ ★ ★

Overheard by Mr. Leon Jaeggi in the waiting room of his doctor's office in Syracuse, New York. The lady asked: "Doctor, can I become overtired from having daily emotional upsets?" The doctor shook his head. "Not necessarily, madam, but your family can."

★ ★ ★

If you're a motoring lady and get dragged into court in Los Angeles for making a forbidden left turn, just tell the judge your husband told you to do it. Case dismissed. The local law says: "All persons are capable of committing crimes except married women (except for felonies) acting under threat, command or coercion of their husbands." Of course you've got to have a husband present. Your own is better in such emergencies.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Tom Broadhurst didn't think much of this one either. Wrote it on a post card. Seems this gentleman in Kokomo, Indiana, informed his wife that he was just about fed up reading books with dismal endings. "Poor darling," she cried. "What have you been reading now?" He sighed: "Your checkbook, dear." ▲▲▲

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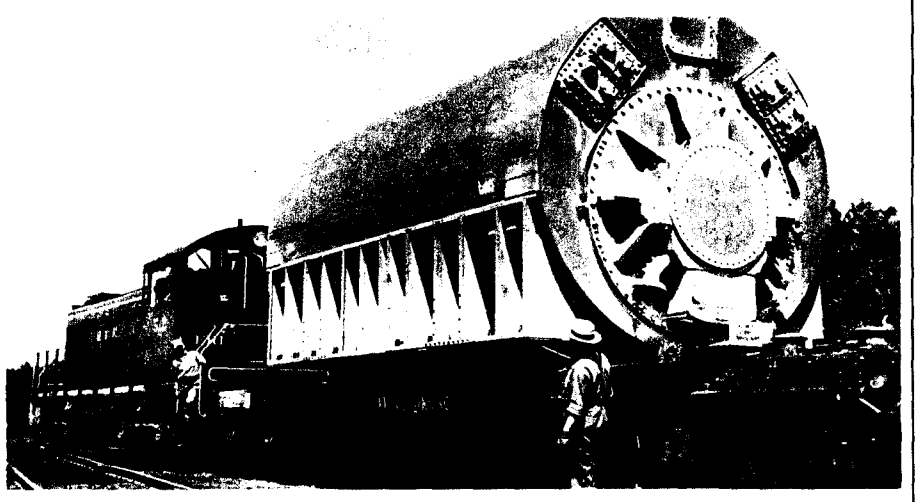
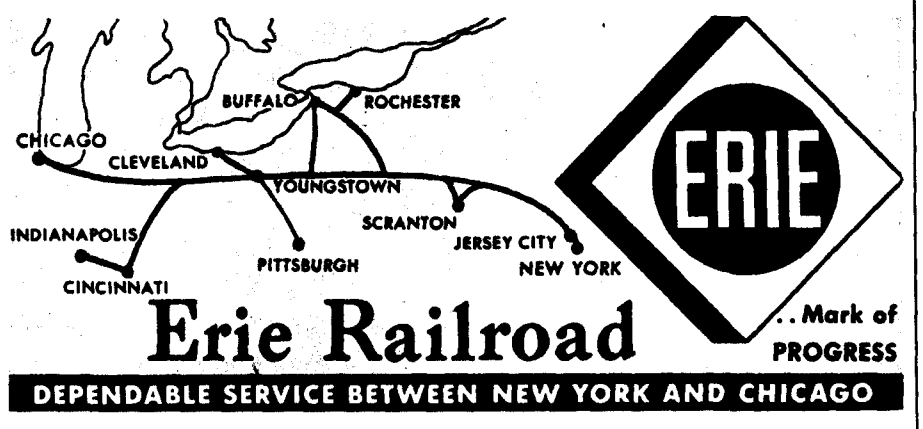
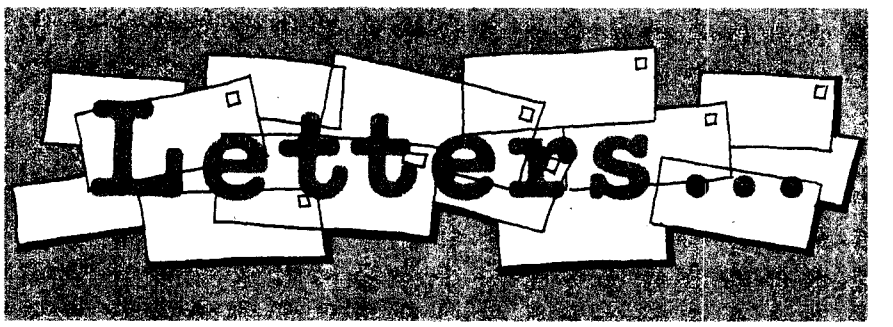
"Planning a route for moving this big dynamo stator to Chicago was quite a job, Tom. It weighs 462,000 pounds and stands 15 feet high—what we call an oversize shipment."

"Time to get the Erie man on the 'phone—we're ready to move. We're routing it Erie because they have the highest and widest clearances of any railroad between New York and Chicago."



Here's a typical oversize shipment that the Erie handles with safety to spare. Its roadbed and bridges were built for heavy loads and clearances are higher and wider. Count this as another example of Erie's progressive railroading—providing safe, dependable transportation for *any* shipment. Call your nearest Erie representative and route your next shipment Erie.





The Ailing UN

EDITOR: If the UN was ever capable of exercising any real strength against dictatorial aggression, the primary cause of its atrophying demise went unrecognized by Carlos Romulo in The UN Is Dying (July 23d).

The UN is actually dying from the self-inflicted loss of face occurring a few years back when it failed to pursue the Korean "police" action to a definite and resounding victory over the Red invaders. The victory of the appeasers became final with the Presidential ouster of General Douglas MacArthur.

While Romulo's deep concern over the future of humanity is to be admired, cooler heads were long ago forced to conclude that the UN as a force against dictatorial aggression and for world security was an illusion.

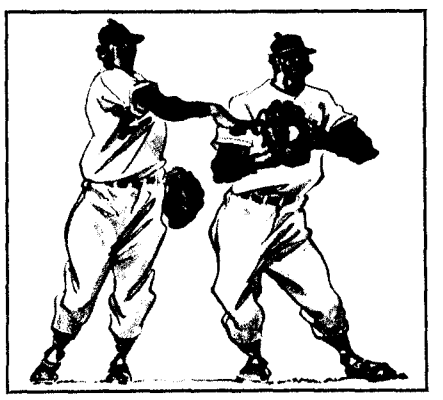
KARL E. BRANDT, Chadds Ford, Pa.

Life in the Bull Pen

EDITOR: Congratulations to Collier's and the double-play brother combination of Milton and Arthur Richman for Everything Happens in the Bull Pen (July 9th). It was one of the better pieces of baseball writing this season.

The Richmans are gifted with a talent for bringing the reader as close to the ballplayer as mere words will allow. In their latest yarn, I felt almost as if I had a uniform on and was out in the "pen" making small talk while waiting for a crisis to arise.

JOHN STEADMAN, Baltimore, Md.



. . . In Willard Mullin's cartoon, how come that major-league left-handed catcher? They are as scarce as hens' teeth. ALPHONSE TUSLO, Waterville, Me.

Mullin says a left-handed outfielder or first baseman has been pressed into bull-pen service to warm up a relief pitcher, and is wearing a right-handed catcher's mitt on the wrong hand.

Mr. & Mrs. V.P.

EDITOR: One can always find many good stories and articles as well as your splendid editorials to enjoy in Collier's, but this subscriber feels deeply indebted to you and to Helen Worden Erskine for her illuminating article on Dick and Pat Nixon—The Team on Ike's Team (July 9th). It is well illustrated by Marvin Koner's group-portrait of "Dick and Pat" and the two little Nixon girls.

If it should come to pass that the Nixons are *not* the next occupants of the White House, it is nice to know that Pat could carry on the family's fortunes by resuming a career, in Hollywood perhaps, or as an interior decorator. In any event, neither Helen nor her readers will have to "worry about Dick," thanks to Pat's loyal resourcefulness.

FLORENCE E. MONK, Easton, Md.

The Battle with Dust

EDITOR: I have read the article Oasis in the Dust Bowl by Bill Davidson (July 23d), and wish to compliment your magazine and Mr. Davidson on the excellent presentation of this problem and its possible solution. I was especially impressed by the positive approach which Mr. Davidson took in emphasizing that we do not need to have these dust bowls every 20 years or so.

I feel sure that this article will do much toward clarifying the situation for readers who have never lived in this dust-plagued area. And I think also that it will give considerable encouragement to the farmers, ranchers, soil-conservation district supervisors and others out there who are battling the elements to bring these dust storms under control.

D. A. WILLIAMS, Washington, D.C.

The writer is administrator of the Soil Conservation Service, U.S. Department of Agriculture.

Fair Procedure

EDITOR: Our attention has been drawn to your excellent editorial on the subject of fair procedures for Congressional investigating committees, Another Kind of Danger (July 9th). You correctly point up that the recent examples of Congressional investigations in Washington have seriously hurt us abroad, especially since we are seeking to make clear to the world that our policies are founded on the doctrine of "dignity of the individual and the rights of man."

We are happy to know that the reforms in committee procedures that Collier's suggests are necessary are being given real attention in Washington.

Unless a code of fair procedures is adopted, the essential Congressional investigating power may be seriously impaired because of public disapproval of the tactics of Congressional committees. We hope that your readers will make clear their views on this subject, which goes to the heart of our civil liberties, to their senators and congressmen. PATRICK MURPHY MALIN, New York, N.Y.

Mr. Malin is executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

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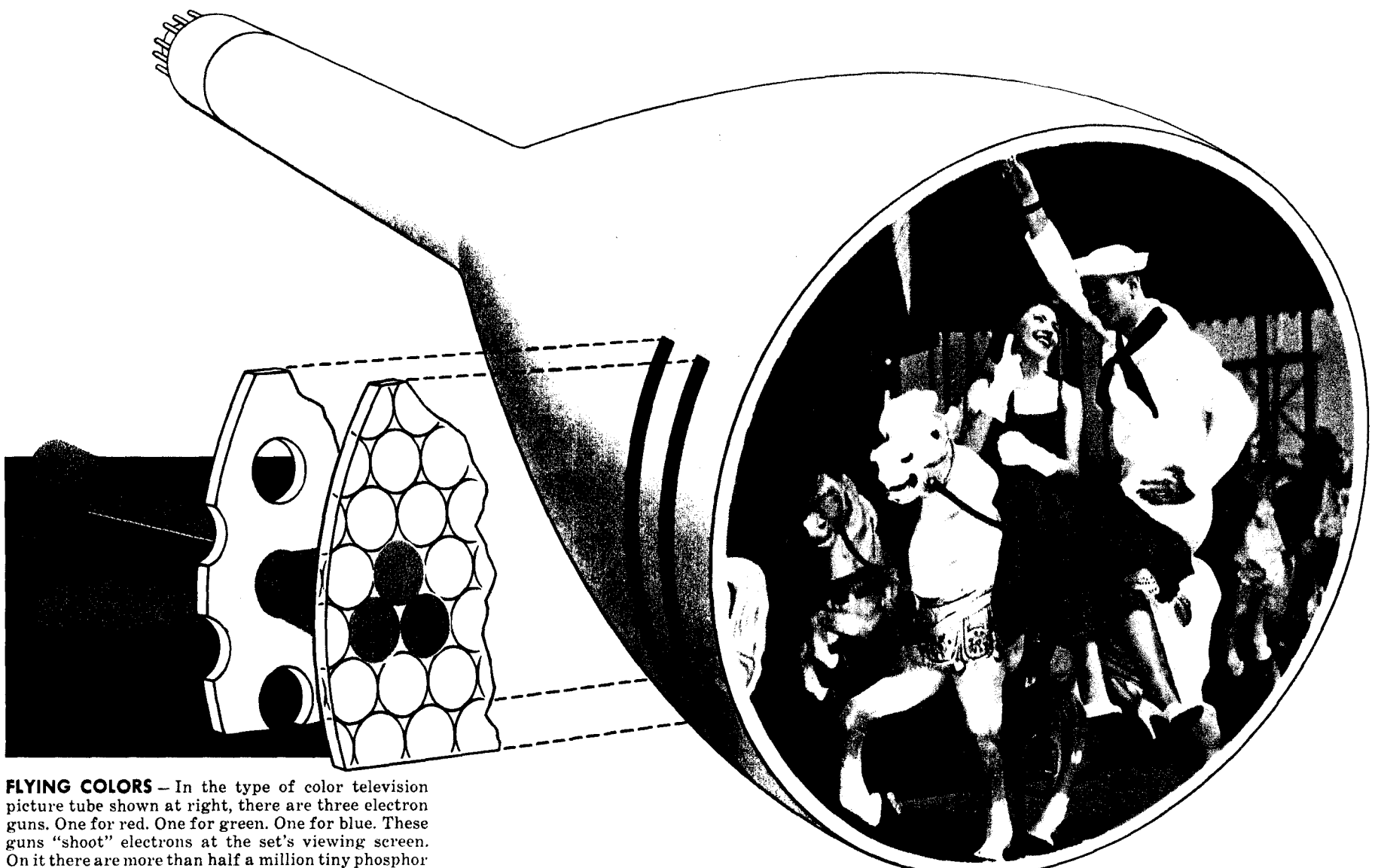

FLYING COLORS – In the type of color television picture tube shown at right, there are three electron guns. One for red. One for green. One for blue. These guns "shoot" electrons at the set's viewing screen. On it there are more than half a million tiny phosphor dots—in clusters of three—a red-glowing, a green-glowing, and blue-glowing phosphor in each cluster.

RIGHT ON THE DOT – It wouldn't do to "shoot" red color signals onto green or blue phosphors. So between electron guns and screen, there's a Cupro-Nickel Shadow Mask. It's only four thousandths of an inch thick, yet it has more than two hundred thousand microscopic holes. These holes are so placed that red beams strike only red phosphor dots, green beams only green dots, blue beams only blue dots.

RED, GREEN, BLUE — SNAFU! Instead of the true-to-life beauty of color TV, you'd get an off-register picture – colors jumbled together – if this Cupro-Nickel Shadow Mask didn't tell the colors just where to go. Because it's made of a Nickel-containing alloy, it has the strength, the uniformity and corrosion resistance, the non-magnetic properties needed to do this color-directing job for television and you.

Inco Nickel is in the

TV shadow mask that tells colors where to go

As you can see for yourself, there's a Shadow Mask between the electron guns and the viewing screen on this color TV picture tube. It's made of a Cupro-Nickel Alloy.

Why this Shadow Mask? . . . the captions under the pictures at left tell you just what it does.

And why is it made of a Cupro-Nickel?

One, this Nickel-containing alloy has uniform structure. Uniform! So the more than two hundred thousand microscopic holes in the Shadow Mask can be etched with the utmost accuracy. They've got to be to make sure the electrons strike the right phosphor color dots.

Two, this Nickel-containing alloy is non-magnetic. It won't upset the flow of electrons from the guns.

Three, this Nickel-containing alloy doesn't vaporize or oxidize under the heat used in processing and sealing tubes. If it did, it might clog the tiny holes of the Shadow Mask or poison the phosphors on the screen.

Four, this Nickel-containing alloy is strong. Though almost hair-thin – only four thousandths of an inch thick—it has to be stretched extremely tight. No ripples or the register would be off, the colors mixed together.

Today, the true-to-life beauty of color television is here. Here with the help of Nickel.

If you'd like to know how Inco Nickel has become the friendly "helper" it is today, write for "The Romance of Nickel." FREE. The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 185c, New York 5, N. Y.

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INCO TRADE MARK

Inco Nickel...Your Unseen Friend

The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.

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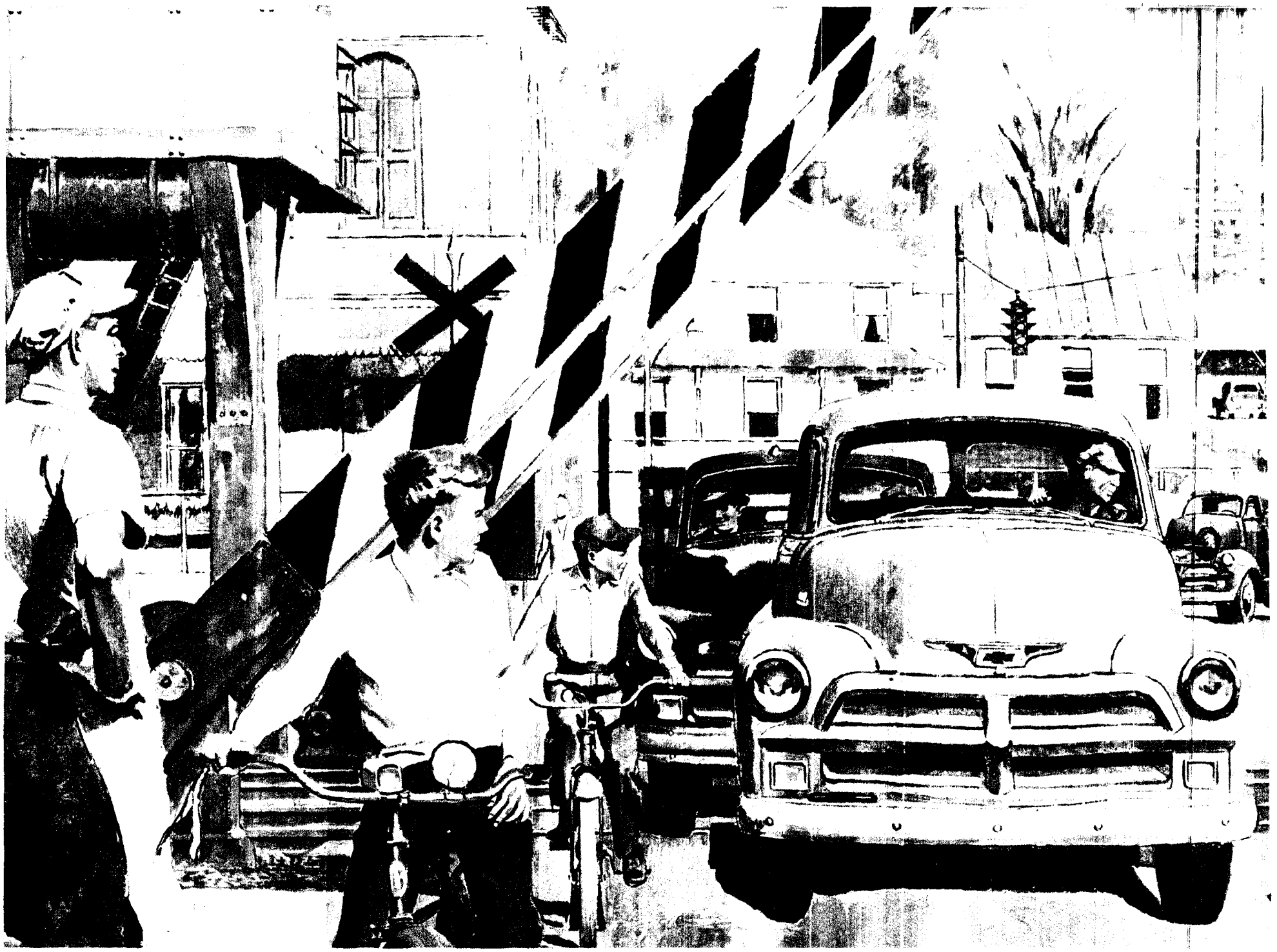

Safest place for your truck dollars— new Chevrolet trucks!

New Chevrolet trucks handle your dollars with care right from the start. They're America's lowest-priced truck line, you know.

And over the miles, they keep a watchful eye on your dollars right down to the penny. Things like new high-compression power and greater chassis ruggedness in all new Chevrolet trucks mean lower operating and upkeep costs. What truck owner doesn't want that!

When it comes time to trade in your Chevrolet truck, you discover again what a safe and wise investment you made—for Chevrolet trucks traditionally have a high resale value.

Stop in and see your Chevrolet dealer for the safest — and "savingest" — truck deal you ever made! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

New Chevrolet trucks offer more advantages you need and want—

New Engine Power: Brawnier "Thriftmaster 235" engine. Rugged "Loadmaster 235." All-new "Jobmaster 261" engine.*

New Comfortmaster Cab: Offers new comfort, safety and convenience. New one-piece curved windshield provides *extra visibility.*

New Chassis Ruggedness: Heavier axle shafts in 2-ton models . . . newly designed clutches, and more rigid frames in *all* models.

New Ride Control Seat:* Seat cushion and back move as a unit to eliminate back-rubbing. It "floats" you over rough roads with ease.

New Automatic Transmission:* Proved truck Hydra-Matic transmission is offered on ½-, ¾- and 1-ton models.

New, Bigger Load Space: New pickup bodies have deeper sides. New stake and platform bodies are wider, longer and roomier.

**Optional at extra cost. Ride Control Seat is available on all cabs of 1½- and 2-ton models, standard cabs only in other models. "Jobmaster 261" engine available on 2-ton models.*

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Most Trustworthy Trucks on Any Job!

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Let's Be Smart about TARIFFS

An economics expert and former diplomat says our policy of reserving the right to break any trade agreements we sign is losing us customers to the Communists. It even may lead to a Red victory in the cold war. Here's what he proposes to do to win back our foreign friends

By WILLIAM H. DRAPER, JR.

WHAT would you think of a man who refused to sign a contract with you unless it contained a proviso that he could break it whenever he felt like it? What would you think of a business firm that persuaded the government to put your company out of business in order to kill off competition? What would you think of the government for giving in to such pressure?

At best you'd consider such tactics grossly unfair, wouldn't you? Yet we, as a nation, insist on behaving this way when we trade with other nations. In doing business abroad, we go exactly counter to the principles on which our free-enterprise system has been so strongly and solidly built.

This contradiction is, I believe, the crux of our tariff problem, which is the subject of this article. But you are mistaken if you think I am going to plead for low tariffs—or for high ones. Whether tariffs should be high or low is not my point. My concern is for the integrity of our word as a nation given in trade contracts with other nations, and the dangers invited by breaking that word.

Among ourselves, we respect a contract; we have strict laws which uphold the right of one individual to compete with another. But the laws which govern our trade with other countries have loopholes. If we get jittery about competition from foreign businessmen, we try to get our government to slam a brake on their sales here; under pressure—often from a minority—Washington may abruptly hike the tariff rate on the rival goods from abroad or slap a quota on the quantity that can be sold to us.

Not only are the ethics questionable, but our tariff policy is doing our country incalculable harm on the economic, military and diplomatic fronts. Rebuffed in their efforts to establish stable trade with us, our friends are turning increasingly to alluring trade bait held out by the Communists.

The Reds shrewdly offer to buy from our allies the very items we exclude from our markets by variable tariff rates and quotas.

How well the Communist strategy has worked can be seen from a few statistics. Last year, free-world trade with Red China increased by nearly $100,000,000; Russian wool imports increased sizably; West Germany tripled trade with Russia and China; France almost tripled her China trade. Argentina signed a $200,000,000 trade pact with the U.S.S.R.

JACKIE MARTIN

William H. Draper, Jr., has been a financier, soldier and diplomat. In 1940 he left Dillon, Read & Co., an investment bank, to serve on the general staff of the U.S. Army. He became economic chief of the Control Council for Germany, and then served as economic adviser to General Lucius Clay, postwar commander in chief of our forces in Europe. In 1947-'49 he was Army Under Secretary and in '52 he became special representative to Europe with ambassadorial rank. His assignment: to co-ordinate the U.S. Mutual Security program for Europe and to represent the U.S. at the North Atlantic Treaty Council

This trend among our friends toward increased trade with iron-curtain countries has reacted on American business. When foreign countries cannot sell their products in the United States, they haven't enough dollars to buy American goods. Despite a recent seasonal rise in American exports, we have lost $2,000,000,000 in commercial export business the last two years.

Most dangerous of all, our fluctuating tariffs are hurting American efforts to rally the free world for united defense against Communist aggression.

At every major diplomatic conference this year, American representatives have been handicapped because they couldn't compete with trade offers shrewdly injected into the discussions by Communist delegates. We have lost one goal after another in our efforts to create or strengthen alliances for mutual defense. We have had immense difficulties in trying to persuade France and Italy to agree to a European army. There has even been talk in West Germany, a leader in the drive to pool Europe's armed forces, about establishing diplomatic relations with Russia. In the Far East, we failed to win British support for an Asian defense pact when it was most needed—*before* the conference on the Indochinese war, when it could have given the Communists real pause.

The simple truth is that if our allies cannot trade, they cannot earn the money to pay for stronger armies, and they know it.

The real showdown may well come in 1956-'57, when present military assistance, economic support and purchases of foreign defense materials will be coming to an end. Unless new appropriations continue military aid and purchases at present levels, the loss will rip a $2,000,000,000 gap in the budgets of our allies—a gap that can be filled only by trade, mainly with the United States or else with the Soviet empire. In making their choice, our allies can't afford to overlook the fact that America's present trade agreements do not promise stability, that any of them can be nullified at any time by the United States.

Obviously, something should be done about our trade policy to prevent further American set-

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Congress cut cheese imports while we were engaged in delicate military negotiatio

backs. But what? How can we stabilize our trade and so woo back the allies who have been lured into Communist deals?

The answer is largely up to Congress, but so far our legislators have argued mainly over whether tariff rates and quotas should be high or low. They haven't faced up to the need to keep them stable. For example, the Senate Finance Committee recently ordered the Tariff Commission to study rates on more than 400 different imports and report back by December on whether they should be maintained, raised or lowered. And this year there was little action by Congress on tariffs except to renew for one year our current trade program, such as it is.

Actually—as foreign businessmen will readily tell you—the rate on any item, high or low, is secondary; what's really important is that once the rate is fixed it should stay fixed, and that import quotas, once set, should not be cut. Now there is no guarantee that we will not increase the rates or reduce the quotas after we've signed the contract. Our own businessmen wouldn't be able to plan intelligently under these conditions; how can we expect foreign firms to do so?

Foreign Firms Want Fair Competition

All that foreign firms are asking for, in the words of President Rodolphe Rubattel of Switzerland, is "a chance to compete along with American manufacturers in the free and fair competition which is the strength of the American economy." In other words, what we should ideally have in our trade agreements is stability over a long period.

We should offer an ironclad promise to businessmen abroad that we won't switch signals after the game has started. We can achieve this goal only with a totally new kind of trade treaty: one which will guarantee that for ten years tariffs on specific goods—whether originally fixed at a high or low rate—will not be increased and that the quantities of these goods allowed to enter the U.S. will not be reduced.

The two houses of Congress could call for development of the treaty in a joint resolution, and the State Department and Senate Foreign Relations Committee could get together to frame the actual text. The treaty should be offered to all free nations willing to give us the same guarantee in return. It should be signed separately with each nation, and confirmed by the Senate.

I make this proposal after a decade of experience in representing the United States abroad. I make it out of firsthand knowledge that our foreign friends care less about the particular tariff rate on a particular item than about maintaining the terms of the contract once it has been signed.

Some people, of course, will argue that you can't legislate "stability" in international trade. People once similarly argued that you couldn't legislate honesty in domestic trade. The Securities Exchange Act and the Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, among other legislation, proved them wrong. Laws may not change human nature, but they can do a lot to control it.

Others may say that one Congress cannot bind its successors. But laws don't go out of existence when the Congress which passes them adjourns. The authority to offer the treaty to more nations could be repealed, but treaties once ratified under this authority would not be repealed before their expiration date except under the most unusual circumstances.

I don't claim that the proposed treaty would be a cure-all for our many and complex international economic problems—such as encouraging and protecting American investments abroad, unscrambling our customs regulations and restoring to our government the freedom to purchase foreign-made products for domestic use if quality is equal to their American-made counterparts and prices are lower. Some experts may argue that stability cannot be established on one economic front without establishing it on these fronts, too.

I don't agree. I feel that putting a ten-year stop to erratic changes in trade arrangements would give us time—and a nonhysterical atmosphere—in which to seek solutions for our other international economic problems. Moreover, the kind of treaty I propose wouldn't interfere with the President's power to reduce tariffs under the reciprocal trade laws. And a ten-year guarantee would outlast two Presidential terms, thus stabilizing our policy in spite of any domestic political changes.

Under our present trade agreements, whenever our Tariff Commission rules that a particular industry is threatened by too much foreign competition and the President accepts the commission's ruling, the deal is off. The existence of this loophole may be legal, but in my opinion it is not moral, no matter how rarely used.

Fortunately, some of our legislators are aware of the harm our fluctuating tariffs do to American prestige abroad. Three members of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee—chairman Homer E. Capehart, Republican, Indiana, John W. Bricker, Republican, Ohio, and J. Allen Frear, Jr., Democrat, Delaware—toured Latin America recently and talked with hundreds of businessmen there. On their return, the senators reported: "We should decide what our tariff rates should be and maintain them for a specified period of time, at least for five years. . . . As far as possible we should not impose quantitative import quotas. . . . We should be more consistent in our policies."

No one who has represented the United States beyond our borders could disagree with this view. My own convictions on this score have been strengthened by my experiences in Europe's capitals as a government representative and ambassador under both Presidents Truman and Eisenhower.

While serving in 1952-'53 as Special U.S. Representative to the Organization for European Economic Co-operation (OEEC), I heard daily discussions on the inconsistencies of the American market. The Turks told me of fig growers who had gone deeply into debt to raise money to promote sales of figs in America—only to have us wipe out their investment by raising the duty on our dried fig imports. "For us to try to sell in your market," a Dutch agricultural minister told me, "is an almost certain prescription for bankruptcy so long as you keep changing your minds."

Oddities of American Free Enterprise

At OEEC meetings, at jammed press conferences in my Hotel Talleyrand office in Paris and at off-the-record night briefing sessions in my apartment overlooking the Arc de Triomphe, I used to try to explain to Europeans the apparently inexplicable behavior by American free enterprisers. In one of the night sessions, I was asked why the United States, which that year produced more than $350,000,000,000 worth of goods and services, seemed to be afraid of, at most, a couple of extra billion dollars' worth of imports.

A Paris newspaperman pointed out that Americans buy 22 times as much American wine as foreign brands, and that in just one day Americans roll off their assembly lines as many cars as it takes Europe 12 months to sell in the U.S.

I replied that not all American industries are mass producers. I mentioned specialty manufacturers who don't produce in great quantities, and whose profit is therefore not big enough to withstand even limited competition. "Some factories that make these specialties," I said, "are the lifeblood of whole communities. If they are knocked out, the whole community suffers. So naturally they go to our government for protection."

Goods still pour from ports like N.Y., but our exports are $2 billion less than in '51

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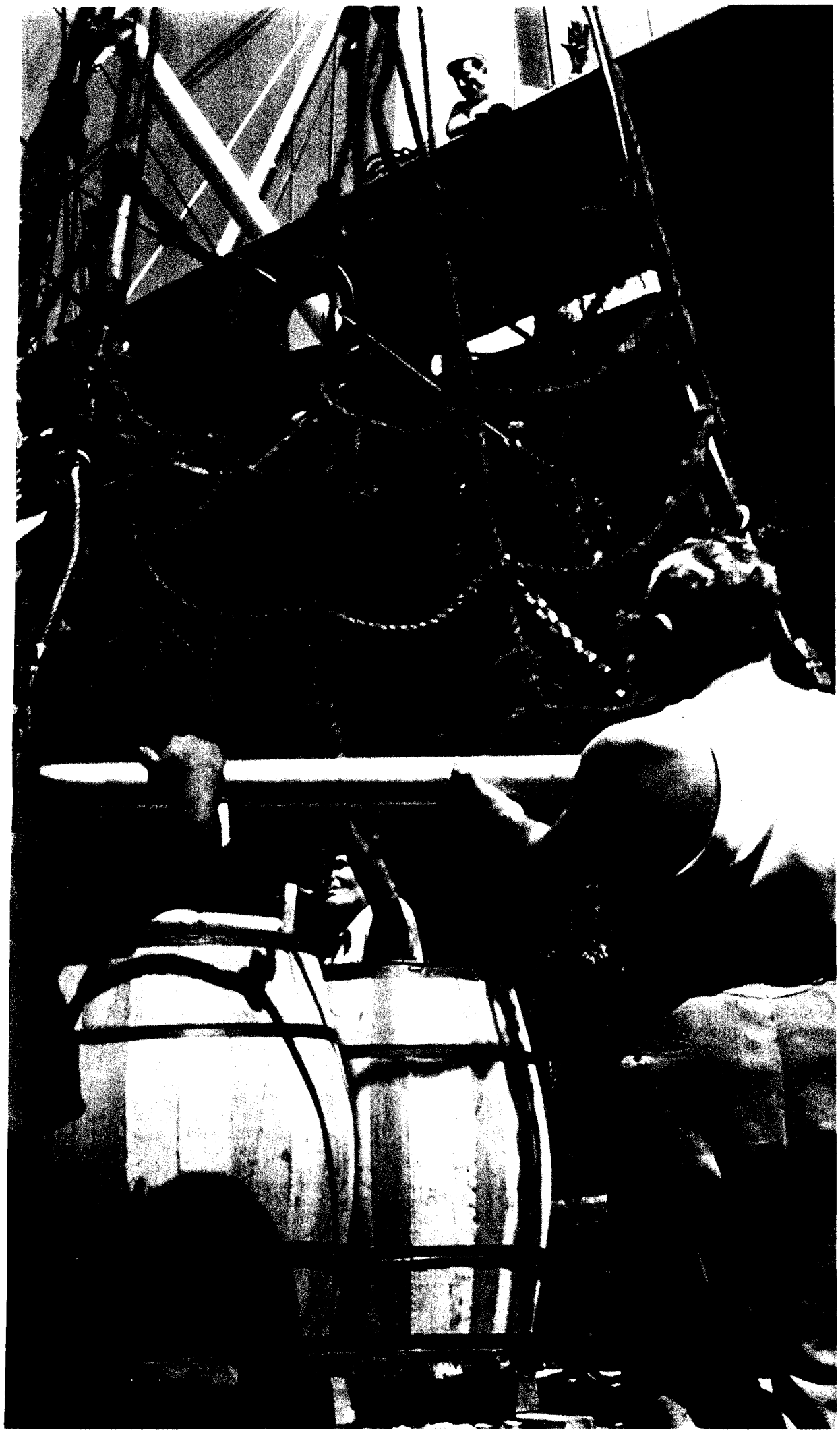
with Denmark, a large dairy exporter. After that, the Danes were less co-operative



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES E. ROTKIN

Sometimes, in these talks, I would turn the tables and point to the complicated network of trade barriers that divides Europe. As a classic example of Europe's reluctance to adopt the trade policies it urged on the United States, I cited the case of beaver meat. Although beaver meat has not been eaten on the Continent since Napoleon's day, the French solemnly made it the first item to be crossed off their tariff lists when OEEC members agreed to free 25 per cent more of their imports from quotas in 1951.

To such arguments my European friends always made the same reply. The gist of it was: "We admit our failings, and we don't advise you as world leaders to copy them. But when your economic missions preach theories about long-range planning in production, with the consumer as boss, don't they know that these theories are impossible for us to apply in your market? What good are plans when you Americans reserve the right to slap new quotas and tariffs on imports whenever the plans produce a few sales?"

Discussions like these led me to espouse the "stability-first" approach to trade and tariff problems, and my beliefs were strengthened by an incident involving cheese.

Why the Danish Blue Cheese Vanished

All over Europe, cheese has become a symbol of American instability in trade. Some of you may remember that a few years ago you could buy a special Danish blue cheese in your grocery store. Then, suddenly, it virtually disappeared from the shelves. This vanishing act was not voluntary, and it turned out to be even more inconvenient for our Departments of State and Defense than for the American consumer.

Yielding to pressure from American dairymen, Congress slapped a quota on imports of cheese at the worst possible moment for our diplomats in Copenhagen. They were negotiating with a hesitant Danish government to establish an air base for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization on the shores of the Öresund Channel of the Kattegat between Denmark and neutral Sweden. Eight minutes by jet flight from Russian-controlled air bases in East Germany and located at the narrowest part of the vital corridor between the Baltic and the Atlantic, the Kattegat air base was strategic to Western defense. We also were trying to persuade the Danes not to deliver a tanker to Soviet Russia.

NIACT (night action-urgent) cables flew between my office in Paris and the Departments of State and Defense and the Mutual Security Agency in Washington. (The latter agency had sponsored "Operation Cheese" to teach Danish producers how to make and package cheese to suit American tastes.) Actually, we already had begun to buy the cheese and, to fill our orders, the Danes had invested in new machinery and plants. When the new quota took effect, Danish blue cheese exports to the United States were cut in half.

The Danes lost their investment, of course, and we Americans threw away close to $1,000,000 we had spent to help the cheese makers. Moreover, the Danes delivered the tanker to Russia and, although we got the Kattegat air base, difficulties have surrounded every step we have taken to put the base into operation. Permission to station our training experts there, to train local pilots and to take over surrounding farmlands all required action by the Danish parliament—many of whose members by now were somewhat skeptical about the durability of our foreign policy, and in no hurry to pass enabling legislation.

The cheese turnabout also cost American farmers and coal producers an export market. At the time we spurned the Danish cheese, we were trying to get the Danes to buy more coal from us instead of from Poland. We ran into unexpected difficulties when we cut back the Danes' chance to earn dollars. Later Denmark turned down our bid to sell

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her $6,000,000 worth of surplus farm products, including cotton, even though we were willing to take payment in Danish crowns. The Danish government politely explained that it did not wish to endanger *stable* trade relationships with Brazil and Egypt—from whom Denmark has been buying cotton and other goods once purchased from the United States.

In fact, American cotton growers, who in 1950-'52 sold nearly 40 per cent of their crop abroad, now can sell only 20 per cent of it to foreign customers. The Netherlands, also affected by our agricultural import quotas, including cheese, has cut her traditional purchases of wheat flour from our Midwestern mills by 12,000,000 tons. Ironically, some of the affected flour mills are in Minnesota, an area which whipped up plenty of pressure to impose quotas on cheese.

The U.S. government belatedly took cognizance of the costly chain of events set in motion by its cut in cheese imports. It modified the quota—after the damage had been done. Indeed the additional change, even though favorable, only strengthened the European conviction that "you can't tell what the Americans will do next."

Trouble for Europe's Watchmakers

Watches are another item that keeps European manufacturers who try to sell here in a constant state of panic.

Three years ago, in the midst of a concerted campaign by American watch firms for higher duties on watches, one of the petitioning companies—the Elgin National Watch Company—took a practical view of the controversy. It began to import Swiss watch movements itself to supplement its own products and pushed sales of other items such as men's jewelry. The new policy paid off. In 1953, the year after President Truman vetoed a recommendation by the U.S. Tariff Commission for a tariff boost on watches, Elgin's sales reached a record high of nearly $57,000,000.

However, this evidence that foreign competition can be a stimulus rather than a threat to ingenious American producers didn't prevent three watch companies, including Elgin, from applying this year for a general 50 per cent tariff increase on imported watches, nor did it stop the Tariff Commission from recommending the increase, or President Eisenhower from approving it.

At stake were not only Swiss watch exports to this country, but a $150,000,000 annual volume of American sales to the Swiss, including automobiles, oil, household and office equipment, chemicals, tires and many of our surplus farm crops. Indeed, since we signed a trade agreement with the Swiss in 1936, we have sold them $406,000,000 worth *more* goods than they have sold us. Switzerland, which receives no American aid, has paid the bill in a currency as sound as our own out of income which depends heavily on exports. Thus the increased watch tariff threatens American producers just as directly as it threatens foreign firms.

From the foreign point of view, it is cold comfort to nations which trade with us to be reminded that only five out of 62 applications to the Tariff Commission for more protection have been granted by U.S. Presidents since the escape clause first was used in 1947. As long as the threat exists, the whole pattern of trade remains unstable. For example, fear of increased tariff led American importers to buy larger stocks of Swiss watches than usual toward the end of last year—with the result that they began buying less even before the tariff increase was announced in late July. Swiss watch exports to this country dropped almost 25 per cent in the first four months of this year.

Under such conditions, it's not surprising that Communist trade offers sound attractive to many of our friends abroad. Right now our allies are even becoming impatient with the prohibition in our Battle Act which bars American aid to those who sell to the Soviet Union or to her satellites materials that might be used for war.

Early this year, Russia offered to buy a billion dollars' worth of British industrial products—including machine tools, which are on the Battle Act's banned list. Not long thereafter, British Prime Minister Churchill called in a House of Commons speech for relaxation of restrictions on East-West trade to promote world understanding. The British government followed up the speech with detailed proposals for a radical revision of the banned list, including the freeing of machine tools for general trade.

Alarmed by the extent and nature of the British proposals, President Eisenhower cabled Churchill that the move would be dangerous. Foreign Operations Administrator Harold E. Stassen was sent to London to amplify the warning. But in the end Stassen had to agree to cut our list of goods banned for sale to Russia and her satellites; in return Britain and our other European allies promised to observe the remaining bans more rigidly. At the Geneva conference on Korea and Indochina, Secretary of State Dulles had to make similar concessions to avoid an open rift with Britain and France.

If our friends knew that their trade with America was sufficiently secure, we wouldn't have to urge them to restrict their trade with Russia. There wouldn't be enough to worry about. But so long as the United States keeps its dollars out of general trade circulation, Western unity can be undermined by Russian gold reserves—about $200,000,000 of which has been spent as trade bait in the last year. The Soviet Union sold the gold in Britain, France and Switzerland and used the currency it received to buy goods in these and other countries. Make no mistake about it, Russia is prepared to take every possible advantage of the handicap which our indecisive trade policy imposes on us.

During the years I had to work with Russian officials in Germany, I never knew them to be unprepared to make the most of any opportunity. Sometimes the maneuver was as transparent as the liquid luncheon given by Marshal (then General) Vassily Sokolovsky just before the first meeting of the Berlin Kommandatura in 1945. The innumerable "hospitable" toasts of vodka, beer and wine were doubtless intended to put us non-Russians in an alcoholic fog prior to the sharp negotiations that were to follow.

Russian hospitality, whether social or economic, is always strategic, and I believe Soviet trade overtures to our allies are not unlike that luncheon: a prelude, the Reds hope, to a hoodwinking. The Russians aim to make first economic, then political prisoners of the nations that stand between them and us. While the reliability of trade agreements with the Russians is, to say the least, open to question, it does not help when American trade agreements are also unreliable.

A guarantee that we will not change our minds about our trade policy for ten years would stop a great deal of uneasy speculation about America's future economic course. This speculation, coupled with any real decrease in American imports, could, as the Russians well realize, eventually shatter the military strength of the Western alliance—and so permit a bloodless and relatively cheap achievement of the Russian objectives in both Europe and Asia, leaving the United States isolated in a hostile world.

The fact is that we can lose to the Reds without war.

I have more faith in the common sense of the American people than to suppose we will allow such a disaster. We can prevent it by taking precautions now. One practical step is a trade treaty that will tell the world we really mean our fine phrases about helping free men everywhere to help themselves—a treaty that will also protect our over-all national interests in the dangerous world in which we live today.

Remember—we can also *win* without war. Expanding free trade would be a mighty step toward victory. ▲▲▲

Your Headache

PAIN

If nothing else seems to ease

THE patient remembered distinctly how it all began—with a pain in the neck. He had awakened one night to find the wind rattling the blinds in his bedroom, and he had blamed the cold draft for his stiff neck. The pain disappeared after a few hours, but headaches followed—minor at first, easily relieved by a couple of aspirins. Then came blinding, searing, frightening headaches that lasted for days, subsiding only to mass for further assault on his shattered nerves.

"Now you're my last resort, Doctor," the patient said wearily. The face of the lean, prosperous-looking attorney of forty-four—call him Daniel Robbins—plainly showed the strain he was under. "My law partner and my wife both say I'm impossible to live with . . . and they're right."

Dr. Murray M. Braaf, an orthopedic surgeon on the clinic staff of Lebanon Hospital in New York City and World War II head of the Orthopedic Clinic at the Pentagon, nodded sympathetically.

"At first I thought the trouble might be eyestrain," patient Robbins went on, with the dogged air of a man who has told his story many times. "I went to an eye doctor, but as usual he checked me out with perfect twenty-twenty vision. Then I was examined by a nose-and-throat man. He said my trouble definitely wasn't sinus. Next I was checked and rechecked from head to toe at two big clinics. Nobody could find anything wrong with me.

"I've tried just about everything but suicide, and I won't say that hasn't entered my head. The pounding pain is with me day and night."

"I understand," Dr. Braaf said gently. "Step around here and I'll show you where your pain comes from." He flicked the switch on a light table, illuminating an X-ray film that lay on the ground glass.

"Here's a picture we took of your cervical spine—your neck—when you came in. Note the slight narrowing of this disk between the fifth and sixth vertebrae." The doctor pointed with a pencil. "That disk has been injured, perhaps many years ago, and it's exerting constant pressure on the nearby nerves. Your pain is being referred, or telegraphed, from this point to your head."

"What can you do about it?" Robbins asked.

"Well, we're going to stretch your neck," Dr. Braaf said. "That will relieve the pressure, and we'll try to get the disk to slip back into place. Then we'll try to make the ligaments strong enough to keep the disk where it belongs. We'll also give you thiamine chloride—vitamin B_1—to relieve the nerve irritation. Let's start right now."

Dr. Braaf led Robbins into a darkened room and had him lie down on an upholstered examination table. Then he fastened a harness around the patient's head and under his chin. A rope-and-pulley arrangement mounted at the head of the table linked the harness to two weights totaling 15 pounds. The weights tended to stretch Robbins' neck, but instead of adding to his pain the traction apparatus relaxed him. In fact, he was dozing when Dr. Braaf returned 20 minutes later to unharness him.

"How do you feel now?" the doctor asked as he prepared a vitamin injection.

Robbins did not answer for a moment. He sat on the edge of the table, dangling his legs and tentatively turning his head from side to side.

Finally, with wonderment in his voice, he mut-

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May Be Just a
IN THE NECK

By DOROTHY WILLIAMS
and GEORGE ROBERT BURNS

Aching muscles in the neck often yield to a novel treatment for giving relief. They stretch the neck

Laboratory technician Jeanne Mertke demonstrates with model the neck-stretching technique used by Dr. Murray M. Braaf of New York City in treating patients with chronic headaches

tered: "I can't believe it. My—head—doesn't—ache! Do you realize, Doctor, that this is my first waking moment without pain in—well, in more than a year?" Tears welled in his eyes. "You can't know what it means," he said huskily. "If this could only last . . ."

"I think we may be able to make it last," Dr. Braaf smiled. "And I do know what it means. You see, I had severe headaches myself for years."

It was two years ago that Robbins first visited Dr. Braaf. The traction-and-vitamin therapy continued for several months and was followed by a course of daily neck exercises. His recovery was spectacular and complete. Restored to robust and successful living, he has not suffered another headache to this day.

Had the Robbins case been unique, then his cure —while a private blessing—would hardly be of public or medical interest. But it was not unique. Thousands of similar headache case histories with happy endings are being accumulated by Dr. Braaf and a number of other specialists, although most patients need more than one treatment for relief from their terrifying headaches.

Taken together, the cases indicate that (1) many chronic headaches originate in damaged areas of the neck, and (2) headache sufferers whose trouble is traceable to these areas probably can be helped or cured.

In a recent issue of the New York State Journal of Medicine, Dr. Braaf and an associate, Dr. Samuel Rosner, reported the results achieved in treating some 500 patients with their technique. Ninety per cent of the patients, according to the doctors, had clear indication of previous neck injury—although half of them were unaware of the injuries.

"This therapy," the doctors wrote, "led to complete alleviation of headache in approximately 60 per cent of the cases, good results (over 50 per cent improvement) in 30 per cent, and poor in only 10 per cent. . . . These figures are the more remarkable if we consider the fact that our average case has had headaches for over 15 years before commencement of treatment."

Across the country, Drs. Rupert B. and Aidan A. Raney, senior neurosurgeons at the Los Angeles County Hospital and assistant professors of neurosurgery at the University of Southern California, report that during the last 10 years they have used neck therapy successfully on thousands of headache patients.

"If a patient suffers chronic headaches, and a general physical examination suggests no satisfactory explanation, the neck should be carefully examined," say the Raney brothers. "We have found it to be a common source of severe headaches." The Raney brothers first treat neck disorders with heat and massage. When these methods fail, they use traction and sometimes, as a last resort, surgery.

New Hope for Victims of Migraine

These doctors' findings offer new hope for some of the estimated 12,000,000 Americans who get chronic headaches—among them several million who suffer from the devastating migraine variety. (Migraine, incidentally, means half a head, and a migraine headache frequently affects only one side of the head, even though its victims bitterly protest that it is at least a headache and a half.)

A migraine victim may get an attack following changes in the weather, severe coughing or sneezing, overexposure to the sun, cold, drafts or smoke, overindulgence in television viewing—or, more often, after an emotional upset. If an average person comes under such stress or strain, his nervous system is automatically stimulated to absorb it; when the stress is over, his nervous system returns to normal without any aftereffects. But when a migraine victim's nervous system is stimulated, he gets a splitting headache that may last in varying intensity for hours, days—even weeks.

What makes a person subject to migraine and other chronic headaches? Today most headache specialists believe that, where no apparent physical disorder exists, the underlying cause is usually psychological. They feel that the victim is so emotionally disturbed that any strain on his nervous system causes temporary organic changes (dilation of the blood vessels, muscle spasms and the like) and a greater susceptibility to pain, with resultant headaches. They insist that in treating such patients, doctors should concentrate on trying to find and relieve their emotional disturbances.

Dr. Braaf, the Raneys and a number of other specialists disagree. They contend that in most cases where no physical ailment is evident, X rays will disclose some neck disorder which, if corrected, will relieve and perhaps eliminate the headaches. "I believe," Dr. Braaf says, "that the already sensitive nerves in the neck, irritated by disk trouble or some other unsuspected condition, at once take up the stimulation caused by, say, an emotional upset and start the headache."

Still other doctors stand somewhere between these two groups. Among them is Dr. Samuel C. Little, associate professor of medicine and neurology at the University of Alabama. Although Dr. Little believes a great majority of chronic headaches can be traced to anxiety and tensions arising from emotional disturbances, he says: "Examination of the neck should be routine in any unexplained case of chronic headaches." Even where a neck disorder exists, however, Dr. Little feels that

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN

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the psychiatric influences may be more significant than the physical problem. In his experience, he says, headaches have continued or recurred in some patients after neck disorders have been corrected.

The headache researches of Dr. Braaf, now forty-eight and in his twenty-second year of practice, have a solid foundation: he began at the lower spine and worked up.

During his wartime service as chief of the Orthopedic Clinic at the Pentagon in Washington, he began gathering data on that old Army complaint, the aching back.

One day he examined a colonel whose back had bothered him for 20 years, although never seriously enough to keep him from work. For a week, the colonel complained, he had been unable to walk, sit or lie down in comfort because of terrible pains shooting down one leg. The condition was diagnosed as sciatica, and after studying X rays of the lower spine, Dr. Braaf and his co-workers recommended an exploratory operation.

The operation disclosed a herniated disk in the lower spine. Damaged years before, the disk had ruptured through the ligaments. The disk was removed, and the colonel's leg pains disappeared for good. "From then on," says Dr. Braaf, "we examined every headache and sciatica case to see if a disk condition could have caused the trouble. Where it did, traction usually brought great relief."

Spine-Stretching Cured Headaches

In private orthopedic practice after the war, the doctor used spine-stretching in many disk cases to relieve pain in the shoulders, arms, hands and upper back. From time to time, grateful patients remarked casually that their headaches—which they had not mentioned previously—were disappearing, too. At first Dr. Braaf chalked up the disappearance of the headaches to coincidence. Then came a case that led him to specialize in headaches, along with other disk conditions.

"One day in 1947 a girl of eighteen came to see me," he recalls. "She complained that she'd had severe daily headaches for three solid months. They began after she fell on a sidewalk, banging her head and breaking her glasses. Physical examinations had revealed nothing abnormal, and X rays had shown no broken bones. She had made the rounds of the specialists—a neurologist, an eye doctor, an ear-nose-and-throat man, an allergist—and all of them reported negative findings.

"I suggested that some emotional disturbance might be producing the headaches. In fact, I was on the point of referring her to a psychiatrist when I noticed that while she was talking with me, she held her head a little to one side. I asked if her neck was bothering her. 'Oh, a little,' she said, 'but nothing to complain about.'

"All the same, I examined her neck, and found the same localized tenderness and restriction of movement that I'd found in other patients with neck conditions. I had her neck X-rayed, and gave her a neck-stretching treatment. To her amazement, and to mine, her headaches vanished after that one treatment—and they never returned."

The unexpected result gave Dr. Braaf a hunch. Was it more than a coincidence, he wondered, that treatment of the neck could produce an effect in the head? To find out, he decided to test the theory on himself.

Dr. Braaf had suffered severe periodic headaches since his teens, but never had experienced pains in the neck. Now, examining his own neck, he found that pressure of his fingers disclosed points of tenderness that hinted at a disk condition. X rays confirmed that a disk had slipped out of place and was irritating the nerves. Thinking back, he recalled a number of incidents that might have caused the condition, including a minor auto accident in which he was shaken up while a high-school student.

For four months, Dr. Braaf underwent the same neck-stretching treatments he had given his patients. At the end of that time, his headaches were gone for good.

There were beneficial side results, too. Although his vision was good, the doctor had worn glasses for years to help minimize his headaches. Now he discarded the glasses. In trying to ward off migraine attacks, he also had controlled his diet and avoided excitement; now he found he could eat and do what he wanted without paying the penalty of an attack.

The doctor began testing his theories on other headache patients who he believed might be suffering from some neck injury or on whom other methods of treatment had failed to bring relief. Fellow doctors sent him some of their headache patients. On one after another, his techniques worked. Slowly the statistics and evidence piled up in Dr. Braaf's files.

The traction treatment was simple and painless, directed mainly toward strengthening the spinal ligaments so that the disks would stay where they belonged and stop irritating the nerves. Weights of from five to 30 pounds were used in the device, dependent on the requirements of the individual cases.

Dr. Braaf gave his first lecture on the results of his work at a meeting of the Lebanon Hospital Alumni Society early in 1949, and the text was printed in the state medical journal later that year. On the basis of 20 migraine cases studied at length, he said, he felt certain that "trauma to the neck is probably the most important factor in producing migraine, and consequently the greater the injury to the neck, the more likely are symptoms of migraine likely to occur. . . . Migraine can be treated successfully by head-traction manipulation and thiamine chloride."

In the five years since these first findings were published, Dr. Braaf has found that, on the average, three months of traction and vitamin treatments—given two or three times a week—are sufficient to eliminate or at least vastly relieve chronic headaches resulting from neck injuries. In particularly stubborn cases, surgery has been tried as a last resort, and the results have been encouraging.

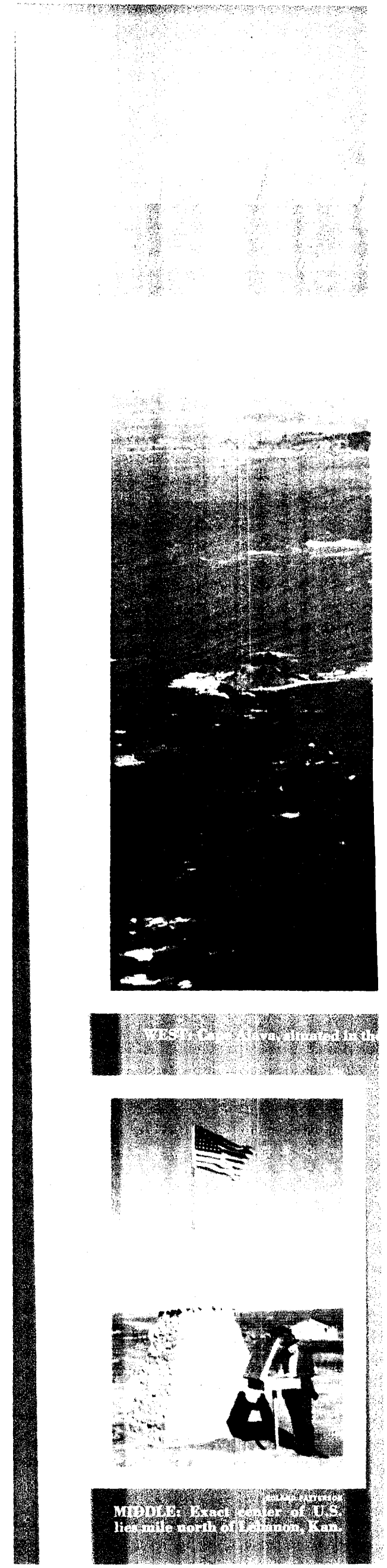
What cause the neck injuries that may condemn people to the misery of chronic headaches? Dr. Braaf says most injuries occur in our early years, in such everyday ways as a tumble from a swing or a fall from a bicycle, and are forgotten long before the headaches begin. Sudden jarring of the head and neck in an auto collision also may damage the disks in the upper spine without the victim knowing it.

"The disks, sandwiched between the vertebrae, are the shock absorbers of the spine," Dr. Braaf explains to new patients. "With each injury or fall they cushion the effect of the force equally in all directions. But with severe or repeated injury, the ligaments holding the disks in place give way, and a disk may protrude and compress the surrounding nerves. Then pain results, and the nerves may carry it to the head."

Granted that Dr. Braaf's work holds out a promise of relief for many sufferers from chronic headaches, what can be done to prevent new cases? How can parents insure their children against at least this type of chronic headache in adult life?

"No baby is born with headaches," Dr. Braaf says, "but many are born with weak neck ligaments which can lead to headaches. All children should be protected as much as possible against avoidable falls and severe jars which directly or indirectly may damage the neck. Every child who does suffer such an injury should be thoroughly examined by a doctor whether he complains of a pain in the neck or not.

"Neck exercises, under the doctor's supervision, can help strengthen weak ligaments. Good posture habits can help. By such simple preventive measures, you can do a lot to cut down the chance that your child will join the 'headache population' of the next generation." ▲▲▲



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WHEN most of us think of the United States we tend to forget how big it is. We don't add it up to 3,022,387 square miles. We know about the 48 states, and the borders top and bottom, the two oceans and the Mississippi, but the picture we have in our minds has little to do with geography. It has to do with our hearts and our own home towns. The U.S.A., to almost all of us, is a main street: Joe's garage and a big department store, the new high school, a factory out by the county line and a highway stretching endlessly off to San Francisco or Chicago or New York.

The pictures on these pages take you from the nation's extreme western point of land to its extreme eastern point, and from the farthermost building in the north to the house that's as deep south as you can go. You may never have heard of the places in the photographs, but you will recognize them. Though they are at the outer limits of the country, they are, in a way, an extension of your own town: a post office, somebody's home, a bit of scenery, an edifice devoted to public service and, to round it out, a monument smack in the middle of things. But simple as they are, they lend grandeur to the idea of the U.S. They link coast to coast and border to border. They are thousands of miles apart—and yet they are close to one another, as close as the idea of one united nation can bring them.

—SEY CHASSLER

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He gave a swing—like a woodchopper, and hit himself in the toe. His pants fell down. "We'll choose him," said Harriet

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LOW *and* OUTSIDE

By MAX SHULMAN

... if my Little Leaguers win, I've got a job; ... if they lose, I've got a girl I can't afford. It's real crazy

MY NAME is Gerald Trask and I am madly in love with a girl named Harriet McDade, and it is my fondest hope that some happy day we will be Mr. and Mrs. McDade.

Harriet is a girl of very strong beliefs, and this is one of her strongest: the husband should take the wife's name instead of vice versa. I have offered to compromise—to call myself Gerald Trask-McDade or even Gerald McDade-Trask—but Harriet says no. Harriet says that women have taken a subordinate position for too long, and she means to reverse the trend. Well, that's all right with me. If she'll marry me, I'll gladly call myself Gerald McDade—or even Charlie Chickenliver, for that matter. I love this crazy girl.

I first met Harriet at the Pomfritt Calendar Company, where I went to work after graduating from high school two years ago. The Pomfritt Calendar Company has a very scientific placement program for new employees: they give you dozens of aptitude tests before they assign you to a job. My tests showed that I had no aptitude for anything, so they put me to work as gatekeeper.

The job was not taxing: my duties consisted mainly of nodding pleasantly at people. But even so, honesty compels me to admit that I was no great shakes as a gatekeeper. I was always letting in kids who wanted to see the pictures on our new calendars—I like kids—and I was always setting back the time clock for girls who got to work late—I like girls too. Mr. Pomfritt caught me dozens of times, and he'd yell and scream, but I wasn't worried, because I knew he wouldn't fire me. I was very secure in my job. Also, I was very highly paid: I got twice as much money as any other gatekeeper in town.

The reason for this jolly condition was that I was responsible for the biggest pleasure—maybe the only pleasure—in Mr. Pomfritt's life. I was manager of the Mustangs, the baseball team that Mr. Pomfritt sponsored in Little League. For two years in a row, I'd coached the Mustangs to the city championship, which made Mr. Pomfritt ecstatic—and me secure in my overpaid job.

Baseball is the only occupation people have that I really understand. Give me a bunch of kids who want to play ball, and if patience and perseverance will do it, I'll make a team out of them. I know this sounds immodest, but it's the only subject I'm immodest about. About anything else—art, music, literature, gatekeeping—I'm the first to admit that I'm an ignoramus. Which is why I'm amazed that I got as far as I did with Harriet McDade.

Harriet, to put it simply, is a genius. When I met her, she was working in Mr. Pomfritt's art department, illustrating calendars with sunsets, sailing vessels and collie dogs that brought admiring gasps from art lovers the world over. But brilliant as she was at art, it was not her chief interest. Primarily she was a reformer. Every cause to help the world's downtrodden, man and beast alike, was clasped eagerly to her heaving young bosom. Not a day went by but what Harriet somehow, somewhere, struck a blow for justice, charity and a better life for all God's creatures.

That's how I got to know her. I had been admiring her for a long time as she went through my gate on her way to work every morning—she is a great, strapping, creamy girl; there is much to admire—but I had never been able to summon up enough courage to talk to her, for after all, she was an artist and a reformer, and I was a mere gatekeeper and baseball coach. But one day she stopped and addressed me. "Mr. Trask," she said, "how do you feel about Easter chicks?"

Frankly, my feeling about Easter chicks is, I can take them or leave them, but I thought I'd better play it cagey. "How do *you* feel about Easter chicks?" I asked.

"I think it is a cruel and barbaric practice," she replied, "to take young chicks away from their mothers and put them in the careless hands of children."

"Me too," I said, seeing the correctness of her position at once, and also wishing to be better friends with this great, strapping, creamy girl.

"There is a meeting of the Anti-Easter Chick Society tonight," she said. "Would you care to attend?"

"More than anything in the world," I said, blinking my eyes at her sincerely, and at eight o'clock that night I escorted her to the meeting of the Anti-Easter Chick Society.

THAT was the beginning. A few days later I took her to a meeting of the League for Restoring the Great Plains to the American Indian. The following week we went to the Society to Eliminate Communal Showers in Women's Penitentiaries. After that there were the Buffaloes Protective League, the Society to Compel Schoolteachers to take IQ Tests, the Society for the Prevention of Overcooking Green Vegetables, and many others of similar stripe.

Let me say that my interest in buffaloes, vegetables and showers in women's penitentiaries was, at best, transient. But my interest in Harriet was permanent, and when I'd see her being stirred by reports of injustice and oppression, when I'd see those blue eyes ignite and that creamy skin go pink, then I'd catch fire too. Anything she was for, I was for—anything at all. Why, if she'd wanted to organize a society for the prevention of *me*, I'd have been her loyal assistant. That's how I felt about this girl.

So, side by side, heads high, eyes bright, shoulders squared, we improved the world all through the fall and winter. Then came spring, and I had to give up sociology for baseball. . . .

Mr. Pomfritt called me into his office two days before the Little League spring tryout. Mr. Pomfritt is a distinguished-looking gentleman with mean little eyes, a cruel mouth and a big bulbous nose. "Well, Gerald," he said, "how does it look for my Mustangs this year?"

"Not too good," I said, which was the truth. Out of last year's winning squad, we had lost ten players. Only five were left over and, unfortunately, every one of them had been a bench warmer.

"Unless we pick up some *(Continued on page 78)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

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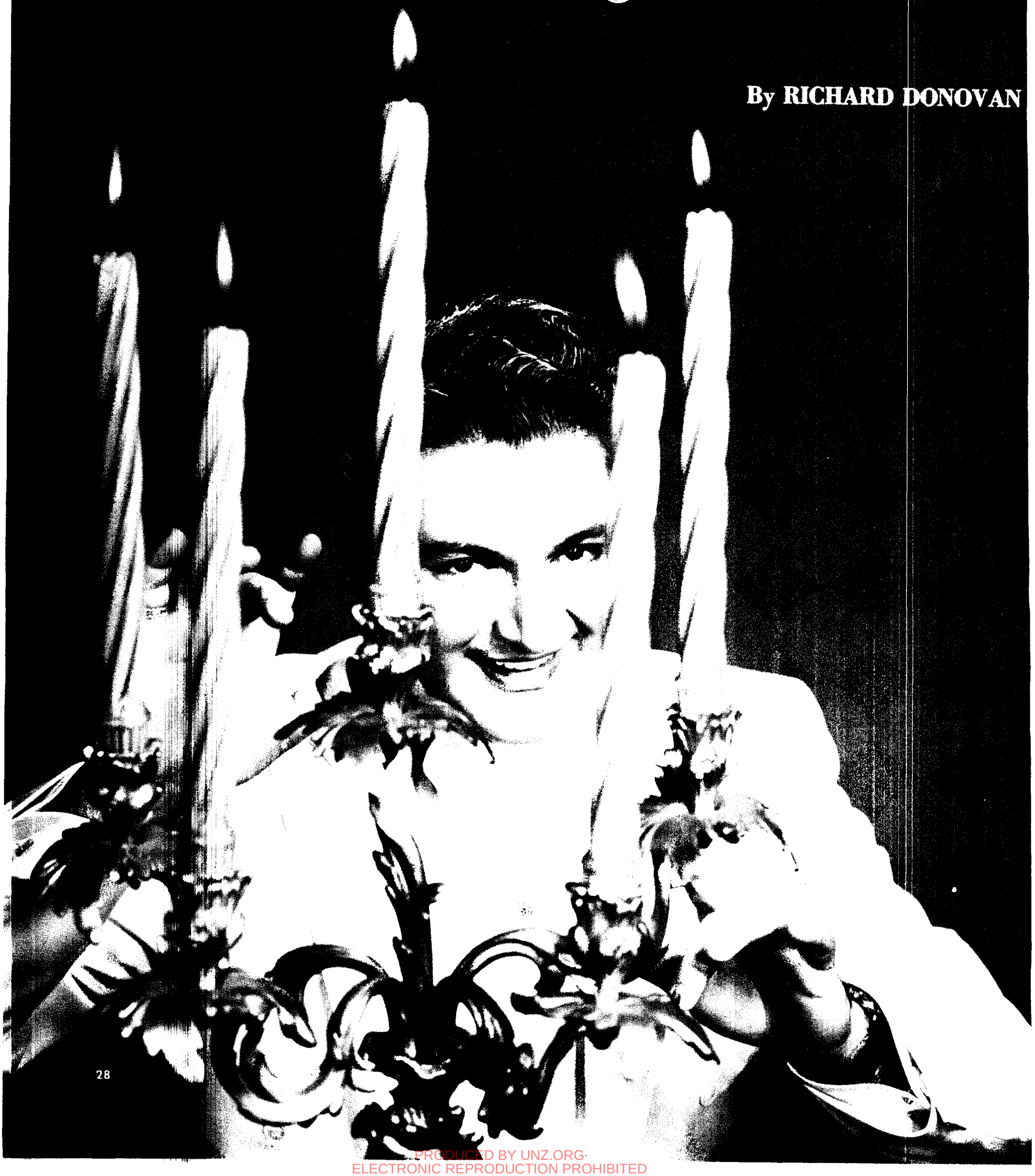
LIBERACE—

"Nobody Loves Me

By RICHARD DONOVAN



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but the People..."

[illegible] Wladziu Valentino Liberace one of the world's happiest [illegible] and most controversial—pianists. His secret: a [illegible] candelabra . . . and the power of love

Liberace presents his cheek to an admirer

ARMS flung wide, teeth flashing in a beatific smile, luxuriant, graying hair waving abundantly above a stocky, silk-suited, extravagantly vested figure, Wladziu Valentino Liberace—the velvet-eyed piano player who has parlayed talented fingers, a melting look, a candelabra and several jokes into wealth and the title of America's number-one showman—bounded splendidly from a plane at a Cleveland airport one afternoon some weeks ago.

Almost immediately his smile faded. With a terrifying roar, some 2,500 women of all ages who had been threshing dangerously about behind police barriers, waiting for their TV and concert idol to appear, broke through the thin blue line and began to thunder down upon the maestro.

"Look out!" yelled a bystander, horrified at the sight. Instantly, heart-rending cries arose from a band of newly arrived passengers that had blundered into the path of the stampede. Civic dignitaries who had been advancing grandly on the maestro took to their heels, colliding blindly with Liberace's staff musicians, who were sprinting desperately for some nearby limousines. Nobody looked back except one flying fiddle player.

"Oh-h-h!" he groaned, halting as he saw a wall of women roll over his boss. "He's gone! He never had a chance!"

Covering his eyes, the musician felt a wave of grief—followed immediately by a wave of fear for his next pay check, and a wave of guilt for thinking about such things at such a time. Awash in emotion, he scarcely heard someone call, "Look! Look!" as he reached the safety of a rear limousine. Open-mouthed, he looked.

Calm, smiling, walking slowly, his gaze fixed with a magnetic tenderness on the fiercely working faces around him, a serene and untouched Liberace was emerging like Gandhi from the seething multitude. As the maestro reached the rear limousine, the musician involuntarily shrank from him.

"I don't believe it!" he rasped. "They had you. I saw it. You were gone!"

"Gone?" echoed the maestro, interestedly. "Not at all. I just smiled at them and they never laid a hand on me." He mused a moment and then added. "Of course, I put a lot into that smile. You might call it the power of love."

The power of love, as exuded by Liberace, was again demonstrated shortly after the stampede. The scene was his quarters in the Governor's Suite at Cleveland's Carter Hotel. An old and embittered bellboy, staggering in under a load of bags and pushing eminent persons aside, rasped out: "All right! All right! Where's the minstrel boy? Where's His Majesty?" A shocked silence fell upon the room at this angry and unseemly outburst. Then a bedroom door opened and Liberace, dressed in a white silk robe with a large black diamond design and bedroom shoes with inch-thick crepe soles, emerged and bent upon the bellboy a look so luminous, so gentle and soul-searching, that that crabbed ancient dropped his eyes and began to mutter in confusion. When he finally left the room, clutching a five-dollar tip, the cackling bellboy was hobnobbing with the maestro in a state of happy camaraderie that lasted him until he picked up his next load of bags.

Now love, as everybody knows, is what the world is seeking. The only trouble is that love-power, unlike horsepower, is difficult to measure in terms of actual mileage produced. "Results!" the skeptics always cry. "Show us the results!"

Fortunately, in the case of the maestro, this task is simplicity itself.

In about a year and a half on television, Liberace, pronounced Liber-AH-chee, has convinced so many viewers that he is vibrating with feelings of tenderness for them that his filmed half-hour show is now seen on more stations (192) than either Dragnet or I Love Lucy. In his five Columbia record albums, the pure Liberace comes through so clearly that people have bought 700,000 of them in two years, making him the best album bet in the record business.

As for the concert business—well, when Liberace can get people penned in an auditorium where he can personally turn the soul ray on the last customer in the last row of the highest balcony, while sweeping all areas between, the results can be stupefying. Liberace has been making concert tours seriously only since early 1952. In that time, he has broken almost every box-office record in every theater, auditorium, field house and stadium he has played.

Last May 26th, the maestro broke the attendance and box-office records of the late Paderewski by packing more than 16,000 people into Madison Square Garden for a take of close to $60,000. Before that, Liberace netted $47,215 in three Milwaukee concerts, $23,000 in one Sioux City concert, $37,870 in two concerts in New Orleans, $28,539 in one St. Louis concert, and so on and on, breaking attendance records as he went.

The Maestro Explains His Prosperity

"There's nothing mysterious about my success," Liberace says of these triumphs. "I just don't assume in advance that the majority of people are not worth playing for. I like people, all of them. I think they have good taste. I'm not ashamed to tell them so, and introduce my mother to them, and show them my house on my television show and let them know when something is bothering me. I come right out with it and they come right back at me. We have a hell of a time."

It is, however, a miserable fact of life that whenever the people are having a good time, wherever there is a happy, triumphal procession going on, some gloomy gaggle of funeral-faced objectors can usually be found bringing up the rear, putting the chill on everything. In the case of Liberace, the chief pallbearers are those brooding and inscrutable keepers of the cultural conscience, the professional critics.

Ignoring the happy cries from all over, the critics coldly accuse the maestro of "slackness of rhythms, wrong tempos, distorted phrasing and excess of prettification" and other terrible technical sins. They scoff at his production trade-marks: "the soft-glowing candelabra atop the piano" (the candelabra appears in every Liberace TV and concert performance); "the corny lighting with fade-outs and silhouettes; the confiding, lisping voice; the oh-so-gentle smiles; the understanding glance; the wink charged with meaning; the sticky-sweet musical interpretations . . ."

Not content with thumping him for his routines, the critics also belabor the maestro personally, intimating that a certain soft old-laciness in his approach has caused him to be loved only by middle-aged—and older—women, while the majority of men, teen-agers and cultivated folk sternly oppose him (Liberace's concert audiences average 35 per cent male, by his manager's count).

How Audience Appeal Has Paid Off

The critics cannot understand how Liberace's audience could so forget itself as to lift him to a position where, for tax reasons and because he doesn't want to play more concerts, he deliberately holds his income down to $750,000 a year ("He could make two million," says his lawyer); where his influence, according to piano manufacturers, helped stimulate the sale of some 160 000 new pianos in 1953; and where his television plugging of tuna fish, toilet paper, banks, funeral parlors and other goods and services is credited (at least by his own manager) with bringing sponsors new business exceeding $50,000,000 in one year.

The critics, in short, are impervious to love-power.

When he has time to think about it, Liberace sometimes considers cutting the critics off altogether from his circle of warmth and letting them freeze to death. "They won't let the majority rule," he complains. This view is charitable alongside the view taken by many of Liberace's fans. When I hinted to a well-muscled Sioux City housewife that perhaps he was being oversold during his most recent concert tour, she stood off, sized me up suspiciously and inquired: "What are you? A Communist?"

The lady was not jesting. A great many Liberace fans seem convinced that he is somehow involved with national security and that any attack on him must come from subversives. The majority, however, think of him in much more personal terms.

Sometimes they are exuberant. "Hoo-boy! Hoo-whee!" hollered one St. Louis matron exultantly, when asked by reporters how he affected her.

Sometimes they are secretive. "Never mind what I'm up to," grated a mother of three, also in St. Louis, when police found her lurking, near midnight, around a deserted auditorium where Liberace had played hours before. "He's still in there. I know it. He can't outlast me."

Sometimes they are spiritually transported. "He's so pure, so refined," said a pale young woman in Fort Wayne. "You don't think of him as a . . . as a . . . well, you just don't think of him that way," she broke off in confusion.

Sometimes they are charged with motherly feel-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN AND GARRY WINOGRAND

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Liberace at work during a concert

Most of the nation's critics, teen-agers and husbands seem impervious to the maestro. But the ladies . . . !

ings. "He's so considerate," said an elderly woman who kept walking around a jammed corridor, also in Fort Wayne, where Liberace was signing post-performance autographs. "I have a husband and eighteen grandchildren but I feel that this boy might have been my very own son."

Mother love for the people's pianist seems to rise, in large degree, from Liberace's public filial attachment to his own mother, whom he introduces on some of his TV shows and many of his concerts.

Attitude Toward His Mother Explained

"A lot of people, including some of my business associates, think I shouldn't ring in my mother," Liberace says. "They say it makes me look eccentric or something. Well, I certainly feel sorry for the kind of minds that think it looks funny—that it's some kind of a disease, practically—to admit that you don't hate your mother. I don't hate mine. She worked like a dog for me. I'm going to show her off every time I get the chance."

"Mom" Liberace is a calm, handsome woman of sixty-three, who prefers to do her own housework and cooking in the large, modernistic house she occupies with her son and a gray miniature poodle named Suzette, at Sherman Oaks, in Los Angeles' San Fernando Valley. The apron-string stories that harass the maestro thoroughly annoy her.

"Apron strings! Hah!" she exclaims. "He tells me to appear at a concert and I appear. No arguments. He eats at all hours of the day and night, stays up all night, prowling around the house when he's alone and I can't say a word to him. I don't mean that he's a big boss. But nobody tells him what to do."

Among many younger women, feeling for Liberace is not particularly motherly and not particularly sisterly, either. During every concert, the maestro receives some half-dozen desperate notes from young ladies feverishly pacing hotel rooms in the vicinity, apparently prepared to set fire to the premises if he does not appear immediately after curtain time. ("I'd as soon call on an African lion," Liberace says, nervously.)

Women, it would seem, make up their own minds. When they want to write Liberace 8,000 fan letters a week, they do so. When they want to prowl around his house at dusk, peering in the windows at him eating, and when they get sudden, irresistible midnight impulses to climb over his back fence and yoo-hoo softly under his windows, they do that, too.

Men, on the other hand, often seem to object to women making up their minds—particularly married men. How much domestic strife the glamorous, thirty-four-year-old people's pianist has caused is not known, but research indicates that it is considerable. Soon after the appearance of the Liberace television program in at least two U.S. cities, Omaha and Cleveland, for example, television repairmen reported an unusual breakage of picture tubes.

"Apparently the gentlemen was hitting them with hammers," one TV repairman said. "On two or three sets, I found lipstick on the busted glass," he added darkly.

In the home of one Brooklyn bartender a few weeks ago, the strain was terrible.

"I used to sit in front of the television in my underwear with my shoes off," the bartender told me. "My wife never opened her yap. Then I begin hearing Liberace this and Liberace that. I said, 'What the hell is Liberace? A salad dressing?' And then out of a clear sky my wife begins to change toward me.

"Well," the bartender went on, tiredly, "one night I'm sitting in my underwear as usual and on he comes. Then my wife comes in the room. She's got on a long dress and a corsage and her hair is done up. She says, 'Get up, you slob, and put your suit on! Liberace is here!'

"I don't know should I laugh or belt her one," the bartender continued, evidently still at a loss as to which course to follow. "Every week, I won't put the suit on and my wife won't let me come in the living room during the program. One night she starts crying. 'Look at him,' she says. 'Look at that dress suit and those clean fingernails.' And then she looks at me and begins hollering, 'Oh, why, oh, why did I ever do it?'

"Ain't that a hell of a thing?" the bartender concluded, bitterly. "This salad dressing coming into a man's home, driving his wife crazy so she even quits eating while he's on. Ain't that a hell of a thing?"

I had to admit it was.

Among some teen-agers on the third supposedly anti-Liberace front, opposition to the maestro sometimes seems to run even higher than it does among grown men or the critics.

"He's very old, you know," complained the pretty young president of a San Fernando Valley Eddie Fisher fan club. "Very old. But what we hold against him is that he's such a terrible square. Honestly, he plays the piano like my Aunt Lucille. And the way he sings—like a vacuum cleaner."

The maestro takes such statements calmly. "After all, I have over 60 teen-age fan clubs of my own," he says, "even though my appeal may be more adult." What riles Liberace is the tendency of teen-agers to act on their cultural opinions. Last spring, car-borne squads of them tore down his mailbox and lawn light fixtures and broke a couple of windows in his new home. Every so often he encounters other, passing, carloads of them. Their mouths usually drop open and they hang out of car windows, winking grotesquely, rumpling their hair and hollering: "Look at me. I'm Liberace. Get me a candelabra. I can't see nothing."

"Stick around a few years," says the maestro crisply. "I'll be waiting for them."

Before New York performance, doting women of Liberace family—"Mom" Liberace, left, and Mrs. George Liberace—get the men ready for their appearance on stage

He's Not Too Distressed by Critics

Although the opposition of critics, husbands and youngsters sometimes distresses him, Liberace usually regards these groups philosophically, as being in the minority. "Nobody loves me," he once remarked contentedly, "but the people."

Still, there is one disadvantage to all the commotion. Now that his zoom to success has made him the object of so much nation-wide controversy, the man himself, Wladziu (pronounced Vla-ja) Liberace, is sometimes lost. That is too bad.

Large of head, eye and nose, rich in hair but poor in posture, standing five eleven on generous flat feet, smiling always but rarely laughing, his hands, wrists and shoulders broad and powerful, his voice low and pleasant, though occasionally breathy, his look open, friendly, searching, veiled or matey by turns, his weight shifting from 185 when he's dieting to 210 when he isn't, his walk sometimes resembling that of a beat policeman and sometimes that of a small, upright pachyderm tiptoeing through the tulips—the artist, Liberace, does not always strike beholders as the model of TV's first genuine matinee idol, which he is.

Nevertheless, taken together, he is a handsome man and a deceptively strong one ("Physically,

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Some enraptured matrons of Pittsburgh at a Liberace concert. Only the little girl appears to have escaped the magic spell

I'm a peasant," he says). His energy is enormous. Although he rarely sleeps more than four hours when on the road and six hours when at home, he always appears refreshed. Despite a carefully cultivated air of deep calm, he vibrates with nervousness before concerts, sweats through his suits while performing and is so keyed up afterward that he keeps going at concert pitch until dawn.

Liberace gets most of his exercise on piano benches, where his violent leg-wiggling, head-bobbing, arm-flinging and rump-bouncing rouse the multitudes and put the critics' teeth on edge. During one recent concert, the maestro, seated on a coarse-grained piano bench, jounced with such abandon that he wore through the seat of his tuxedo trousers and had to retire hastily.

Liberace rarely eats before concerts; but after them, or perhaps the next morning, he may down two steaks, and what everybody else leaves, plus a crème de menthe *frappé* or two for dessert. A shrewd man who has been made wary by long, hard experience in the world, he is nevertheless so sentimental that tears may roll down his cheeks while listening to a sad story. Sometimes he has streaks of generosity, parting right and left with worldly goods; then again he has streaks of nervous fiscal planning and retrenchment.

Mentally, Liberace is somewhat cavalier, assimilating knowledge about what interests him and discarding the rest. Among other things, the maestro is interested in all show techniques, in show people, musicians, clothes, houses, cooking and strength through joy for everyone. He is not particularly interested in science, government, mechanics, the nonmusical, nontheatrical arts, physical combat, horse playing, domestic relations and other such branches of learning. Although he once worked up a violent enthusiasm for the Notre Dame football team ("So masterful!"), and once got so excited about the Minneapolis Lakers professional basketball team that he hand-painted ties for the players, his information about sports is spotty. As for his memory, Liberace can play more than 300 popular and classical compositions without looking at the music, but he cannot recall the name of the governor of his own state.

"If I need him, I can look it up," he says.

Among other qualities, Liberace has the collector's passion. First, he collects public approval, then money. His collection of clothes includes a white set of silk-mohair tails, eight other suits of tails in black and blue—some of them velvet—six raw-silk and standard tuxedos, and 15 street suits, not to mention an indeterminate number of slacks, jackets, sport shirts and accessories. One jacket is of gold lamé. ("You bought it," he tells audiences.) He also has 12 astonishing vests, some with Chinese designs in gold brocade, and 28 pairs of shoes.

Maestro's Touch Dominates Home *Décor*

Liberace has lived so long in hotels that the 10-room, L-shaped, pastel-colored, $100,000 home he has collected in Sherman Oaks is not only a source of pride, but almost a means of expression to him. His signature shines from either side of the two-story entrance through two large, electrified wall fixtures. Inside, amid the deep, shaggy, off-white rugs, the rose-colored chairs and divans, the muted gray and mirrored walls, the vast, draped windows and the lighted goldfish tanks sunken in partitions, the maestro's touch is also everywhere evident.

Of six large pictures hanging in the house a few weeks ago, five were paintings or drawings of Liberace. On the white cover of his bed, which could sleep six in an emergency, an enormous L has been traced in silver thread. In his living room, just beyond his huge $25,000 Blüthner and $10,000 Plexiglas-lidded Baldwin pianos, and his piano-shaped cocktail table, 188 miniature pianos remind the caller of where it all comes from.

In the den, the maestro's presence is felt in an array of cup and plaque awards, including two TV Academy Emmies (Best Entertainment Program and Outstanding Male Personality) for 1952. Out in his high-fenced, landscaped back yard, his presence is even more strongly felt in a piano-shaped swimming pool, complete with black and white cement keys; a bass-clef fountain and a candelabra that lights up arrestingly.

Whatever his zeal for collection, Liberace has nimbly avoided being collected himself, particularly by the dozens of marriageable women whose eyes have been fixed upon him so hungrily. He has been put in escrow three times by young ladies who got engagement rings from him, but on each occasion the final papers have gone unsigned.

"I want to get married sometime," says Liberace, "but I'm not interested in being possessed. The woman I marry will have to accept the fact that entertainers like myself are public men, with unusual responsibilities, and that it may often be days before we come home from the office."

Although he has never taken the critical trip to church, and rarely attends services otherwise, the maestro has a strong religious bent. He also has something of the healer's mystic eye and touch. At almost every postconcert autograph session, the door to his dressing room is surrounded by the wheel chairs and roller beds of the crippled and sick who have come for his signature, or a close look, or a few words of encouragement from him. Of all the vibrant people of the stage, Liberace is certainly one of the most deeply moved by human misery, and the most intensely convinced that he can somehow help the sick and the confused. With a sure instinct, people have divined Liberace's healer quality through millions of picture tubes.

Not long ago, for example, one woman polio victim who had never been moved from her iron lung for more than an hour insisted on leaving it for double that time so she could attend part of Liberace's concert. The maestro talked to her at length in his dressing room beforehand, encouraging her, and the woman stayed the route and thereafter showed marked improvement. On two other occasions, women who insisted they could not walk did walk after Liberace talked softly to them.

"All I did was let them know I was their friend," Liberace says.

Without a doubt, the maestro is one of the friendliest men alive. He will sign autographs for three hours at a stretch, offer his cheek to ladies to kiss and generally join in audience enthusiasms in an outgoing and wholehearted way. He reserves a special regard for hotel employees, barbers, phone operators, his managers and their wives and others who he, as a long-time roving minstrel and hotel

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Papa Liberace, a musician, felt his son Wladziu should become an undertaker

The maestro grabs a fast nap in a Pittsburgh hotel room before his concert there

dweller, has come to feel are more or less related to him. The nine key musicians who travel with him are in an almost constant state of exhaustion, so great is their boss's affection for them.

Liberace, who rarely retires before sunrise when on the road, does not get wound up properly until around 2:00 A.M., at which time he wishes to have all of his band men around him to share in the trade talk, the room-service whisky and food or the tour of the local night spots that happens to be on the schedule for the evening. Most of the musicians are seasoned big-band veterans. They appreciate the fact that Liberace pays them well over scale, that he will not stay in any hotel that will not take his band, that he pays their hotel bills and transportation and $5 a day toward meals (all unheard-of boons), besides buying them gifts ranging from sport shirts to spinet pianos when the mood seizes him, which is often.

But men must sleep. After a day of rehearsal and a hard concert, some of the old guard may turn in, only to be awakened by a jangling telephone. "I'm lonesome," comes the cheery voice of the maestro, who may have no more than half a dozen people around him.

The Author's Night Out with the Band

In the city of Omaha, a few weeks ago, two stops after I had joined the last Liberace tour, I retired gratefully with a sleeping potion one midnight. Two and a half hours later, I got the summons, rose drugged, rode off in the night with a happy band, took to drink and big talk, ate a large steak dinner without knowing it, rode back to the hotel with the happy band and turned in again in the middle of a muted jam session as the sun was rising. Naturally, I complained to the maestro the next evening.

"Anybody who travels with me is like one of my own boys," he said inflexibly. "I won't have anybody left out."

Since most people have heard of Liberace only in the last year or so, they usually assume that he is much younger than he is and that he just sat down at the piano one day and, hoo-whee! there he was at 40,000 feet. Nothing could be further from fact.

The maestro, who has abbreviated his name, legally, to Liberace, and claims to be the only U.S. citizen who is registered to vote with surname alone, got into show business in 1924, at the age of four. We have this on the testimony of his forty-three-year-old brother, George, a wise, kindly, retiring fiddle player who has been through the big-band grinder and is now busy conducting Liberace orchestras, organizing rehearsals, playing a mute counterpoint to his brother's TV and concert comedy and seeing to it that all possible income is sunk into family partnerships, corporations or annuities.

According to George, the historic event took place in the family's small West Milwaukee home when the father, Salvatore Liberace, an explosive Italian who played French horn, invited some fellow instrumentalists for an afternoon musicale. With a flourish, Papa Liberace introduced his daughter, Angelina, now forty and still living in Milwaukee, who played the piano and got a rousing hand. The applause had scarcely faded when another figure—small, eager-eyed, wearing a Dutch-cut bob and bursting out of a pantalooned velvet suit—crept onto the piano bench without being asked and began to pick out a one-finger rendition of either O, Katharina (according to George's version) or Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody (according to the maestro's). There was a startled silence, then clamorous applause. Apparently intoxicated by the sound, little Wladziu turned and smiled slyly at the guests out of the side of his eye. He had been boning up for just such an occasion whenever his older brother and sister were not using the upright. With the assurance of a veteran, he began his first encore.

"Except for music, there wasn't much beauty in my childhood," the maestro recalls, rather moodily. "We lived in one of those featureless bungalows in a featureless neighborhood. I hated shabbiness. I'd walk twenty-seven blocks and pay fifteen cents just to sit in a new, clean movie when I could have walked five blocks and paid five cents to sit in an old dirty one."

Little Wladziu, whose mother gave him his second name, Valentino, in honor of the revered movie sheik, also hated violence as a child. But it seemed to surround him on all sides. At school his male classmates no sooner observed his scrubbed countenance and purehearted air than they fell to belaboring him at recess with wild, bestial cries. Although he was strong enough to have strangled most of them, he took to his heels instead, saving his hands for more rewarding glories.

At home, artistic explosions from Papa Liberace (who is now divorced from the maestro's mother) shook the house. Papa Liberace, a disciplinarian, had lost his theater-orchestra job with the advent of talking pictures, and he sat in the parlor much of the time, waiting for somebody to get out of line. His angry eye fell most often upon little Wladziu, who kept banging away at the upright with inhuman zeal for unreasonable lengths of time.

Mother Liberace, a strong, practical woman who had stepped into the economic breach by getting a job, stood fiercely behind the maestro against all foes, foreign and domestic. Gradually, as he recalls, he came to depend heavily on her support.

"I still depend on her a great deal," he says.

Two Weeks in Vaudeville for Pittance

Although Papa Liberace wanted his son to be an undertaker, and Mama Liberace more or less agreed, Wladziu finally tried out for a two-week vaudeville job in a Milwaukee theater as a boy virtuoso. He got the job—and stopped the show. Then as now, his routine was based upon a musical change of pace. He played songs in the high-jazz style of the late Fats Waller, and, without any perceptible creaking of stays, switched into renditions of the same songs in the style of Rachmaninoff and other classicists. He made $70 for the two-week run of the show.

"Despite all my father's warnings, I found I could earn money playing music," Liberace said recently. "That discovery, added to the wonderful sound of applause, ruined all his teachings. Once they turned that spotlight on me, I was gone."

With revelation spurring him on, young Wladziu organized a five-piece high-school combination which he called "The Mixers" and which was available for school dances and occasional night jobs in the roadhouses of Milwaukee. At fifteen, Wladziu was a blooming and uncommonly innocent young man, which made him all the more appealing to the B-girls, show girls and other evening ladies who frequently saw him smiling dreamily behind various pianos.

"They were always pinching my cheeks and trying to get me to drink and go for rides with them," the maestro recalls uncomfortably. "It seemed to drive them wild to see anything young and unspoiled."

One evening, says Liberace, he thoughtlessly accepted a ride home with one of these ladies. She drove straight to a tree-lined lane, parked, turned out the lights and fixed a hungry eye on Wladziu.

"My parents certainly will be sore when they find out where I've been," he said uneasily.

"They will?" inquired the girl in a husky voice.

"Yes, ma'am," said Wladziu.

The girl laughed in a bloodcurdling way.

"Suddenly," the maestro recalls, "I found out there was more to women than meets the eye. When I finally fought clear of this lady, she drove me home and pushed me out the door."

Thinking about this dim, long-past struggle, the maestro smiled sleepily. "You know," he said, "I was actually afraid of that girl. Isn't that funny?"

Remembering the Cleveland stampede, I had to admit it was.

The final installment of the Liberace story will appear in the next issue, out Sept. 2

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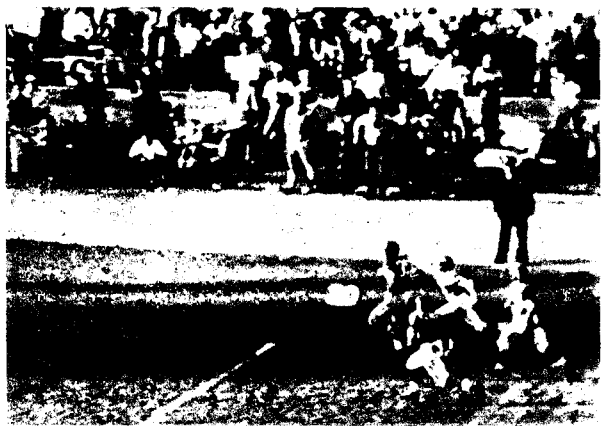
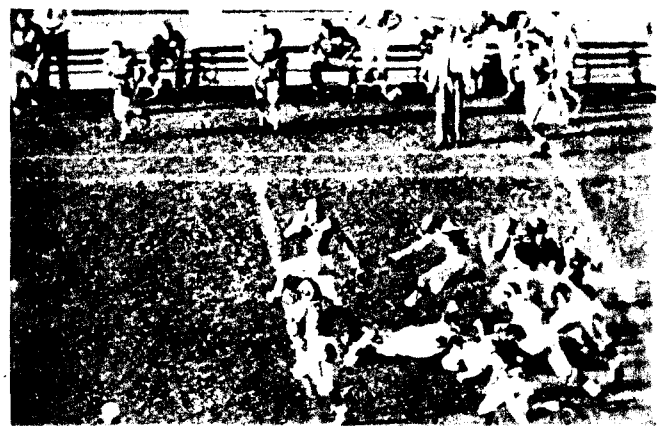
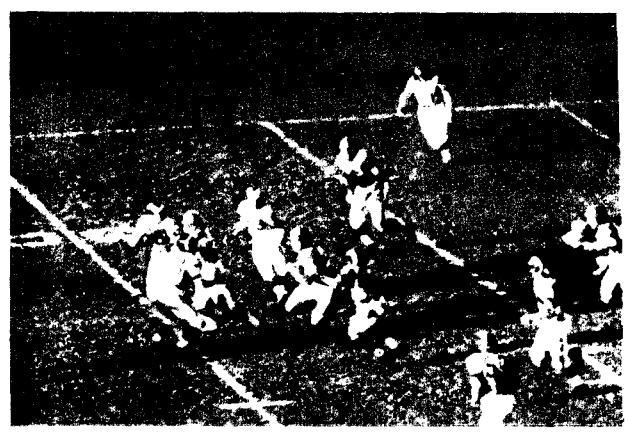






McElhenny is shown (right to left) in a spectacular run against the Los Angeles Rams. Leaping high into the air to snare a screen pass, he sprint

There's a new Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside playing in tandem for the San Francisco '49ers

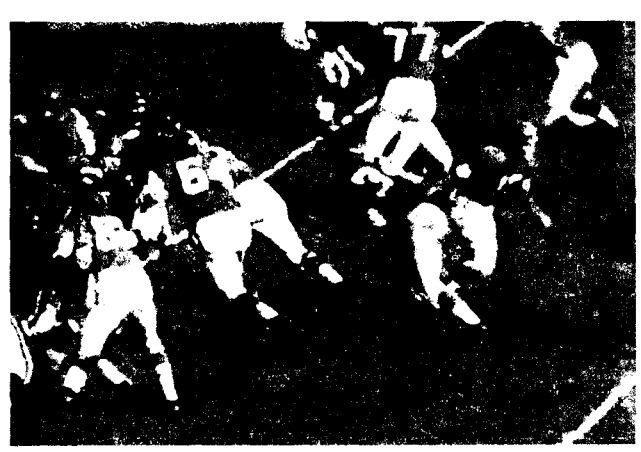
TAKES TWO

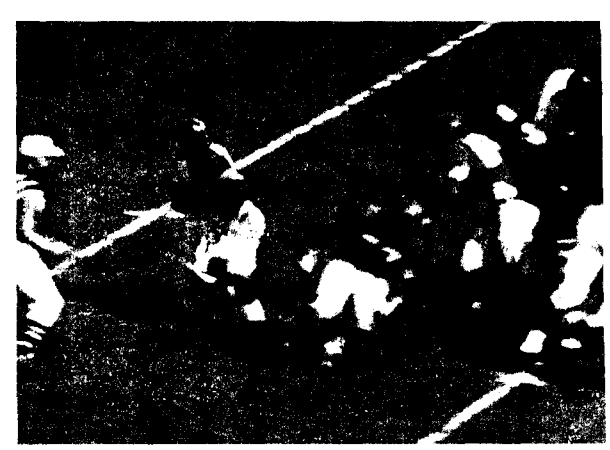
By MELVIN DURSLAG

IN THE mythology of sports there is a baseball pitcher named Two-Headed Hogan, who could look intently at first base and pick a runner off third. There is no record that the two-headed hurler ever played professional football, but if he were around right now, he probably could get a fat contract from any of the National Football League clubs which sooner or later must face the San Francisco '49ers.

Only a man with Hogan's wide range of vision would be adequately prepared to solve the league's current dilemma—how to follow both halfback Hugh McElhenny and fullback Joe Perry, either of whom might be carrying the ball, as they dash in different directions.

When the opposing defense decided to follow Perry in 1952, McElhenny sneaked around end so often he led the league with an average of seven yards per carry and was named Rookie of the Year. Last year the defense shifted its attention to McElhenny at the flanks—and Perry smashed up the middle to become the league's leading ground gainer with 1,018 yards. Probably no two backs have presented such a monumental problem to their opponents since the celebrated Doc Blanchard and





In game against Chicago Bears, Perry shows why his trap play is the most feared in pro football. Once

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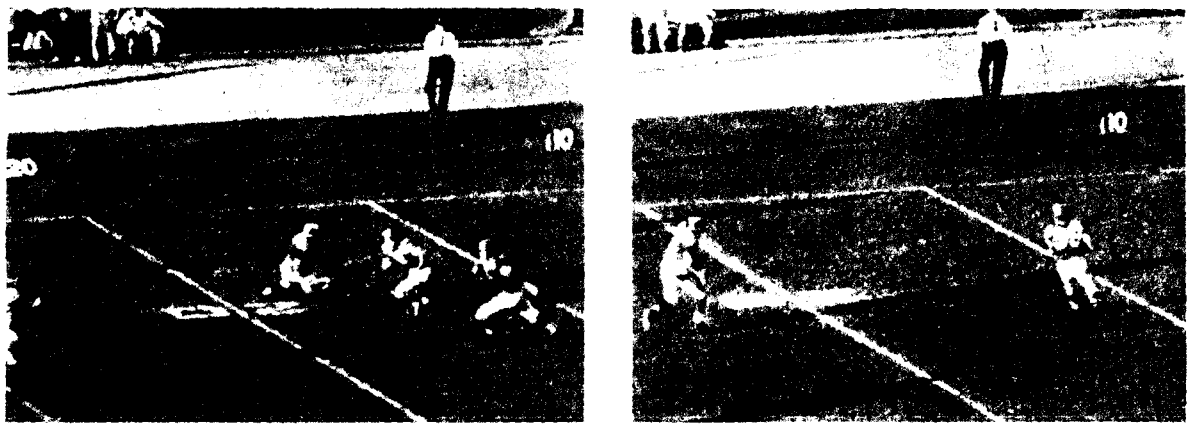


p field from his 16-yard line and plows through the Rams' entire defense for a 71-yard advance

They're the greatest one-two punch in pro football today

Glenn Davis—Army's Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside—raced up and down the field in the mid-1940s.

Largely because of McElhenny and Perry, San Francisco gained more yards on the ground and did more scoring last year than any other team in the league. Although the '49ers finished second in the Western Division to the Detroit Lions—who went on to win the league championship—the total margin of defeat in the three games they lost was only nine points. Detroit beat them twice, 24-21 and 14-10, and Cleveland once, 23-21.

As the 1954 campaign approaches, rival coaches are boldly defying tradition by picking San Francisco over the defending Lions as the team to beat for the league championship. Their reasoning is perhaps best explained by Hampton Pool, coach of the Los Angeles Rams, who considers himself pro football's foremost authority on the perils of Perry and McElhenny. The two ganged up on the Rams last year to beat them twice and knock them out of the running for the division lead. (The Rams wound up third.)

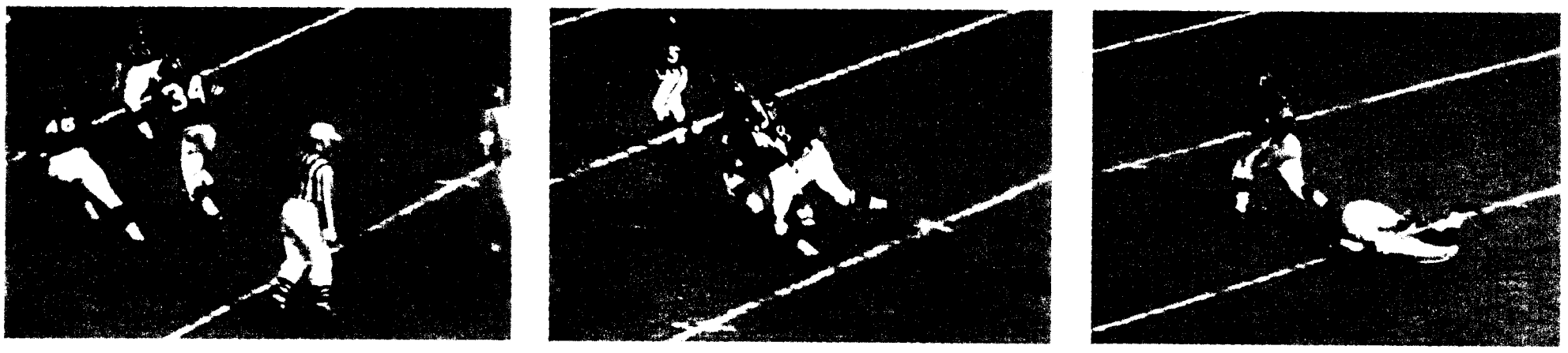
Pool recalls grimly Los Angeles' first game with the '49ers of the 1953 season. He had drawn up, with understandable pride, what he called the most finely detailed defense of his career. Its purpose was to concede Perry the short gains, but to bottle up McElhenny by shooting two men at him from alternating positions at all times.

With three minutes to play and the Rams in front, 30-28, it looked as though Pool's strategy had paid off. Los Angeles had allowed Perry the short gains, resulting in three touchdowns, but had held McElhenny to only 24 yards in 12 carries, with no completed passes and no points. San Francisco was now badly confused and sitting on its own 20-yard line, first down and 10 to go.

Y. A. Tittle, the '49er quarterback, recalls the next play thusly: "In the huddle I asked Hugh if he felt he could get clear. Although the Rams had been sitting on his shoulders all day, he answered casually, 'You tell me where you're going to throw it. I'll be there.' "

Tittle decided on a screen pass to McElhenny,

TO TOUCHDOWN



in possession of the ball, Perry (from left to right) bursts through the line and sprints past the Bears' defensive backs for a 51-yard touchdown

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Perry has been called the "most dangerous back in the game"

but the Rams weren't fooled. When Hugh caught the ball, four yards behind the scrimmage line, two tacklers came at him. He feinted one off his feet and tore loose from the other. Then he stiff-armed a third, hurdled a fourth and sprinted toward the side lines between a fifth and sixth, both of whom grabbed a piece of him but couldn't hold on.

By the time McElhenny was finally cornered and knocked out of bounds on the Ram nine-yard line, he had gained 71 yards. That set the stage for a field goal which, just six seconds before the gun, wrapped up a 31-30 victory for San Francisco.

"McElhenny's run was the most incredible I've seen in football," says Coach Pool. "Our pictures showed that not one man in our defense was out of position. It was the only time he got away from us all day, but it was enough to beat us—that together with Perry's touchdowns. So what can you do to stop these guys?"

Pro football's Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside have considerable in common. Both are slightly taller than six feet, both range during the season between 198 and 205 pounds, both come from Compton, California, both can run 100 yards in 10 seconds or faster, both draw top salaries in the league for running backs (Perry's pay is estimated at $15,000 a year, McElhenny's at $14,000), and both make a dreadful nuisance of themselves to the defense.

Pros Don't Favor Light Backs

Which is the more effective? Football people disagree. Coach George Halas of the Chicago Bears, for example, is a strong McElhenny booster. He feels that Hugh indirectly has changed the whole concept of drafting offensive backs. "He has convinced most of us," Halas says, "that there isn't much room in pro football today for the 175-pound back. We not only need them fast, but big and powerful, too. McElhenny is all three."

Another McElhenny admirer, Howie Odell, who coached Hugh at the University of Washington, says he ordered his quarterbacks to give the wonder back the ball a minimum of 20 times a game. "I looked at it this way," Odell says. "Even if you handed the ball to McElhenny on the goal line and gave him no blockers, he'd still run through the whole defensive team to score at least one time in 20."

On the other hand, Buddy Parker, coach of the Detroit Lions, and Paul Brown, coach of the Cleveland Browns, think Perry is the better man. "Joe is the fastest, hardest-hitting and most dangerous back in the game," Parker claims. "He gains more yards with less blocking than any of them."

Brown believes Perry's start is the fastest in pro football. "He hits the hole before the defensive line can recover from the charge," the Cleveland coach says. "Besides his speed, he has unbelievable strength. Have you ever taken a look at Perry's leg structure? He has a big bulge of muscle in back above the knees. It's easy to understand where he gets all the power."

Frankie Albert, the great San Francisco quarterback who retired last year after seven years in pro football, says Perry and McElhenny measure up to a draw. Once asked at a luncheon to describe the difference between his two teammates, Albert replied: "Perry is like a bowling ball fired from a howitzer. It whistles straight down the middle and sends pins flying in every direction. McElhenny is like a bowling ball thrown with 'body English' by a trick-shot artist. It slides crazily down the alley, curls around the pins and scatters them gently. The net result is essentially the same—a strike either way."

Though McElhenny is generally considered the more dangerous man on a given play, the '49ers regard Perry as their bread-and-butter runner, and he is probably the hardest-worked back in the league. "On 98 per cent of our running plays," says Lawrence (Buck) Shaw, the '49er coach, "Joe either carries the ball or plunges into the line on a fake. He also plunges on a fake on at least 50 per cent of our pass plays. What makes him such a valuable team player is his willingness to fly into the line on a fake with the same drive that he'd use if he had the ball."

COLLIER'S

"They built it themselves. Just the two of them, evenings and weekends. Saved a FORTUNE!"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Perry runs so fast and can fake so artfully that most of the line backers in the league are instructed to tackle him every time he pops through the line. On most of these plays, Joe is executing a maneuver called the Perry Trap, which the '49ers have developed into probably the most feared play in professional football. There is no major difference between the Perry Trap and ordinary trap plays in which a defensive lineman is permitted to break through, only to be flattened by an offensive tackle who crosses over from the other side while a back plunges through the hole.

Clocking Shows Perry's Speed

"Perry makes the play go better than anybody because of the great speed with which he starts," says Ram coach Pool. "We've put the watch on Joe and found that he can start three yards behind the scrimmage line, take a hand-off from the quarterback and get through the hole in six tenths of a second."

Perry's ability to get away so fast remains a source of amazement to quarterback Tittle, who recalls the first Perry Trap in which he participated after joining the '49ers in 1951.

"Frankie Albert had warned me that Joe got up a full head of steam in a hurry," Tittle says, "but I just listened with polite interest. In my first game, I took the ball from center and turned to hand it off. Something swooshed past me like a motorcycle. It wasn't until Joe was 10 yards down the field and a tackler had knocked me flat that I realized Perry had gone by me before I had a chance to give him the ball."

Contributing to the success of the Perry Trap is the constant threat of another San Francisco special the McElhenny Sweep, in which the ball is faked to Perry on a trap play, and then pitched out to McElhenny for an end run.

There is conjecture in San Francisco whether Perry or McElhenny can run faster. Joe was a sprinter at Compton Junior College and won a 100-yard dash in 9.7 seconds. McElhenny, who gave up track in college because "I hated to practice," was the California high-school hurdling champion.

"Whenever we have wind sprints on the practice field," Coach Shaw says, "both of them loaf until we say the winners of each race can call it a day. Then Perry is usually the first man to leave and McElhenny the second. At 50 yards, I would say that Perry is slightly faster. At 100 yards, I would pick McElhenny."

The two stars' styles of running are widely different, according to Shaw. "Joe is an ultraconservative who never gambles. He moves straight ahead, seldom veers from his course and wrings each play for every possible inch. Hugh is a guy who will sacrifice 10 yards to look for daylight. He never merely goes for a substantial gain; he thinks he's going to score every time."

The '49er coach says that McElhenny, now twenty-six, has more body rhythm and balance than any runner he's ever seen. On the San Francisco team, Hugh is known as a "slider" because of his unusual skill at sliding gracefully away from tacklers and leaving them grasping at space.

Perry is an outspoken admirer of McElhenny and, from the first week he saw him in training camp in 1952, has been genuinely impressed with the naturalness with which he moves. "The '49ers have been working a training-camp gag on rookies for years," Perry says. "On the first day the players are allowed to go into town, the veterans perch themselves on the second floor of the dormitory and drop water bombs—paper bags full of water—on the rookies as they pass through the door below. My first year with the club I had to change suits twice before I finally wised up and went out the back way.

"When Hugh came to the club as a big college hero, the boys were really laying for him. It wasn't an ordinary water bomb they prepared this time. It was a water H-bomb. Hugh got all dressed up, walked jauntily out the door, and it was 'bomb away'—but he just slid away from it and kept on walking. The boys couldn't have been more disappointed if they'd lost the play-off game."

Although Perry, now twenty-seven, is one of the National League's outstanding backs—he has gained more yards on the ground (4,412) than any player still active in pro football—he hadn't intended to play the game for a living. He had majored in mathematics in high school and college, got A's in calculus and advanced trigonometry, and had planned to become an electrical engineer after he graduated.

He started playing football while in Jordan High School in Los Angeles. As a freshman, he tried out for the team more or less behind his mother's back. "She refused to sign the release which absolved the school of responsibility in case of injury," Perry says, "so without her knowledge, I took the liberty of signing it for her."

His Mother's Change of Heart

The first day in practice, Joe broke his ankle. Confronted with the forgery by his mother, he asked her tearfully if he could continue playing when the injury healed. Joe says she told him, "If you want to break your fool neck, I guess you may as well go ahead."

Perry's ankle fracture was the first item on what was destined to become one of the longest lists of injuries ever compiled by an individual player in modern football. At Compton Junior College, where he set a school scoring record of 114 points in 1944, Joe was once referred to as "the man-most-carried-off-the-field in Compton history."

In the '49er office today, he has been voted the man most likely to plunge an insurance company into bankruptcy. Lou Spadia, the '49er general manager, says the club has collected more injury compensation on Perry than on any other player. In his seven years in pro football, Joe three times has broken three ribs, has lost nine teeth, suffered

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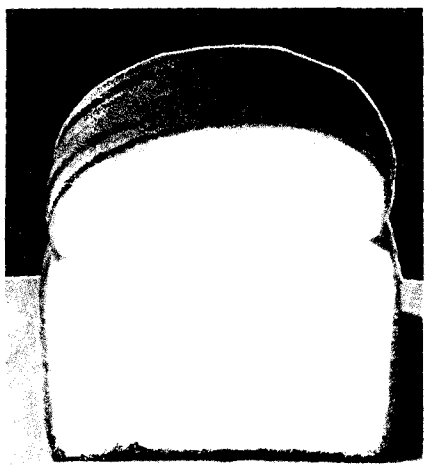

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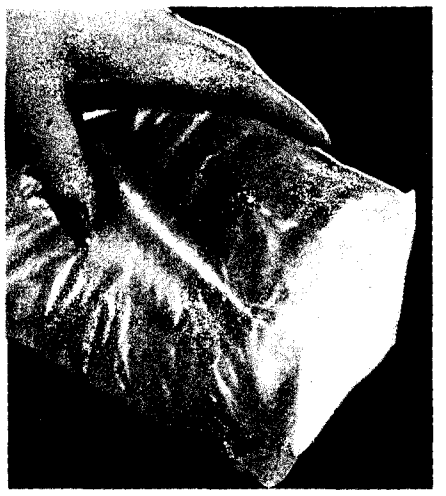

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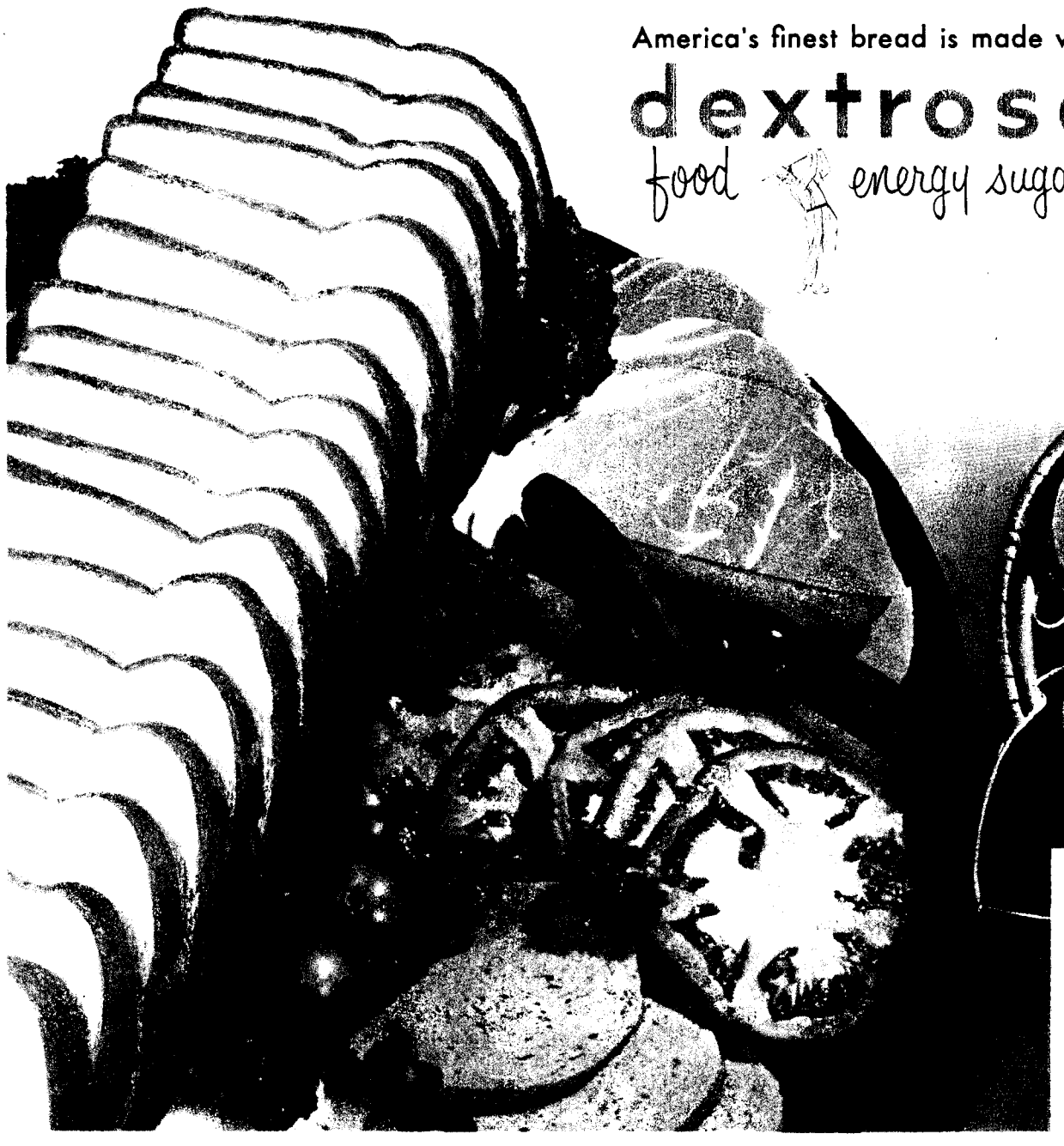

HANDY PICK-UP SUPPER

Let them build their own super-duper jumbo sandwich! Serve the "makings" on the porch, on the terrace...or out under the trees. Surround a loaf of sliced bread with piles of cold cuts, cheeses, spreads. Finish off the feast with the "hand-y" dessert, doughnuts and coffee. Fun, and so-o-o easy!

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two shoulder separations, sprained his ankle 11 times, sprained his knee three times, torn ligaments in a leg twice and had 27 stitches taken in his face.

Because of the facial beating he had been taking as a heavy-duty back, Joe was fitted with a special plastic mask last year to protect him against misguided knees, fists and elbows. But one hot day in San Francisco, he tossed aside the mask in the second quarter of a game with the Rams. Three plays later, his face collided with the elbow of Larry Brink, a Los Angeles defensive end who since has been traded to the Bears. Perry lost nine teeth—seven of his own and two from a bridge which had been fitted following a bruising game with Pittsburgh in 1950.

"Joe wouldn't leave the field," Shaw recalls. "Before he was through, he scored three of our four touchdowns."

Several days later, a teammate asked Perry, "How much did you cost the insurance company this time?"

"Only $320," replied Joe, in a tone suggesting disappointment. "After all, extractions weren't necessary."

Perry broke into professional football without fanfare. After playing for two years at Compton, he enlisted in the Navy in 1945 and played a season in 1947 at the Alameda Naval Air Station, near San Francisco. He was spotted there by '49er owner Tony Morabito during a game between Alameda Navy and San Francisco State. Perry made five touchdown runs that afternoon, the shortest of which covered 49 yards.

A week later, Morabito invited Coach Shaw and quarterback Albert to join him in scouting Perry in a game against a service team. This time, Joe scored three touchdowns, and his shortest scoring run was 51 yards.

The following Monday, Perry was signed to a contract—some 10 months before his discharge from the Navy. He got no bonus.

The Start of a Good Season

The first time Joe carried the ball for the '49ers, he ran 58 yards to a touchdown against the now defunct Buffalo Bills. By the middle of the 1948 season, he had replaced an established star, Norm Standlee, as first-string fullback and has held the job ever since. Following the 1949 season, in which he was the leading ground gainer of the short-lived All-America Conference, the '49er players nicknamed Joe "the King." He remained "the King" after San Francisco joined the National Football League in 1950 following dissolution of the All-America Conference.

Then, in 1952, came McElhenny. In contrast to Perry's almost unnoticed jump to the pro ranks, McElhenny arrived in San Francisco amid pomp and controversy. At Compton, where he played a year in 1948, Hugh scored 118 points to break Perry's record, led Compton to its first undefeated, untied season, a victory in the Little Rose Bowl game, the national junior-college championship and a national junior-college attendance record—208,000 for the season—which still stands.

"McElhenny fan clubs sprang up all over town," says Tay Brown, the Compton coach. "Members wore buttons and attended meetings, just as they did for Hopalong Cassidy."

When McElhenny was ready to go to a university, more than 30 colleges pursued him, many with attractive propositions.

"One school phoned my father," Hugh says, "and wanted him to come to its campus to negotiate the deal without even consulting me. I felt like a Mohammedan bride."

During March of 1949, McElhenny finally decided on the University of Washington, where, he says, frankly, "I got a deal I couldn't afford to pass up." Newspapers in Seattle heralded Hugh's arrival with giant headlines.

COLLIER'S

"You've got a beautiful view of the lighthouse from here"

CHARLES RODRIGUES

"People there treated me like a movie star," McElhenny says. "By the time I showed up at school, every player on the Washington team hated me. Nobody on the squad even talked to me except a lineman with whom I had played at Compton."

In Washington's opener that fall with Utah, McElhenny rolled up 105 yards from scrimmage. The following week in a big intersectional game with Minnesota, he returned the opening kickoff 97 yards to a touchdown. After that game the chill began to disappear.

In the three years McElhenny played at Washington, he set four new Pacific Coast Conference running records, four of which still stand, and helped set three school-attendance records on successive seasons.

For all his accomplishments on the field, McElhenny was something less than the hottest item at the National League draft meeting in January, 1952. The most publicized college player on the West Coast, he also became the most controversial.

"We heard so many crazy stories," says Shaw, "that we frankly didn't know what to make of the guy. The most serious report was that Hugh was hard to handle. Some people told us he was temperamental, independent and wouldn't block. Then one morning at two o'clock, shortly before the draft meeting, I was awakened by a long-distance call from Honolulu from Frankie Albert, who had just played in an all-star game against McElhenny.

" 'Do you know what that guy did tonight!' Albert screamed into the telephone. 'He ran for three touchdowns for distances of 60, 20 and 30 yards. On one of the runs, he spun off one man, rammed another, hurdled two others and outran the rest. Whatever you do, Buck, don't let some other team get him.' "

Curiously, there was another call from Honolulu to the mainland at almost the same time. Tom Fears, the Los Angeles Ram end, who also played in the game, awakened Ram president Dan Reeves and pleaded with him to catch McElhenny in the draft.

The Rams had won the bonus privilege that year, which gave them a free selection before the first round of the draft opened. They by-passed McElhenny and chose Billy Wade, a quarterback from Vanderbilt. Then eight other teams made their first-round selections, with none wishing to gamble on McElhenny. San Francisco had next pick.

"Two years before," Shaw points out, "I had my eye on a star lineman whom I passed because I'd heard rumors he was a troublemaker. He became one of the best guards in the league and I never forgave myself for letting him go. I didn't want to make the same mistake twice so I took a chance and chose McElhenny. Believe me, it was a wise decision. Hugh hasn't caused our club one second of trouble since he's been with us. And so far as his blocking is concerned, he isn't the best by a long shot, but he tries as hard as anyone."

When McElhenny reported to the San Francisco training camp in the summer of 1952, he was again given the silent treatment. On the first day of practice, however, Albert helped to break the tension. He walked over to McElhenny, placed his hand on Hugh's head and told the rest of the players in mock seriousness, "Take a good look at this guy and pay him your utmost respect, because he's the only college player in history who ever had to take a salary cut to turn pro."

McElhenny left several days later for the All-Star game in Chicago and didn't rejoin the '49ers until a few days before an exhibition game with the Chicago Cardinals. When Hugh was sent into the game in the third quarter, Albert suspected he might not have had time to learn the signals. So he got down on his knees in the huddle and diagrammed a simple pitchout play in which Hugh was to run right end.

"I watched this completely flabbergasted," McElhenny says, "and I said to myself, 'What the hell kind of club did I land with? These guys are making up plays in the huddle.' "

Hugh got the ball, and, like Perry on his first scrimmage play in professional football, ran 60 yards for a touchdown. Albert didn't bother to congratulate McElhenny, but walked, instead, to the side lines and said to Shaw, "The club owes me six and a half bucks for that long-distance call from Honolulu."

The TD That Upset the Bears

The first five passes thrown to McElhenny during the exhibition season resulted in five touchdowns. One of the first league games was against the Bears, whom San Francisco had never beaten. The '49ers took a 14-9 lead in the second quarter, but Chicago was slowly pushing them back. Then McElhenny caught a punt on his own six-yard line and ran through the whole Chicago team for 94 yards and a touchdown. This feat unstrung the Bears noticeably, and San Francisco went on to smother them, 40-16. McElhenny gained 103 yards in 12 carries, caught three passes and had a day's total, including punt returns, of 283 yards.

In the dressing room afterward, Hugh was surprised to find the '49er players gathered outside his cubicle. He was even more surprised when they handed him the game ball, and crowned him "the King." Simultaneously, Perry was renamed "the Little King."

As the teams prepare for the opening of the 1954 season, the '49ers have a quiet feeling that this, at last, will be their year. It is significant that Tittle, their top quarterback, was injured for two of the three league games they lost last season.

Since Shaw feels the opposition will be turning up this year with defenses more elaborate than ever for stopping McElhenny and Perry, he is trying to develop an even stronger passing attack to his ends, Billy Wilson and Gordon Soltan. It's the old story of the passing threat to the ends helping to relieve pressure on Perry in the middle and McElhenny on the flank.

At the same time, the '49ers are hoping that John Henry Johnson, a much-publicized 210-pound halfback who has come to San Francisco from the Canadian league, will move in to carry part of the running burden between the tackles.

Perry, a clearheaded, calculating student of football, who Shaw says is the only man on the club who can sit down after a game and diagram the opponents' defense for every play, has been giving serious thought all spring and summer to maneuvers that will fool rival linemen. It is Joe's view that in pro football today the offense must create something new every week.

But McElhenny isn't worried. "I always look at it this way," Hugh says. "Since I know where I'm going and the defensive players don't, I feel it's their problem to worry about *me*." ▲▲▲

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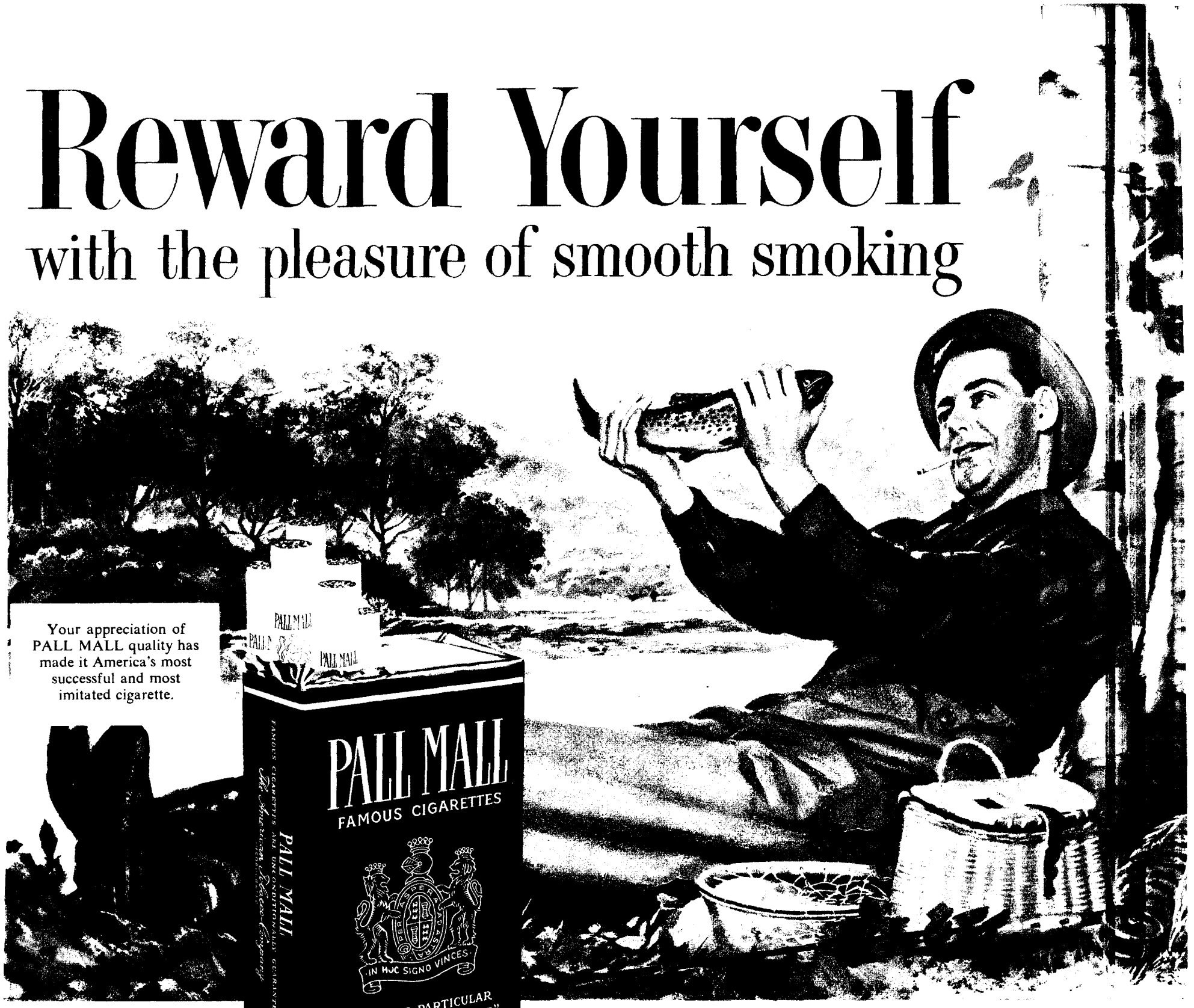
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The Lake that Time

Barren-looking, brooding Eagle Lake, one of the largest bodies of water in California—and one of the least known—sits in a volcanic valley 5,000

Unique trout and snails dating back to prehistoric times live in lonely Eagle Lake.

I HAD heard tales of Eagle Lake for years. "It seems to be reliving the first chapters of Genesis," old-timers had said, "when God brought forth the first living things." Then I saw it, brooding flat and sullen blue in its lava basin. I felt its antiquity. Eagle Lake—the lake that time forgot.

Harry A. Hanson, a ruddy-faced aquatic biologist of sixty-three seasoned years who looks at most affairs of nature with merry blue eyes, showed me the lake for the first time a few weeks ago. "It's a little world of its own in evolution," he said quietly. "Creation beginning all over again."

Other unusual waters of North America are better known. But scientists who have studied Eagle Lake, in the far northeast corner of California, agree it is the most mysterious they have ever seen. It is a 26,000-acre pool of deep, clear, cold mineralized water which lies in the basin of an isolated valley 5,115 feet above sea level. Even at that height, a spiny lava ridge towers 1,000 feet above one of its shores and high, broken country rises on the other. The lake that time forgot is 13 miles long and four miles wide, the second-largest body of water in California (not counting Lake Tahoe, which lies partly in Nevada). It has no outlet and only one intermittent tributary, Pine Creek, which flows down from the high, broken country only three months of every year.

The lower half of the lake is in lush pine forest, and the upper half in semiarid desert. All its fish, fowl, mammals and reptiles must struggle to meet the demands of two sharply contrasting topographies. Its lapping waters cover treacherous lava reefs, stony lagoons in which pink jellyfish swim, bubbling springs 70 feet deep, natural gas wells, and bogs of limy quicksand.

Eagle Lake is a lonely flyway resort for thousands of ducks and geese from Canada and Mexico. It is the home of big mule deer, antelope, porcupine, raucous sea birds from the Pacific Ocean 200 miles away, and tiny tule wrens which, like neurotic housewives, furnish several fancy nests before they finally settle in one. Hybrid serpents crawl over its lava rims and bushy-tailed kangaroo rats scuttle through its eight-foot-tall rye grass. Here can be seen a sight rarely observed by man: the nuptial dances of the Western grebe, whose aquaplaning antics during the mating season turn parts of the lake into a frothing frenzy of reptilelike bird necks.

But what makes Eagle Lake completely unlike any other body of water is that it abounds with creatures most scientists thought were extinct thousands of years ago. It is infested with snails which authorities date back to prehistoric times. In subterranean caves nearby, cricket-cockroaches whose ancestors were alive 20,000 years ago thrive and reproduce. There is a trout in the lake unlike any other trout in the world, and common animals act here like none of their relatives anywhere else.

All these oddities of nature exist only a two-hour drive over U.S. Highway 395 from the rattling dice tables of Reno, Nevada.

Nevertheless, there are few more isolated spots in California. Over the years, there seldom have been more than five or six people living at the lake all year round. Two of the most colorful regulars are Sam Webb and Curly Dahl. Webb, the seventy-eight-year-old patriarch of the area, spends part of his time fishing. Dahl, a burly, white-haired

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S

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Forgot

By
JOHN WESLEY NOBLE

feet high in the state's northeast corner. One end is in lush forest, the other in semiarid desert

Osprey's nest in a towering tree near lake. These birds, mistaken for eagles by early visitors, gave the 26,000-acre lake its name

Some experts think Eagle Lake trout (above) are only pure trout strain on earth. Pink part of year, they turn red when spawning

Its animals act strangely, too. No one understands why

outdoorsman, has a job with the California Department of Fish and Game. Only in summer does the lake show any sign of activity. A small summer school is maintained here by California's Chico State College so that students can plumb the lake's mysteries. Occasionally, campers spend a few weeks near its ancient shores.

Scientists in a dozen fields have tried—without success—to solve all of Eagle Lake's enigmas. Dr. G. Dallas Hanna, veteran curator of the California Academy of Sciences, says, "There are mollusks here—particularly the water snail *Carinifex*—which are as interesting to the conchologist as the saber-toothed tiger is to the mammalogist. I've identified two new—or ancient—species myself."

Young Dr. Tom Rodgers, director of the Chico College Summer School at the lake, has seen these primeval snails—which vaguely resemble garden snails—in underwater armies. Swimming with an Aqua-lung, he has seen them from 12 to 30 feet down. He has been unwilling to go deeper because the lake gets too cold, but he's certain they live all the way to the bottom, 100 feet down.

In recent years, these prehistoric animals have been washing up dead in windrows six inches high. "A parisitic fluke—or bug—may be killing them," says Rodgers, who has found the fluke in the water, along with a flatworm which is mottled here but colorless everywhere else on earth.

"I could build myself a little laboratory here in the wilderness," Rodgers says, "and spend the rest of my life tracing scientific problems like those raised by the snails."

Three years ago a group of Chico graduate students were exploring a huge shoreside cavern where Indian tribes once hid from avenging white men. Suddenly the biologists' flashlights flickered on a buff-colored insect crawling over the icy black rocks. They captured it, but neither their biology professor nor local old-timers could tell what it was.

Weeks of research finally identified the insect as a member of *grylloblattoda,* a rare ice age cricket-cockroach which lived in America when Pleistocene ice sheets covered more than half the continent. No one seems to know what the insects eat in the icy dark caverns. They should have been

Prehistoric cricket-cockroaches, found in great cold caverns near Eagle Lake, date back to the ice age, about 20,000 years ago

HARRY A. HANSON

BY BURT GLINN

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Ground squirrels, sociable elsewhere, live alone at the lake and many of

sensible and departed when the glaciers receded 20,000 years ago. But here they are, living their refrigerated lives in the caves near the lake.

Not all the tricks at Eagle Lake have been played by nature. In the '20s, the lake was bait for a Hollywood real-estate promotion deal that flopped expensively, splashing big film names. Once it was the boundary for Nataqua, a short-lived rebel nation which in 1856 seceded from the Mormons, from California and even from the United States.

A century ago a bearded Eagle Lake pioneer noted in his diary: "The weak in mind never started to come here, and the weak in body died on the way." His words echoed through my mind as Hanson and I headed up toward the lake through the sagebrush lava fields. At the end of the road, we saw a red-lettered sign, which warned: DANGEROUS TO PROCEED WITHOUT LOCAL ADVICE.

"That's to warn us about possible washouts or landslides," Hanson said.

As Storm Clouds Gathered

We reached the crest of the last brown bluff on the huge ridge and stopped to survey the long, silent valley. A storm was brewing, and beneath its clouds the lake was like a frosted mirror, ashy at the edges and approaching a pale-blue color near the center.

"Once," said Hanson, pointing, "I walked along this eastern shore and saw a vast black cloud of fish circling away from me. They were tui chub, a massive billow of large minnowlike fish —the biggest school I've ever seen in fresh water or the sea."

At the beginning of time, Hanson told me, the ridge on which we stood was not here, and Eagle's waters spigoted down the surrounding flatland to feed primeval Lake Lahontan, which covered most of Nevada and was bigger than Lake Erie. About 15,000 years ago, Lahontan dried up and its bed is now the Great Basin desert. Some of Lahontan's fish—notably suckers, dace and chub—were isolated and survived in Eagle for the twentieth century.

They lived on despite nature's severe batterings, which included turbulent volcanic eruptions that spewed stone and lava into the lake. Rivers of molten rock poured out of the nearby volcanoes, one of which—Mount Lassen—is today the only active volcano in the United States. The lava heaped up along one side of Eagle Lake and cooled to make this ridge on which we were standing. The ridge acted like a dike, and closed off the lake for all time.

Scientists from the University of California have besieged Dr. Rodgers with requests to find out all he can about the effect this isolation has had on Eagle Lake. For example, there's the crazy way the red-breasted and red-naped sapsuckers behave here. These colorful cousins, members of the woodpecker family, have hybridized and so mixed themselves up that their sex life is all askew. The plumage of the red-breasted female now looks so much like that of her male cousin that a self-respecting red-breasted male can't be sure from the feathers what manner of bird he's wooing.

The chipmunks at topsy-turvy Eagle Lake are physically like chipmunks everywhere. But five species share the locale—an unheard-of situation, say the biologists. They range from the tiny sagebrush chipmunk in the desert to the big pointed-ear species that forages in the yellow pine trees. Why don't the stronger varieties drive out the weaker, as they do elsewhere? Why do they remain separate species instead of hybridizing? It's another Eagle Lake mystery.

The Eagle Lake ground squirrel's behavior is similarly unorthodox. Normally the western ground squirrel is a colonizing creature who depends on his fellows for protection and help in digging. But because of the formations of lava, there is a scarcity of deep soil at the lake, and he must forgo his customary home with its deep network of interconnecting tunnels. He lives in skimpy quarters without company. He is even deprived of his favorite acorns to eat, and is forced to subsist on an uninspiring bill of fare which includes local grasses and seeds. Why, demand the scientists, does he continue to live here at all?

Other creatures also act oddly at Eagle Lake. The area's meadow lark, which looks for all the world like his relatives in Oregon or Nevada, cannot sing as well; he musters only a thin, hoarse call. Dr. Rodgers believes that the lake's unique environment has produced a new breed different in its inner physiology, perhaps even in the shape of its vocal cords.

A kingfisher, which was observed over two seasons, made its nest in a shoreside burrow above the spot where a fluttering school of minnows usually congregated. Yet every day it flew seven miles down the lake to feed on other seemingly identical schools. No one knows why.

Then take the local wild geese. They don't raise their young in nests in the grass as they do everywhere else; they hatch them in abandoned osprey nests 40 feet off the ground.

If that isn't enough, hybridizing has worked other aberrations at Eagle Lake. Garter snakes have interbred until they resemble nothing in the textbooks; aquatic and terrestrial species have become one amphibious freak. The timber rattlesnake and the desert rattler, distinct varieties elsewhere, have crossbred to produce one hybrid which turns out samples of both species in each brood.

No Rattler Fry from Hybrids

"That makes it hard on the cook," says Rodgers. "I like to cook up a rattlesnake fry for the students each summer and let them guess whether they're eating frog legs or chicken. But you can't get good edible rattlers out of these hybrids."

However, by far the most spectacular local attraction is *Salmo aquilarum*, the Eagle Lake trout. Ichthyologists the world over have studied this fat, firm, two-foot trout without agreeing on what kind it is—rainbow, Lahontan cutthroat, unique hybrid, or even, as some scientists think, the only strain of pure trout left on earth. It is the only trout that will live in the lake. Over the years, literally hundreds of thousands of fish—trout among them —have been brought to Eagle Lake and planted. All have curled up their fins and died in distress or disappeared. In scientific circles, such puzzles are worth a lifetime of study.

The red-meated Eagle Lake trout were the reason for our trip. The California Department of Fish and Game, of which Harry Hanson is a regional supervisor, is waging a desperate fight to save *Salmo aquilarum* from extinction. Hanson wanted to observe how they fared on the dangerous spawning run up Pine Creek.

Eagle freezes over about Thanksgiving time each year and thaws around March, when the creek is running its intermittent 35-mile course down from higher slopes. By June, the lower part of the stream usually has dried up, leaving only warm pools in the highlands.

Before spring is over, then, creek-spawning fish must have reproduced themselves and returned to the lake. If they don't meet that deadline, they get cut off in the dried creek and die.

Game officials estimate that there may be only 200 left. To help prevent their extinction, Hanson told me, the state has cut a channel in Pine Creek's marshy upper reaches, where the trout used to get lost. It will help them make it back from the spawning run to Eagle Lake.

Trout That Won't Be Hooked

There's one threat to the existence of most fish that Hanson doesn't have to worry about with these trout: anglers. For some reason, no white man in the last two decades has been able to catch an Eagle Lake trout on hook and line, although some have been speared or netted. Even so, Hanson is taking no chances. The channel is off limits to fishermen. In addition, Hanson is stepping up research (although the trout are so precious that less than a dozen specimens are preserved in the laboratories), and he's using artificial propagation in his attempts to save the fish.

Bob Given, Joy Newell of Chico State College with a newly stuffed Rocky

Although Eagle Lake mysteriously swallows up strangers, other native fish besides the trout do live there. And some of these also make the trip up the stream to spawn. First to start out from the lake are the suckers. Unusually brilliant in their nuptial migration, they swim up Pine Creek to lay their eggs in the upper gravel beds. With them, creating a piscatorial traffic jam, go thousands of red-sided shiners. As they proceed upstream, they are met head on by hordes of downcoming, three-inch speckled dace which are traveling the other way to spawn in the lake. By May, suckers and shiners usually have spawned and returned, fading back into their prosaic lake colors. Then the trout head up in their bright spawning colors—with their coppery-red sides, cherry-red cheeks and silver scales sparkling metallically.

Many years ago these unique trout existed in abundance, but the Indians almost wiped them out by spearing so many that they used pack horses to carry the fish away. Today, Fish and

But before the Fish and Game agency can have much hope of restoring the Eagle Lake trout to their former abundance, it must correct one of its own blunders. Several years ago, under pressure from sportsmen, it planted Eastern brook trout in Pine Creek, hoping they would move into Eagle Lake and provide fine fishing. But the brook trout took one sniff of the lake's tart waters and fled to the higher reaches of the creek, where they are hardy enough to survive the dry months in the few isolated pools they manage to find.

They have done well and multiplied. They hatch their young in the fall and are just big enough by spring, when the Eagle Lake trout spawns, to gobble the lake trout's eggs. As a result of this disastrous development, Fish and Game people have plans afoot to mount generators on the banks, wire the stream and harmlessly shock all the fish unconscious. Then the precious

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he local snakes interbreed until they become freaks

Eagle Lake trout can be separated and nursed back to vitality, while the greedy predators will be tossed to the birds.

Making mistakes about Eagle Lake trout is nothing new. Earl Kauffman, an ardent trout fisherman friend of mine, recalls how the fish surprised one of the first Lassen County sheriffs 50 years ago. Earl's was one of the first Eagle Lake tales I ever heard.

This sheriff, Earl told me, hoped to establish a fine private fishing preserve in supposedly sterile Crater Lake, some miles northeast of Eagle. So he packed tins of young Eagle Lake trout fingerlings, took them up there and turned them loose. To keep it official, he posted a notice of the planting on a tree where he hoped no one would see it. But Earl, who then was a teen-ager, discovered the sign.

"I waited a few years to let them grow," he relates. "Then I went back to Crater to make a killing. I found

ountain horned owl, rare so far west

thousands of three-inch trout. But I couldn't raise a big one. Not a nibble."

Something was wrong. These tiny trout were all wearing the spawning colors of the adult Eagle Lake relatives, but they were nowhere near their size. He took a dozen specimens to Stanford University's Dr. David Starr Jordan, the late internationally respected ichthyologist.

The Sheriff's Biological Error

"He identified them as mature Eagle Lake adults—but absolute miniatures," says Kauffman, who still can't get over it. "By accident, that old sheriff must have planted all sisters and brothers from a single mother. They interbred and, in one of those quirks of genetics, created in Crater Lake a race of pure midgets."

Stories like these no longer surprise Hanson. He did research for advanced college degrees on 42 lakes in Minnesota and Washington State, and was with the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries for 20 years before concentrating his studies on Eagle Lake. "I heard of this crazy place during all that time, and I ran across it in the scientific literature," he says. "But I never believed the tall tales until I had seen a few of the oddities myself."

Since 1947, when he came to the lake, he has seen plenty. For example, the lake's habit of swallowing multitudes of planted fish. In 1953, a search was made to locate just *one* of the 25,000 Kokanee salmon which have been put into the lake since 1950. None was found. Before that, Eagle Lake was stocked with silver salmon, brown trout, bluegill, crappie, catfish and 225,000 Great Lakes whitefish.

All have disappeared.

Only Native Fish Survive

Only the native species flourish. Even rainbow trout, which live in almost any fresh cold water, die the moment they taste Eagle's tartness. Chemists believe the water is too strongly mineralized for these outsiders. Though it looks clear, it has a somewhat soapy consistency and tests heavily alkaline.

Not only are fish affected by the strong waters, but so is plant life. Dr. Rodgers notes that Eagle Lake as a whole is barren of flora. "It seems to be by-passing that natural life cycle." The local fish scrounge for themselves in the rushes along the shore. They also dine on the snails and plankton, minute organic life found in most waters, which in Eagle Lake resembles that found in the ocean.

Curly Dahl, who lives in a cabin on the west shore, contends there still are fish of all species—many of them giants—in the lake. He says one of his friends hooked something on a steel leader only to have it snap the line like a thread. He tells of spearing 10-pound bass and seeing a five-foot fish roll over a sand bar—it was a Mackinaw trout, he claims.

"One night," Dahl says, "a feller and I stretched a good Monterey gill net across the narrowest slot of the lake. In the morning we raised it and there were two holes three feet in diameter in the heavy cord. There's big fish in there—all kinds."

Hanson no longer completely rejects the old-timers' opinions. Perhaps still other species do dwell in the dark lava fissures. At Eagle Lake who can tell? Two years ago, some students found fresh bluegill and catfish skeletons in the nests of the great white pelicans, which flap all the way from Mexico to choose this lake as a breeding site. But the fish have never been found alive in the lake. Therefore, until tales like Dahl's are verified, the only whoppers everyone agrees are present are the large Eagle Lake trout. And by way of proof, Dahl points to the big bags of trout he and Sam Webb have hauled in with nets. The largest fish was 37 inches long.

Since the trout defy being caught on a hook and line, men sometimes have gone to extremes trying to land them. Webb, a long, lean, drawling man, tells of an ingenious scheme he once worked out. He used to sit by his cabin until the ospreys—the fish hawks, with a five-foot wingspread, for which Eagle Lake originally was named—made a catch. "As they flew over me I'd touch off my shotgun," he chuckles. "Scare the pie out of 'em. They'd drop their catch—practically in my lap."

Other fish have been caught at the lake, too. For years fishermen have landed thousands of tui chub with rod and reel. Since tui chub are 18 to 20 inches long here, instead of their customary four- to eight-inch size, anglers have found them fair sport. One cooky-company owner fished for them on light tackle and claimed they were more fun than tarpon.

But Eagle Lake has stubbornly resisted all attempts by anglers and others to change it from the lake that time forgot. The most ambitious assault was an irrigation fiasco that lowered its water line some 30 feet.

Shortly after World War I, a promoter arrived in semiarid Honey Lake Valley, below Eagle, and sold ranchers on a plan to convert the desertlike cow country to farm land. He proposed to drive a tunnel through the lava dike and tap the lake.

The project hung fire for a number of years. Then the ranchers floated $1,300,000 in bonds, with their property as security, and dug the tunnel. Water flowed every way but profitably. Sluices failed and what water did get through blighted the fields with its high mineral content. By 1935, the ranchers were willing to forget the whole idea. But in 1940, the bondholders requested payment on the bonds, which with unpaid interest now totaled $3-000.000.

It wasn't until World War II, which brought prosperity to cattlemen, that the ranchers were able to begin to pay off the bonds. They cleared up their last debt by 1950, and offered prayers that henceforth Eagle Lake would keep its wry antics to itself.

Failed as Movie Stars' Resort

Hardly more successful was the plan thought up in the '20s which would have turned Eagle Lake into a swank lakeside resort for Hollywood stars. A few homes were built, but the remoteness of the lake and the lack of first-class transportation facilities (the nearest railroad stop—at Susanville—is 30 miles away) doomed the plan.

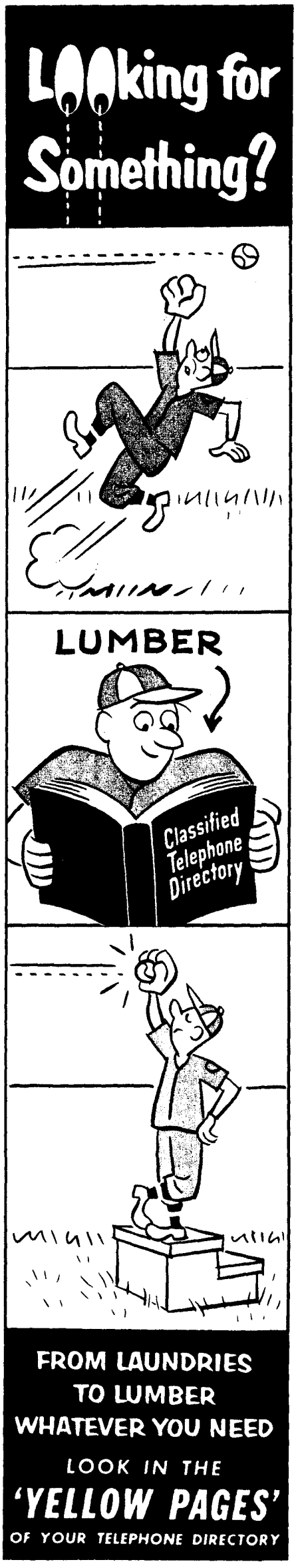
Old-timers, who can recall how their grandfathers helped kill off Indians who once roamed the countryside like deer, have seen these projects rise and fall. They have faith that Eagle Lake will always preserve its antiquity.

I thought of that as I stood with Harry Hanson at the Pine Creek weir and held one of the squirming Eagle Lake trout, firm, flashy red and almost as long as my arm, on its way back from spawning. We had already examined four fish—the most returning to the lake in any single day of recent record—and we were cheered.

"They're coming back," Harry said. "Things are looking up for a change."

Then we started out, ahead of the storm. Suddenly I recalled what the Maidu Indian chambermaid at the Mount Lassen Hotel in Susanville had said: "Once Eagle Lake was a stream. Then it became a lake. It will become a stream again. And then it will flow away."

It was only a momentary thought, then it was gone. I knew somehow that the lake time forgot would manage to live on forever. ▲▲▲



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"They'd have shot me," Madeleine told him, "except that they think I may lead them to something they want very badly"

Escape from Fear

By A. J. CRONIN

To Harker, she was a beautiful girl in need of help—but was she also a spy? Should he risk his life to save her?

The Story: For the last two months, BRYANT HARKER, the Vienna representative of an American engineering firm, had felt himself cracking up; he was restless, full of vague, nameless fears. He attributed this partly to loneliness and partly to the atmosphere of the city itself —which, under Soviet influence, was rife with suspicion and corruption. In this state of mind he did not relish the business trip he had to make to Gmünd, in Russian-occupied Austria. And his unease was doubled when an old acquaintance in Vienna, ARNOLD THULEMAHLER, gave him a photograph of a girl in Gmünd and asked him to try to bring her back; she was Arnold's fiancée. On the train to Gmünd three men attracted Harker's notice: one was an elderly blind man; the other two, GAROVITCH and RAMOVSKY, were posing as wool merchants, but Harker knew they were agents of the MVD—Soviet special police—assigned to watch him while he was in the Russian zone. The agents accidentally saw the photograph Harker was carrying and showed great interest in the girl. In Gmünd, Harker completed his business and then, on impulse, visited the girl, MADELEINE DURYCH, at the night club where she entertained. During the evening the blind man from the train came in, accompanied by the two MVD agents. The agents warned Harker that he should see no more of Madeleine; she was soon to be arrested as an enemy of the state. Knowing he was Madeleine's one hope of escape from the Reds, the next day Harker hired a car and planned to drive her over the border to the British zone. Before he could carry out his plan the two MVD men forced him onto a nonstop express for Vienna. But as the train pulled out, Harker opened the door on the opposite side and, unseen by the MVD men, jumped out and ran to cover.

THE SECOND OF THREE PARTS

IT WAS quite dark when Harker reached the lot where he had left the Opel, and after filling the tank with gas he drove cautiously toward the suburbs, weaving in and out of little-used alleyways. In this fashion he reached the Atlantis and parked in a side lane nearby.

As he went into the restaurant, he glanced around quickly. Several couples were sipping cocktails at the bar, but the main room was practically deserted.

He stopped a passing waiter. "Show me to Fräulein Durych's dressing room."

"Is she expecting you?"

"Of course." He forced a smile with a confidence he did not feel. "We're having dinner together."

Harker followed the waiter behind the stage into a drab corridor of numbered doors. "Number three is Fräulein Durych's."

Harker knocked at the door. After a moment's silence, he knocked again. Still no reply. He opened the door. No one was there. For a moment he stood irresolute; then he knocked on the adjoining door to the right.

"Come in," said a man's voice.

He entered and at once recognized the occupant, a tall, athletic

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man in his twenties. It was Gustaf, the juggler, Madeleine's partner in the thought-reading act Harker had seen the night before.

"Have you seen Fräulein Durych?" Harker said. "Her dressing room's empty."

Gustaf showed no surprise. "She'll be here shortly. She always looks in when she arrives. If you'd like to wait, you're welcome." He indicated a cane chair in the corner of the room. "Madeleine had dinner with you last night. American, aren't you?"

Harker nodded.

"I'm going to the States one of these days. How, I don't know. But I'll get there."

Harker was taken by the juggler's frank manner, his confident enthusiasm and honest, friendly eyes. "I hope you succeed," he said. Then, after a pause, he added, "Surely Fräulein Durych is late."

Gustaf glanced at his watch. "You're right. I'll give her a ring."

Harker waited while he put through the call from a public telephone in the corridor. After two or three minutes he came back, his expression altered. "No reply."

"Do you know where she lives?" Harker said. "I have a car."

"Then let's drive to her lodgings," Gustaf said decisively.

IN TEN minutes they drew up outside a four-story building on the northern outskirts of Gmünd. "Her rooms are on the second floor," Gustaf said, leading the way upstairs.

He rang the bell and knocked on the door for some time without receiving an answer. "The landlady knows me," he said finally. "She'll let us in."

Very soon he returned with an elderly woman, an assortment of keys jingling on her belt. "I haven't seen her all day," she was saying.

After much fumbling the landlady unlocked the door. The room was in chaos. Every drawer had been pulled out, clothes were scattered, furniture overturned. Lying sideways on the bed, bound hand and foot, a scarf wedged in her mouth, was Madeleine. Gustaf bent over her and felt her wrist while Harker eased the gag from her mouth. For a moment she lay swallowing hard; then, with effort, she whispered, "Water."

While Harker began to untie the cords, Gustaf left the room and presently came back with a glass of water. She drank it thirstily.

"What happened?" Gustaf asked.

"They tried to make me talk."

"Swine. Who were they?"

"Krylov—and two others."

"Did they—"

"I don't think so."

Harker undid the last of the cords and Madeleine sat up on the bed, looking pale and exhausted. "How long have you been tied up?" Harker asked.

"Since about noon. They'd probably have shot me right off except that—well, they want something very badly. While I'm alive they think I may lead them to it."

Her calmness amazed him. He lighted a cigarette for her. Gustaf had gone to the doorway, and as he went out he glanced back at Madeleine. "You explain," he said. "I'm going to see if we still have it."

When the door had closed behind him, Madeleine said simply, "Gustaf and I have been doing undercover work for the West."

"Undercover work?" Harker stared at her.

"Gustaf's an old hand at it. I joined him a year ago, when the Soviets arrested my family."

Harker could think of nothing to say.

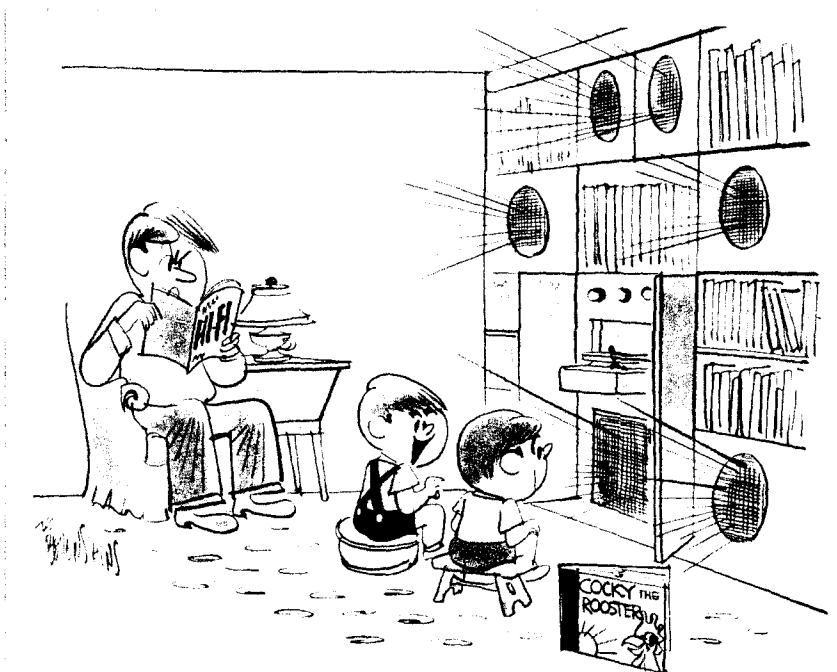
"I'd known Gustaf in Czechoslovakia—he was a friend of my brother—and we kept up our acquaintance after we got away. When I started on espionage we teamed together in the act you saw last night."

"Thought transference?"

"Only a pretense," she answered. "No time to explain now. The Soviets must have discovered we're using a code. They want it badly. They came here to find it."

"Who's Krylov?"

"Head of Soviet counterespionage in this district," she said. "He's blind."



COLLIER'S **"Just listen to the tone of that 'cock-a-doodle-doo'!"** STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"He came to the Atlantis when we were dining?"

She inclined her head. "That's why I left in a hurry. I didn't want his men to see you with me."

"A blind man as chief of police?"

"He overcomes his handicap with an Alsatian dog. Gustaf says he'd rather have half a dozen men working against him than Krylov. He's—not human."

Gustaf came in, carrying a thin black leather folder. "They even tore up the linoleum," he said, and then turned to Harker. "Madeleine thought of the hiding place—behind the marble facing of the bath. I've checked the papers here and they haven't been touched. But the game's up, Madeleine. We'll have to separate. Probably they've caught one of our men."

"Then where do we go from here?"

Gustaf shrugged expressively but said nothing.

Harker's mind was in confusion, but a single thought dominated all others. Hurriedly, he told them of the two MVD men and their warning of Madeleine's imminent arrest. Then he said, "Why don't you try to cross the border? At Aspang. I'll drive you there."

They looked at him in silence, and then Gustaf said slowly, "I ought to stay here a few days. Besides, if we don't split, it's going to double the risk."

"No, you must come," Madeleine said. "Your German's perfect and you know that part of the country."

For perhaps half a minute he considered, and then he held out his hand to Harker. "All right," he said finally. "We three, together. It's almost nine. I'll take a taxi back to the Atlantis and say Madeleine's sick. After the way they've treated her that'll seem natural to Krylov. I'll have to do two juggling acts to fill in. We'll meet near the stage entrance at midnight. They won't miss us till tomorrow evening."

"Midnight outside the Atlantis," Harker repeated. "I'll be there."

Gustaf buttoned up his coat and handed the sheaf of papers to Madeleine. "Burn these right away." Then to Harker he said, "It's damn' good of you to help us. If we get through—" He broke off, offered his hand, and the next minute he was gone.

As soon as the door had closed, Madeleine went over to the fireplace, ignited the papers and dropped them into the grate. Her actions were methodical and precise, but Harker noticed the fine tremor of her hands.

He had a sudden thought. "The parked car outside looks suspicious," he said. "It would ruin everything if they saw it. I'll drive out of town until eleven thirty, and then come back and pick you up."

"Very well." She gave him a clear, direct glance. "I'll be ready. You are most kind."

AFTER he had driven out the Vienna road for a couple of miles, Harker turned into a lane sheltered by a thick screen of acacias. Here he switched off the engine and lighted a cigarette. Events in Madeleine's room had happened so rapidly he had been unable to take stock. Now he tried to review developments and reshape his plans.

When he made his original decision, he had not bargained on being involved in espionage. If Gustaf and Madeleine were suspected as agents working for the Western Powers, the whole police force would soon be out after them. Special checks would be made at the frontier. And if he were caught . . . Realization of what the penalty would be made him break out in a cold sweat.

I could be in Vienna tomorrow morning, he thought. Why worry about two strangers who don't in any way concern me? But I gave my word; I can't leave them in the lurch. Back and forth the conflict swayed, his mind a battlefield. Time after time he urged himself to the decision he knew was right, but his will refused to function.

Finally, at eleven o'clock, he knew that if he were going for Madeleine he must leave soon. Calling on his last reserve of will he managed to push the starter. The engine responded. His hands were numb on the wheel as he drove back to Gmünd.

Madeleine was waiting for him in the shadow of the porch, her face pale and drawn. She had packed a small suitcase and changed into a dark suit. Harker helped her into the car and they drove to the Atlantis in silence and parked behind a clump of laurel bushes close to the stage door.

"Three minutes to midnight," Harker said.

They waited, their eyes straining toward the exit. A neon sign with the name of the night club flashed on and off, as though ticking the seconds away. When Harker again looked at his watch, he found that only a minute and a half had elapsed. To break the tension he offered Madeleine a cigarette and they smoked in silence.

"Ten past," he said after a time. "Is this the only stage door?"

"Yes." Then she added, "Perhaps he was called back for an encore." But her voice did not sound convincing.

"I'm going to his dressing room," Harker said. "You'd better wait."

"The doorman wouldn't let you in. He knows me."

HARKER conceded the point and together they walked across to the stage door. The janitor nodded to Madeleine and let them pass into the drab corridor. They opened the door of Number 5.

"Gustaf!" Madeleine cried and ran forward. Sprawling over the dressing table lay the juggler, one of his own knives sunk to the hilt between his shoulder blades. Blood had saturated his blue sailor's costume and was dripping onto the floor. For a moment Harker stood stupefied. Then, wincing, he forced himself to lift the young man's lolling head. With a sharp twist of terror he saw the eyes were already set in a glassy stare.

"Let's get out of here." Taking Madeleine's arm, he rushed her back to the car. "Quickly. There's nothing we can do."

They reached the Opel and started off once more. Harker kept his eyes on the road, but what he saw was Gustaf's slumped body. "I'm going to the States one of these days." The cheerful words, only a few hours old, rang in his ears.

His one thought was to get Madeleine away as fast as possible. Pushing the old Opel to the limit, Harker turned corners at high speed. More than once he missed oncoming cars by inches.

Madeleine was huddled in a corner, very still. "Don't think about it," Harker said in a low voice. "It won't do any good."

Her voice, when she answered, was not quite steady. "We had worked together for many months. He was a brave man."

In the Greiner Wald, traffic thinned out, but the road began to wind tortuously. The Opel, overheated, began to pull badly on the hills and the headlights were weak. Halfway to Melk they ran into a heavy rain. The windshield wipers did not work, and while the storm lasted they were forced to crawl. So far as Harker could tell, they were not being followed. But only when they reached Melk and crossed the Danube did he regain some confidence. He glanced at Madeleine, felt it might help if he let her talk.

"What was Gustaf's particular job?"

From the corner of his eye he saw

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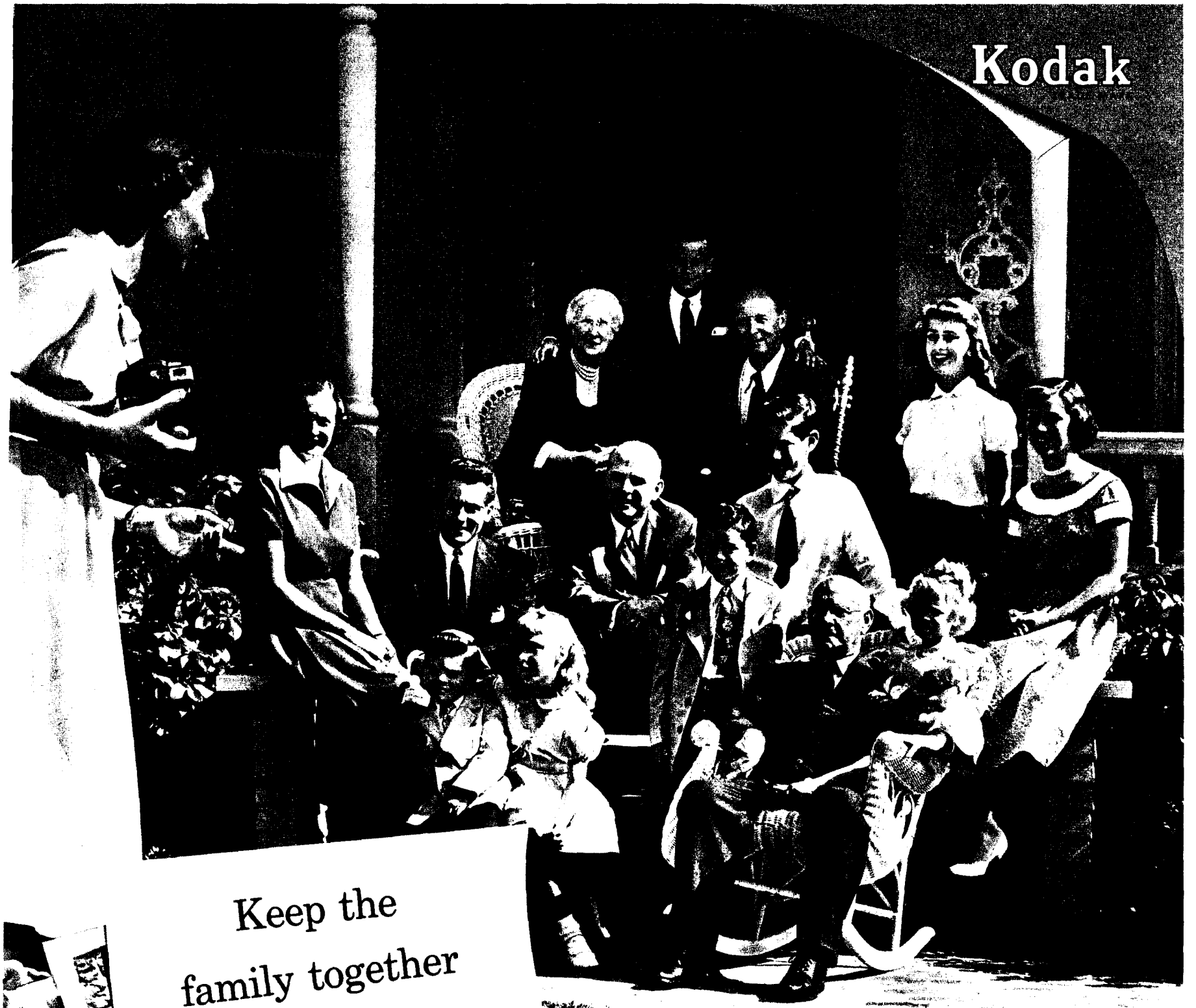

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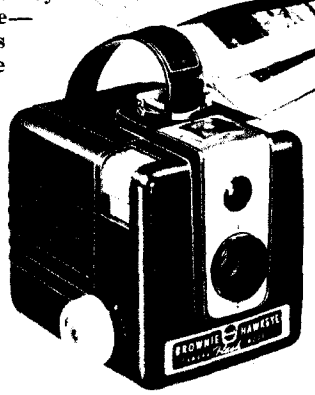

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her turn and look at him. "Transferring messages."

"At the Atlantis?"

"Yes." She paused and then went on: "Our thought-reading act was only a blind. We chose it purposely to mystify the Soviet police. They were so busy trying to link up thought reading and the transference of messages that they missed the one part we wanted to hide."

"What was that?"

"Two or three times a week one of our agents would come and sit at the same corner table. He would offer Gustaf an object for me to identify—usually a watch—and in the back would be hidden a coded message. Gustaf was clever with his fingers. When he lifted the watch, he would substitute it for another, containing the agent's new orders. We transferred over a hundred coded messages like that."

"What sort of messages?"

"News about troop movements on the Soviet frontier, Russian atomic research, anything that came to hand. Our work was to receive and pass the information on to agents who had free access to the Western zones."

"Two or three times a week you deliberately risked your life?"

"We got used to it." Her tone was calm, almost indifferent.

THEY passed through Schwarzau, the few streets deserted, dwellings shuttered against the night. Harker began to feel the strain of driving on winding roads. Even with the window open and bitter cold air on his face, he had to fight to keep awake. The route now followed the line of a valley; on either side a black mass of mountains stood out against the sky.

At half past three the flickering car lights revealed the signpost for which Harker had been anxiously waiting: Aspang, a small town five miles from the zonal frontier, his immediate objective. Twenty minutes later they rattled across narrow cobbled streets into the market square. The silent town appeared empty as a rifled tomb. They drove slowly around the square and found a sign that said: *Gasthof Höhne.*

Harker stopped the car. "We can spend the night here. Unless you'd rather try to cross now."

"No, no." She spoke with knowledge and decision. "At this hour it would look suspicious. The guard would certainly call an officer. Tomorrow morning, when there's more traffic, we may be able to bluff our way through."

The front door of the old inn was locked. Harker rang and presently an elderly woman appeared, a woolen shawl over her head. To his relief she did not seem suspicious that they should be arriving at such a late hour.

"Can you put us up for the night?"

"Assuredly," she replied, and, having admitted them, took out a battered book from the desk in the hall.

In a daze of fatigue he signed the register: *Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Harker*—then realized, too late, the folly of giving his name. But it was impossible now to alter it, and he went on: *Arriving from: Gmünd. Going to*— He thought for a moment and then wrote *Graz* instead.

"We have a double room on the second floor. Would that suit you?" the old woman asked.

Harker, preoccupied with other matters, had not foreseen this contingency. He felt a sudden surge of emotion, and he dared not look at Madeleine. He said: "No. Two single rooms."

While the old woman went into the kitchen to get them something to eat, Harker took their bags upstairs and then put the car in a shed off the hotel yard. Later, in the lounge watching Madeleine eating and drinking—her suit crumpled, her face smudged and without make-up—something flamed and softened within him. Perhaps it was an instinct of protection, tender and sincere—he did not know; he only knew he could not meet her eyes, lest she read in his a hint of this strange profound emotion that so deeply moved him, and that he knew he must conceal.

When they had finished the simple meal, they went up the rickety staircase to the top floor and found their rooms, adjoining each other. The doors had been left ajar, the keys on the outside. "Good night," Harker said to her.

She looked up at him. Harker instinctively tried to prolong the moment but almost at once she lowered her eyes. "Good night. And thank you." As she turned away he noticed that a faint flush had risen to her cheeks.

COLLIER'S "Help" MARTHA BLANCHARD

He lay awake for a long time, his mind crowded with the events of the evening, his ears keyed for the sound of possible pursuers. Had he deceived the MVD men at the station, or had they seen him jump from the train? Who had murdered Gustaf? Krylov, perhaps? But he was blind.

Yet the thought of the chief agent gave him a sense of cold terror. Tonight they had eluded Krylov and his men; tomorrow they might be less fortunate.

He heard Madeleine tossing restlessly in her bed in the next room. He had signed their names in the register as man and wife—any other course would have aroused suspicion. She had probably not given the matter a second thought, yet to him this subterfuge held a hidden sting.

He recalled bitterly his past experiences with women. Somehow or other, perhaps because his life had been nomadic, with assignments in different parts of the world, he had always met gold diggers—content to take and never give, moving on as soon as they found someone to provide on a more lavish scale. Madeleine was of a different breed. . . .

He had begun to dress the next morning—quietly, so as to let Madeleine sleep as long as possible—when someone knocked at his door. "Who is it?" he called.

"Two gentlemen to see you, sir." It was the old woman's voice.

The words struck Harker like a physical blow; he stood quite still.

"You'll come down?"

"Yes," he replied automatically, "I'll be down."

He could not doubt who they were. Pulling on his clothes, he came out of his room. As he approached the staircase he strove feverishly to make a plan. Was there any means of slipping away at once with Madeleine, of avoiding them altogether? He looked out the landing window: they were on the fourth floor, too high to jump or climb down, and the old building had no service staircase. He would have to face them.

As he got downstairs, he glimpsed at the front of the inn a big empty car, which had not been there the night before. The innkeeper, less amiable now, was waiting by the lounge, where a mop and pail stood beside the stacked chairs. And in the doorway stood the two MVD men.

"Good morning," said Ramovsky, his eyes inscrutable yet arrogant behind his glasses. "My friend and I were traveling this way. We stopped here by chance and to our surprise found that you were staying the night. We could not resist coming in to renew our acquaintance."

Why did they have to keep up this ridiculous, childish pretense? Harker thought angrily.

"I hope we haven't come too early," Garovitch said sardonically. "Are you staying here alone?"

They have certainly checked the register, Harker thought; what an idiot I was to sign my name.

"I'm here"—he hesitated—"with my wife."

"I don't think we've met your wife," Ramovsky said. "Did she accompany you from Vienna?"

"She came through later and joined me in Gmünd. We are—driving back together."

"Excuse me," Garovitch interrupted. "The photograph you dropped on the train—was that of your wife?"

Harker felt his mind reeling. "No, that's someone else," he said.

"Perhaps we have seen your wife without knowing her. Is she fair also, like the girl in the photograph?"

Harker felt as if he were moving blind through a mine field. "She's dark," he said firmly. "Black hair and brown eyes." Then, from their expression, he saw that he had made the mistake they had been counting on.

"That is very odd," Garovitch said. "The innkeeper was just telling us what pretty blonde hair your wife has. Indeed, her description was identical with someone we are anxious to meet: Madeleine Durych, who last night killed Gustaf Hiller at the Atlantis."

"Would you kindly show us upstairs?" Ramovsky said politely. "By introducing us to your wife, you can remove this little misunderstanding."

Harker swallowed hard. Feverishly he looked around the paneled hall at the newly scrubbed floor, still wet and smelling of soap. Its smug normality seemed to mock his danger.

"Will you lead us up to your room?" Garovitch said in a stony voice, and Harker noticed that both men now had their right hands in their raincoat pockets. Mechanically he turned and slowly led the way upstairs. He knew that Madeleine's life was in double jeopardy, that they meant now to accuse her of Gustaf's murder. But what could he do, unarmed and singlehanded?

They turned onto the top landing. As the two men followed him toward Madeleine's room, Harker suddenly noticed that the key to his own door was still outside in the lock, where the innkeeper had left it the previous night. He felt a quick surge of hope. Steeling himself, he opened the door to his room. The curtains were still drawn; the room was almost dark.

"My dear," he said, "here are two visitors to see you."

UNSUSPECTING, the two agents walked into the bedroom. Then, before they could accustom their eyes to the darkness, Harker slammed and locked the solid oak door.

He ran quickly to Madeleine's door. "Are you up and dressed?"

"Yes."

"Then come quickly!"

As the Russians started beating on the locked door, Harker and Madeleine rushed downstairs. "In here," he said, helping her into the agents' car, a powerful Mercedes-Benz bearing official plates.

They could hear the two agents shouting from the fourth-floor bedroom, then the sound of a muffled explosion. They've shot away the lock, Harker thought, fumbling frantically at the controls, trying to find the starter. The innkeeper came hobbling down the steps, protesting, holding out a bill. I'll send her the money, he thought irrelevantly. There was another shot from upstairs. In a moment the agents would have the door open. He tried a button at the extreme end of the panel, and at last the car started.

"We're five miles from the border," Harker said in a moment; "in this car, about four minutes' drive." He drove at top speed, crouched over the wheel as the wind whistled past them. "I see only one chance of getting you across. We must still pretend that you're my wife, a girl from the States. Do you know any American words?"

"One or two picked up from songs."

"Better not talk at all," he said. "If

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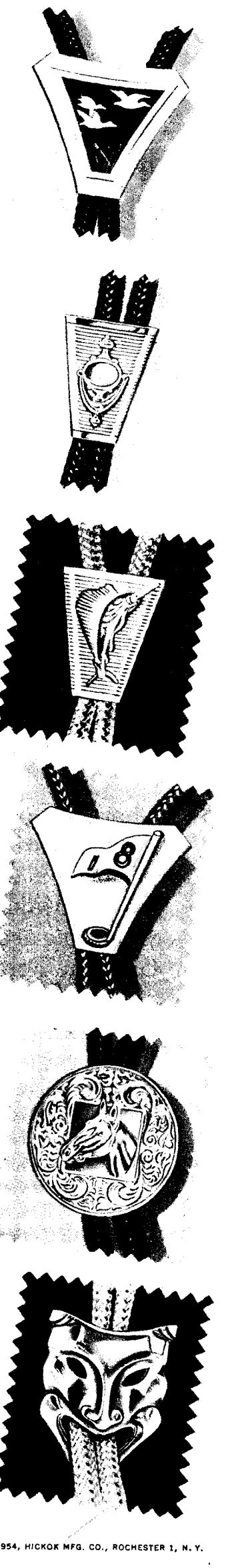

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the sentry asks you anything, just smile."

Swinging around a bend, he saw the frontier in the distance: a high mesh fence topped by barbed wire; a barrier across the road; and little prefabricated huts, roofed with corrugated iron, which housed the customs officials and the Russian guards. Beyond, a patchwork of green and brown between trim hedges, lay the fields of freedom.

He stopped the car just short of the barrier. A Russian guard in blue uniform and beaver cap came up to them. He had a wide, stupid face; Harker noted a faint smell of garlic as he asked for their papers. With a sickening feeling of suspense he handed over his passport and border permit.

THE guard examined them perfunctorily and asked, in bad German, "What about the lady? Where are her papers?"

Taking a deep breath, Harker said: "My wife travels on my passport. She does not require a special border permit. Mine is valid for both of us. I got assurances from Herr Mikernik that everything was in order. You see his signature here."

The guard seemed to recognize the name of the Soviet United Nations delegate. He grunted, stamped the passport and permit and handed them back. "Your baggage will have to be examined."

"We have none. We've been staying with friends. Just for the night. It wasn't worth packing."

Apparently satisfied, the guard walked over to raise the barrier. Harker started the engine and exchanged a look of relief with Madeleine. But at that moment, before he could put the car into gear, a Russian officer came out of the control point and approached them. Stocky and middle-aged, he wore a pale-blue blouse, navy-blue breeches and black leather boots. On his cap was a pink band and a silver star, with the hammer and sickle above the visor.

"That's an official car you have," he said questioningly.

Harker hesitated only for a second. "My own is in for repairs. This one was lent me by Josef Mikernik."

At the mention of Mikernik's name, the officer became smiling and affable. "English, are you not?"

"American," Harker said.

Still the guard did not raise the barrier. He was evidently waiting for the officer to finish his conversation.

"Your wife is American too?" the officer asked, smiling at Madeleine.

Harker nodded.

"We very seldom get Americans."

Harker noticed with a start that the officer had switched from German to English, good English with scarcely a trace of accent.

"I've never been to America, but I know England well," he went on. "Before the war I had a little restaurant in London—Frith Street, Soho, called The Slavia. Perhaps you've visited it?"

Harker saw that the Russian, as yet, had no suspicions; he simply wanted to talk.

Forcing a smile, Harker said, "How interesting. I never visited London till late forty-four. And my wife's never been to England." At all costs they must get away before he put a direct question to Madeleine. He revved the engine. "We've got an appointment at Graz and are late already. We really must push on."

"Not yet, not yet. I enjoy speaking to you. Tell me, what part of the States are you from?"

"New Hampshire," Harker said.

"And you, madam?" He spoke the words cajolingly, like a headwaiter taking an order.

From the corner of his eye Harker saw Madeleine smile at the officer. "My wife's from New York," he said quickly, and with dismay saw that the guard, tired of waiting, had left the barrier and re-entered the control post. How long would this fool keep talking?

Now the officer was looking at Madeleine. "Have you any children, madam?"

"We're newly married," Harker said.

The officer considered this, and then he continued: "I'd like to visit New York. Have you ever been up in—what is it called?—the Empire State Building?"

Again the question was directed at Madeleine, and again Harker answered, "Yes, she's been up several times."

With growing apprehension Harker saw that the border officer was now definitely suspicious and determined to get an answer from Madeleine. No longer smiling, he said slowly, "Would you mind showing me your papers?"

Harker foresaw the next step. The Russian would discover that Madeleine was not entered on his passport and would certainly detain her. Should he crash the barrier? Impossible. They would smash up, get a burst from an automatic in the back. While these thoughts whirled through his brain, he unobtrusively shifted gears. He heard himself say, "I have a feeling my wife is unwell. We must go back."

At the same second he shot the car back in reverse, then spun around and tore off at high speed. He thanked Heaven for the power under the hood. In the rearview mirror he could see the officer running after them, shouting to them to stop.

AS THEY reached a crossroads Harker slowed down. What was their next step? Soon the alarm would have spread all along the frontier: they would be granted no second chance. For the moment, all they could do was put as great a distance as possible between themselves and their pursuers. If they continued farther south, they would be caught in a trap between the zonal frontier, Hungary and Yugoslavia. It would be safer to swing northwest. By heading back for Schwarzau they would still remain close to the border, yet retain some freedom of movement.

The Mercedes-Benz, though not new, was in good condition and extremely fast. In the first half hour Harker covered thirty miles on the winding country roads. Encouraged, he relaxed a little. He must think ahead, constructively, and try to work out a new plan.

He told Madeleine to examine the back seat of the car and the pockets on the doors. As a result she produced a German Luger automatic with twelve rounds of ammunition, a map, a leather coat and a small packet of crackers. She also drew his attention to an aerial on the back of the car.

"This must be the control knob," he said. "We'll tune in on their circuit." He turned a switch on the control panel, then the dial. There was confusion of static and Morse, and then a humming silence. They waited expectantly but no further sounds came.

"It's a short-wave receiver," Harker said. "If we keep tuned, we may get hold of a message."

As they drove along, to relieve the tension they ate the crackers and then

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lighted cigarettes. Suddenly, on the stroke of the hour, a man's voice, speaking German, came over the air: "A police car, number XN four-three-seven-nine-six, stolen at Aspang, may try to cross the zonal border. Occupants: an American, thirty-two, black hair, tall, wearing white raincoat; and a girl, about twenty-three, blonde hair, dark suit. All police keep a lookout."

Harker smiled grimly. This, he thought, is pursuit with a refinement. We shall be able to hear an on-the-spot broadcast as the hounds close in on their quarry.

Then an idea struck him. "If this is a police car, chances are there's a transmitter. Look for it."

Finally, between the two front seats, Madeleine found a microphone.

"Now look on the map. Try and locate a small village twenty kilometers south of Aspang."

"There's a village called Dillangen."

"Good. Now I'm going to switch on the transmitter. Don't speak again till I switch off."

Holding the microphone in his left hand, Harker turned the control, which lighted a green bulb near the speaker. *"Hörchen, Polizei,"* he spoke the words slowly and distinctly, trying to make them sound official. "The stolen car number XN four-three-seven-nine-six just sighted at Dillangen heading south. Two passengers—a man and young woman." He switched off and then, in a moment, repeated the message.

For more than a quarter of an hour they listened with growing anxiety for an acknowledgment over the receiver. At last it came: "All police cars in District Two proceed in the direction of Dillangen."

"It worked," Madeleine cried.

"We're safe for a while," Harker said. "Let's risk it and get something to eat."

At the next village they bought a loaf of bread, cheese and some apples, and then, parking the car in thick alder bushes, made a hurried meal in a field off the main road. While they sat there, a chestnut mare and her foal ambled over from the other side of the field. Presently Madeleine got up and held out a piece of apple to them. Harker watched her as she coaxed them to approach, one arm extended, her slender body bent forward. How young and lovely she was—too good for Thulemahler by far. Yet how her eyes had moistened when he'd spoken of Arnold. A wave of bitterness went over Harker.

Madeleine caught him watching her. He turned his head away. "We look like a couple of tourists enjoying the view," he said.

"It's worth enjoying," she said.

They looked across to the Fischbach Alps, their snowcapped summits merging with the clouds. Harker had seen them marked on the map but had not imagined them so high. All at once he remembered something he had seen on the map, and he got it out again. Yes, there was no doubt about it. At one point, the zonal border cut directly along the summit of the peak in front of them.

He showed Madeleine the map. "On the other side of that peak lies the British zone," he said. "Are you willing to have a go at it?"

She looked at him steadily for a moment, and then smiled faintly and said, "Of course. We can't afford to pick and choose."

FOR almost half an hour the journey was without incident. Evidently they had driven out of range of the short-wave radio, for no other messages came through. The road wound gradually higher into the mountains, and the air grew cold. At his suggestion Madeleine put on the leather coat, turning up the long sleeves in a double fold. Traffic was slight in this remote district: mostly ox-drawn wagons going out to the fields or bringing in brushwood. Villages were few, far between and terribly impoverished.

Toward midafternoon Harker noticed with growing anxiety that his gas gauge was down nearly to zero.

Madeleine looked at the map. "There might be a gas pump at the next town; but it's ten kilometers away."

A few minutes later Harker suddenly noticed the reflection of a car in his rearview mirror. It might have come off a side road, but he wanted to be certain. He kept his foot hard down on the gas until the speedometer touched the 100-kilometer mark. When the other car had disappeared from view, he cut his speed a little; but in a moment the car was back again. It was smaller and less powerful than the

"Now, about this double-indemnity clause—do you ever make any inquiries as to the cause of death?"

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Mercedes-Benz, but it was evidently being handled by a determined driver.

"That car behind us," he said, trying to sound casual. "Can you read the first two letters on the license plate?"

Madeleine turned and looked out the rear window. "The number begins X—I can't quite see. There it is—XD."

With renewed urgency Harker put his foot on the gas and the car surged forward. "That's a police car. Any side roads off this one?"

Madeleine scrutinized the map. "There'll be one soon. No, that's a railroad . . ."

The worst possible spot, Harker thought, and he cursed himself for not having abandoned the Mercedes sooner. At any moment he expected the gasoline to give out.

For one mile, two miles, he kept an even distance between his own car and the other, but he knew that before many minutes the powerful Mercedes would stop dead. In front of them, about half a mile away, was the railroad Madeleine had seen on the map. A small house stood at the intersection, and the long, double barrier was raised above the crossing. Suddenly, to his horror, he saw a woman come out of the house, walk to the wheel that operated the barrier and begin to spin it. A train was evidently due.

The two long red-and-white poles dropped slowly, like a trap. They were still three hundred yards away. With sudden decision, Harker pressed down on the accelerator and drove at full speed toward the crossing. The woman had seen him now but still continued, methodically, to lower the poles. Harker drove on, his heart thudding wildly against his ribs. He glanced in the rearview mirror: the gap between the two cars had increased to perhaps a third of a mile. They were a hundred yards from the barrier now. They must crash.

Then, unbelievably, as he braced himself for the impact, he saw the barrier suddenly pause in its descent. The woman, alarmed at his speed, had hesitated at the last moment. The next instant they were across, under the tilted poles, with hardly a foot to spare.

HARKER looked back and saw the woman gesticulating furiously with one hand while with the other she hurriedly lowered the barrier. A moment later the pursuing car screeched to a halt. They had gained the precious minutes they needed.

Almost immediately they ran into wooded country, and there Harker found what he was looking for—a track leading off into a heavy stand of pine, where they would be out of sight of the main road. Turning off sharply, he drove a hundred yards down a grassy track and stopped the car. In the distance they heard the whistle of a train and the sound of grinding wheels as it passed the crossing. A few minutes later they glimpsed the police car flash by on the main road.

Harker drew a long breath. "This is where we take to the hills," he said, getting out of the car. "Better keep that coat—you'll need it. Take the map too."

He put the Luger automatic in his pocket, with the twelve rounds, and made a final search of the car for food, without success. Their next meal would be on the far side of the mountains.

"Where are we heading?" Madeleine asked.

"According to this map the zonal border runs along the ridge directly in front of us. If we can reach that saddle over there, we should be out of trouble." He pointed toward a break in the distant line of peaks, like gigantic waves petrified and frozen. Snow clung to the shallower slopes, but the steep ridges and escarpments stood out in dark relief. "That particular spot has no distinct frontier, only an occasional patrol."

She thought for a moment. "Because it's considered impassable?"

"Well—hardly . . ." He left the sentence hanging. He could not tell her that no one would risk his life on those peaks, except as a last resort.

AFTER the long drive it was good to stretch their legs. At first they had no difficulty in keeping up a rapid pace. An easily identifiable track led through the trees and out onto the broken pasture slopes at the base of the mountains. Harker found it a relief to be off the road. He might be a novice at shaking the police, but he was used to mountains. He knew their ways.

In college he had taken an interest in geology and had spent the weekends climbing in the White Mountains. He had enjoyed the sport, finding, when he reached the top of a peak, a unique sense of achievement compounded of the physical height and his mastery of difficulties. But now, he thought grimly, there was more at stake than a piece of quartz and a feeling of pride.

Presently the path ascended a steep, stony face and they were obliged in places to clamber up on all fours. After a labored ascent they emerged onto wide upper slopes of yellow grass where herds of cattle pastured. Above lay the first traces of snow, merging with wisps of cloud.

When they had been going for almost two hours Harker again referred to the map. "We can't get across before dark; at the most we only have another two hours of daylight. We'll have to spend the night here. These low clouds should keep away the worst of the frost, but we must find shelter."

Madeleine was gazing curiously down into the valley. "Are those cowherds down there?" she said.

Harker looked in the direction she was pointing, studying the figures down on the lower slopes, seven in number, moving up in single file. They had reached an escarpment that he and Madeleine crossed about half an hour before.

"I don't know who they are," he said, "but I don't like the look of them." He could see that Madeleine was exhausted, her body relaxed and spent. "Can you push on a bit farther?"

She forced a smile and said, "I'd rather go on than stay."

Soon they were well above the snow line. Their feet sank into the half-frozen flakes, and they plodded forward as though wearing lead-weighted divers' boots. At times they slipped on wind-swept ice; at other times they struck drifts and had to drag themselves through. Except in the gullies the snow had been loosened by the hot sunshine, so that it fell away under their feet. On neighboring slopes great masses slid away from time to time, rumbling down into the valley like thunder.

After another half hour they had to rest—Madeleine bent forward, her hand pressed against her side. With heaving chest and a bitter dryness in his throat, Harker looked down at the figures below. They had gained ground and were now more clearly distinguishable, black against the snow. It was impossible to tell whether they wore uniforms, but unmistakably they were

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carrying guns, short weapons slung on their shoulders.

Without talking, Harker and Madeleine started off again. The path had narrowed, leaving them no choice but to follow it up the line of a deep gully. The saddle they were heading for stood out stark against the blue-gray sky, distinct and detailed, but Harker knew that despite its apparent nearness the ridge was many hours away.

Suddenly there came a sound, as though a stone had struck the rock beside them and ricocheted off, followed by a report in the distance. Echoes resounded from neighboring slopes, followed by a chilling silence. The Austrian police wouldn't open fire without provocation, Harker thought; those must be Soviet occupation troops, stationed near here for frontier duty. He clenched the automatic in his pocket, then slowly released it. Against rifles it would be useless.

With growing alarm he looked around for cover, but the steep sides of the gully offered no protection. He and Madeleine would be clearly silhouetted against the snow. In a matter of minutes the gap between them and their pursuers would have narrowed further. At such range the Soviet soldiers would be as accurate as a firing squad.

Still he climbed up the gully, gripping Madeleine's arm, panting, stumbling, knowing that each step was but a temporary reprieve. With all his senses quickened he looked desperately for a hiding place. If only night would fall, swiftly, instantly, to black out this eternal white, envelop them in its protective cover. But dusk was still half an hour away.

THE firing resumed; this time it was more accurate. One bullet struck behind them and loosened a drift. It broke down the slope but, failing to gather momentum, slithered to a stop some twenty yards below. Even a bullet that misses, Harker thought dully, can start a fall of snow that may engulf us both. Another bullet whined past, closer this time. Harker felt himself tremble, and a cold sweat broke out on his body. It was one thing to make a brave and high-flown decision to risk one's life, but quite another to watch bullets tear through the snow a few feet away.

He felt a sudden, almost irresistible impulse to give himself up. He had committed no crime. He would merely be sent back to Vienna—or so he deluded himself—and in the future be refused a permit to travel in the Soviet zone. It was hopeless to continue.

Another shot slammed into the snow. At any second he expected to feel the impact of a bullet in his back. The only reasonable course was to march down with hands raised. He was on the point of turning around when he glimpsed Madeleine's face—pale, frightened and drawn; yet she was gazing up at him, expectantly, waiting for his guidance. She trusts you, he thought, she believes in you. Go on, you rat, he told himself—go on.

He gripped Madeleine's arm and headed diagonally across the gully toward a slight ridge, no more than a snow-covered hump. Though inadequate, it was the best protection he could find. Reaching the ridge, he drew Madeleine down behind it and started to scoop some of the snow away to give them deeper cover. From here he could at least do some damage with the Luger.

For a moment the firing ceased. Then it recommenced, more heavily than before, and concentrated on the ridge behind which they lay. This new volley struck short, but its combined force loosened a drift of snow. The dense mass shuddered and fell forward. For a moment Harker thought they would be drawn down with it, but the rib of rock held them firm. Gathering speed and reinforcement as it traveled, the snow slid down the gully. It picked up loose rock and shale until it had the force of a small meteor. For a hundred or two hundred yards it hurtled down the path; then, while the noise of its descent still reverberated off the slopes, it piled up against the rock face at the turn of the gully.

AT FIRST Harker was too stupefied by the suddenness of the avalanche to take in what had happened. Only after some minutes did he realize that the firing had ceased. Cautiously he peered over the ridge.

"Be careful," Madeleine said. "It may be a trap."

But Harker had raised his head and was studying the track of the fall. "The snow's blocked their line of fire," he said. "And I'm not sure it hasn't blocked the trail too!"

He felt her close beside him looking over the ridge. "Is there any other way up the gully?" she said.

He shook his head. "I remember looking for an alternative path when we came to that turning."

They stared at the great mass jammed against the shoulders of the gully. It would be impossible for their pursuers to penetrate that barrier of snow and rock. And if there was no other way up the slope, especially with darkness falling . . . He could have cried out at their deliverance.

"Let's get out of here while the going's good," he said.

On the exposed slopes a sharp wind swept down from the summits, stinging their cheeks. But nothing could subdue Harker's profound elation, the sense of victory over himself. He sensed instinctively that in curbing his overwhelming panic at that supreme moment of crisis, he had confronted fear itself. No matter how great their future danger, he would no longer walk in dread.

After climbing steadily for another twenty minutes, a gray twilight began to envelop them. Heartened, Harker began to feel that luck was with them—they might make it after all. For some time he had been keeping a sharp lookout and now, as they rounded a prominent spur, he noticed a square, dark patch some distance off to the north. After a few minutes the object began to take shape as a crudely built stone hut.

As darkness began to close in, they came up to the building, a dilapidated shack with a rickety door and no windows. Looking through an opening in the rough wall, they saw a crude, bare interior with a beaten-earth floor, devoid of all furniture, empty but for some loose straw. In one corner was a stone fireplace, blackened, choked with damp ashes.

"No hot coffee," Harker said, "but it's dry at least. You're wet through."

Outside, in a lean-to, he discovered some split faggots. Setting these in the hearth he soon had a crackling fire. He made Madeleine take off her drenched coat, which he draped across a rafter while she sat close to the blaze. Here she removed her sodden shoes and stockings, setting them near the hearth to dry. He noticed with a pang

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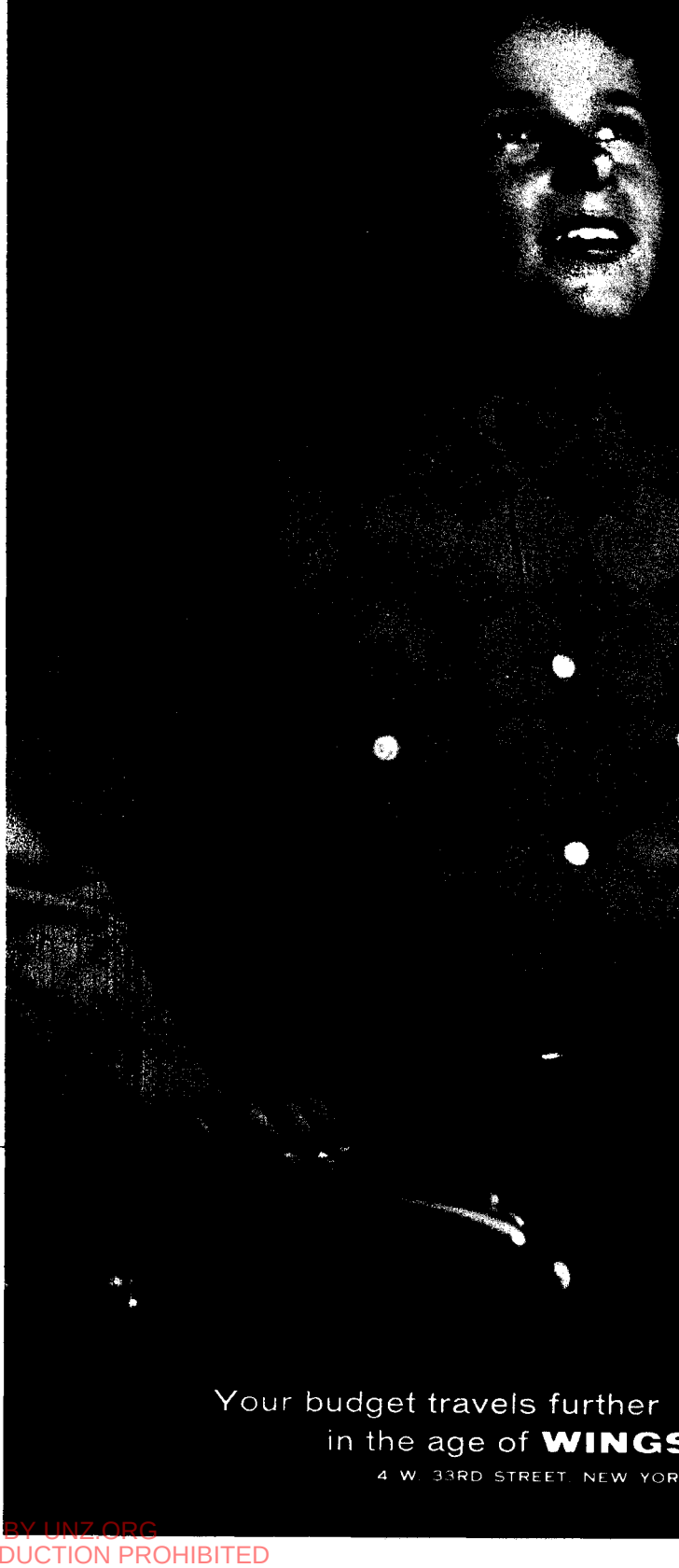

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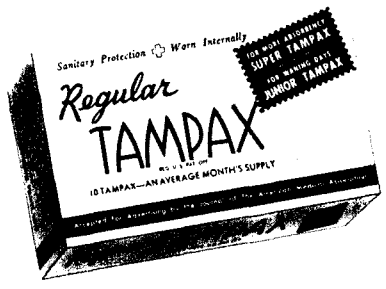

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that her toes showed signs of frostbite. Despite the fire she was shivering.

"Here, let me have a look at those." He spoke abruptly to hide his feeling and, kneeling down, started to rub her feet, gently at first, then more vigorously. It took several minutes to restore the circulation. As little by little Harker brought back warmth to her, he felt an equal warmth pervade his own body.

THERE were some potatoes in a discarded sack in a corner of the hut. They were wrinkled and moldy and had begun to sprout, but they were edible. He laid them in some raked-out embers and sat down to watch them cook. Presently they began to steam, and then they burst, like roasted chestnuts. They ate them hungrily, not caring that they burned their fingers.

"Not exactly the Ritz," he said, smiling, and Madeleine smiled back—really smiled, he realized, for the first time since he'd known her.

To quench their thirst, they melted snow and drank it from a metal pannikin that stood beside the sack.

After their meal, they felt a faint glow of comfort. The shed, heated by the blaze, was now warm, and the firelight cast ruddy tongues into the shadows.

Harker looked across at Madeleine as she stared into the flames. What was she thinking? Of Gustaf? Of Arnold? Of her parents?

In the firelight she seemed to him even lovelier than before. Was it because he knew her better? Since leaving Aspang, he had found in her new and unsuspected qualities. The climb must have drawn on all her stocks of strength and will, yet at every stage she had proved herself fearless and self-possessed. Only now did she show signs of the exhaustion she must have felt all afternoon.

"Madeleine—" he said, without really meaning to speak.

She looked at him drowsily.

"You'd make a first-rate mountaineer," he told her.

"It's left me in a fine state. I wish I had a comb."

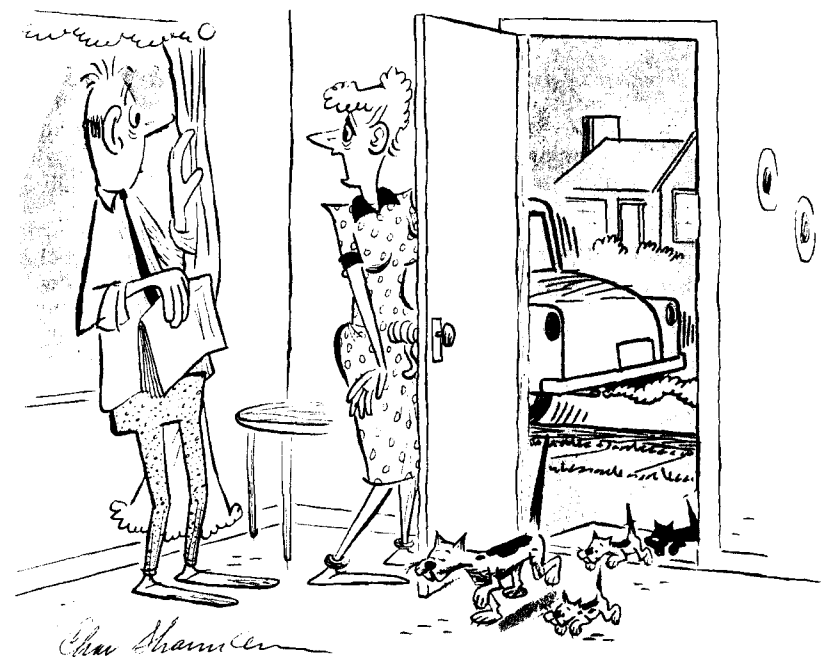
"That doesn't matter—not with your looks."

She looked at him directly, and for an instant his heart seemed to stop. But she did not speak, and in a moment turned back to the fire.

He suppressed a sigh, watching her surreptitiously. He knew now that he loved her. But what of Arnold? He loved her too—and since she was committed to him, she must obviously return his love. He was grateful that she did not talk of Arnold, and credited that to her natural reserve. Tonight, at least, tonight and tomorrow, she was in his keeping and he was free to cherish her in secret. . . .

After a breakfast of the baked potatoes and a drink of hot water, they set off once more. The sun had risen—too quickly for his liking—and the saddle for which they were heading was bathed in rosy light. He hoped it was a promise of the safety that awaited them.

Madeleine's shoes constantly slipped on the rock and snow; even with stout spiked boots the ascent would not have been easy. Yet they clambered up, Harker slightly ahead so that he could lend Madeleine a hand. They continued like this until they were within fifty yards of a crevice not far below the summit. Then without warning, while Madeleine was reaching toward his outstretched hand, she lost her balance, slipped and fell six feet to a shelf below.



COLLIER'S **"Get the license number!"** CHAS. SHARMAN

He scrambled down to where she lay. She was holding her arm, and her face was contorted with pain. "What is it?" he said. "A bad graze?"

"Nothing. I'll be all right." But her expression belied the words.

He examined her right arm. It was severely bruised and twisted where it had been crushed between the rock and her body.

"Can you lift it?"

She tried and failed. Then she got up, as though to resume the climb, and fainted at his feet.

IT SEEMED ages before he could bring her around. Then she lay inert, barely conscious, too weak to move; her arm was now a bluish color, badly swollen. The sight of it, and her general condition frightened him. He gazed at the crest above them, so near. It seemed inconceivable that after so arduous a climb and yesterday's fortunate escape, they should fail like this on the last lap. He had counted so much on getting through—for her sake. He looked along the flat saddle on which she lay—it reached away to the right, rough and winding, but looked passable.

He consulted the map. On either hand the Fischbach summits stretched north and south, barring the way; but by following this saddle they could gradually descend, transversely, on the far side. Even so, they would still be in Russian territory, yet it was the only course open to them. They must make for the nearest village, he decided: they needed adequate food and shelter until Madeleine had recovered.

He turned to find her looking at him. "How are you?"

"Better."

He knew that she was pretending, and it cut him to the heart. This, he reflected with bitter self-scorn, was the result of his so-called planning. He should never have subjected her to this ordeal. He should have thought of a better way.

"There's a place in the foothills just below us—Mahlstorf, only about four kilometers, the wrong side of the border. When you're rested we'll head for there."

Presently he got her to her feet and began to help her along and down the saddle. The going was easier than he had expected. They struck along the rounded shoulder of the mountain, and in less than an hour caught sight of housetops not too far below.

"How's the arm?"

"I feel it less now. It's almost numb." But her face was drawn with pain and she leaned heavily upon him.

They recrossed the snow line; once they felt soft turf under their feet.

"You're doing fine," he encouraged her. "We'll soon get you to a doctor."

"No, no," she answered quickly. "That would be dangerous. You must do your best for me—yourself."

He was silent. It would be highly dangerous, he knew, to seek medical attention. Their names might be taken, questions asked. He might try to treat the arm himself for a day or two. By then the hunt might have died down, and they could make a resolute attempt to get to the border.

They entered the outskirts of Mahlstorf. In size it appeared midway between village and town. In the distance they heard the sound of clogs rattling on the cobblestones. The first person they met was an old woman hobbling home with fresh rolls and milk.

It was dangerous to talk to strangers but their need was urgent and she looked safe. Harker went up to her. "Is their anywhere we can find accommodation?"

She turned and pointed up the street. "*Gasthöf Wirthaus*. On the right. Past the post office."

We don't want a hotel, Harker thought—it's too public. "Isn't there a lodginghouse where we could get a room?" he said.

The old woman thought a moment. "There's Frau Brenner," she said finally. "She takes in summer visitors." She gave them instructions as to how to get there, and they continued into the town.

PRESENTLY they found the house that answered the old woman's description, a three-storied yellow building in need of paint, standing in a small garden. Harker knocked and, after what seemed an interminable wait, a heavy-set, blowzy woman appeared, tying on a blue-checked apron.

"Frau Brenner?"

"What do you want?" Her voice was rough as a fishwife's and, hands on hips, she eyed them suspiciously. "I'm not open this time of year!"

It was exactly what they wanted. Harker adopted a persuasive tone and

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took out his wallet. "Just for a few days. We'll pay."

She managed to look covetous and dubious at the same time. "Twenty-five schillings a day each, that's my charge. Cash in advance."

It was rank extortion, but they were in no position to argue. Without question he handed her a fifty-schilling note, which she folded tightly and put away in her apron pocket. The money, however, did not altogether placate her. "Give your shoes a good scrape," she said sourly. "I don't want my hall made a mess."

They followed her in silence up a narrow flight of stairs. On the second floor Frau Brenner threw open two doors, revealing sparsely furnished rooms, each with a cheap iron bedstead and a table with ewer and bowl.

Harker asked, "Could we have breakfast?"

She stared at him, then shook her head. "I don't do meals in winter."

"I'll buy food later," Harker told Madeleine when the landlady had gone. "First let's attend to your arm. Lie down and I'll have a look at it."

SLIPPING off her shoes, Madeleine stretched out on the creaking bed. He covered her with a shabby pink counterpane, and then slit the sleeve of her blouse. Using cold water and a towel he cleaned the abrasions and gently felt the swollen flesh. Then, very cautiously, he flexed her arm. "Does that hurt?"

She nodded quickly, stifling a cry.

"I'll get some dressings. There must be a pharmacy."

"Aspirin too," she whispered.

"You'll be all right alone?"

"Don't be too long."

He went out. In the center of the town he found an apothecary's shop, where he bought arnica, lint, bandages and aspirin tablets. As he left the shop, the sight of his face in the door mirror startled him; he turned back and bought a razor. Farther along the main street he purchased a loaf of new bread and a hundred grams of butter. In less than twenty minutes he was back with Madeleine.

She was shivering, but not with cold: her cheeks were flushed and her hands hot to the touch. First he gave her three aspirins and, soaking the lint in arnica, dressed her arm with all the skill he could muster. Then, draping a blanket across her shoulders, he propped her up in bed. He sat beside her in the only chair, and together they ate their meal.

As he watched Madeleine, he realized that his emotion of the previous night was not transitory—not merely the effect of her nearness to him in the hut, of the firelight upon her face. On this cold gray day, her cheeks drawn with pain, she had only to glance at him to make his heart beat faster. He knew now how deeply he loved Madeleine—and how deeply that love had changed him.

All his anxieties and forebodings, all of the vague fears he had felt, had been due to a single factor: for months, irresistibly, under some devilish compulsion, he had thought of no one but himself. What befell the rest of the world had been of no consequence: what had mattered was the evil that the world might inflict on him. But now, at last, the spell was broken: he had ceased to think or care about Bryant Harker: all his solicitude was for Madeleine. Let her get across the border in safety—that was enough. He would take his chance.

He moved his chair nearer the bed. "How goes it?"

"The aspirin has helped."

"We're not too badly off here." He kept his tone light, thinking aloud. "The last certain news the police have is that yesterday evening we were halfway across the Fischbach Alps. They'll probably think we've made it to the British zone."

She shook her head. "They'll want confirmation from their agents. When that doesn't come, they'll grow suspicious."

"They may decide we crossed unnoticed."

"Perhaps. All the same, they'll feel pretty sure we're still on this side of the Curtain, and check up on the frontier villages."

"That's why we're so lucky to have these rooms," he said.

He went to his own room then, suggesting that Madeleine try to sleep for a while. On the washstand there was nothing but a thin hard wafer of brownish soap. It made no lather with the cold water—only a sort of scum that made it torture to shave. But he finished at last and, filling the basin with water, he stripped and washed himself all over. His clothes were in a sad state, but by turning his shirt inside out he gave his appearance a lift.

About five o'clock, as the light began to fade, he went downstairs and walking quickly to avoid suspicion, headed for the village square.

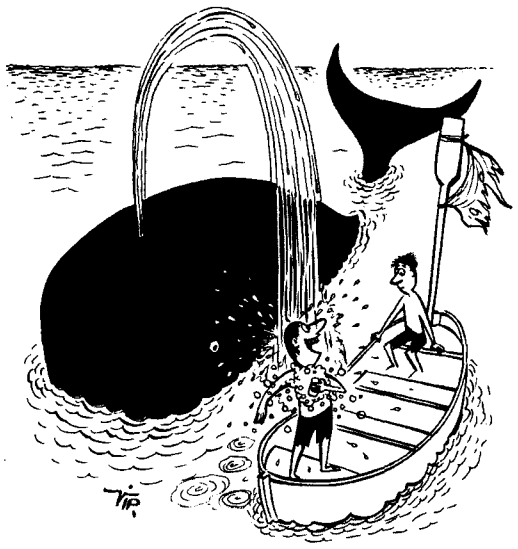
In the main shop he bought half a kilo of ham and some chocolate. Farther down the street he purchased two rye loaves. Then he walked to the far end of the village where, on their arrival that morning, he had noticed a small greengrocer's store. Here he bought a bag of pears—they were brown and wrinkled but seemed sound. The shopkeepers eyed him closely, and he found it difficult to look natural and at ease.

HE WALKED back to the center of the village, glancing right and left, and turned into the main street. The caution that had become automatic made him peer ahead. He caught sight of a car parked opposite the *Stadthalle* near the war memorial, and instinctively he drew back. It hadn't been there on his way down to the fruit shop ten minutes earlier. Now that he thought of it, he had neither seen nor heard a car since their arrival in Mahlstorf. Wagons drawn by horses or oxen seemed to be the usual means of transport in these remote parts. He suppressed an impulse to get back to the lodginghouse. Every car didn't belong to the police—but he wanted to get a better look at it, to find out for certain.

Retracing his steps, he found a lane running behind the houses that lined one side of the main street, and he followed this until he was within fifty yards of the car: then, stuffing the food he had bought into his pockets, he wormed his way between a hay barn and one of the houses. He edged himself slowly forward until he could glimpse the main street. At that moment he saw two uniformed *Polizei* come out of the *Stadthalle* accompanied by a third man, whom Harker assumed was the local policeman. As the three approached the car they clicked their heels and saluted. Then, with a start, Harker saw that the back seat held a solitary occupant. The black Homburg and dark glasses were unmistakable: it was Krylov.

—A. J. CRONIN

(This is the second of three parts)



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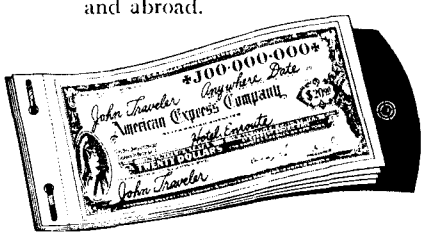

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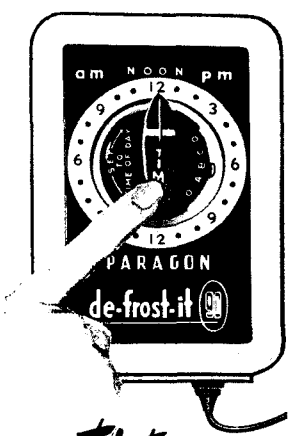

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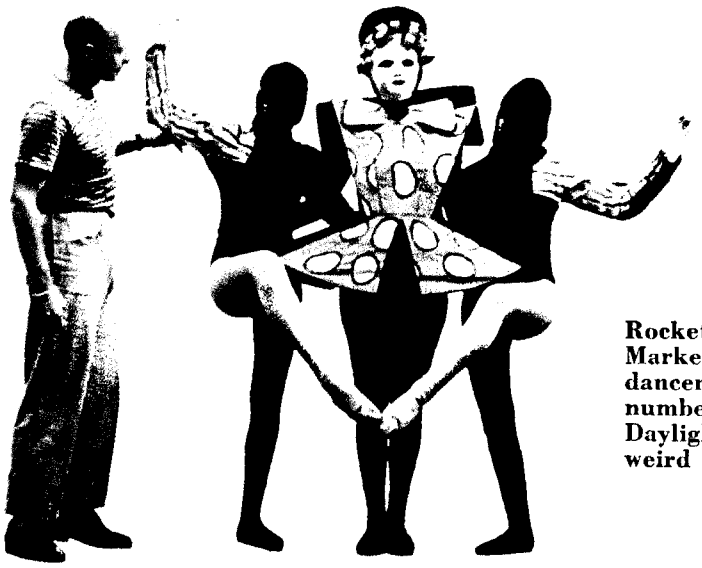


Rockettes' director Russell Markert coaches a trio of dancers for a black-light number at the Music Hall. Daylight photograph shows weird blackout costuming

New Black Magic

FOR four and a half minutes, four times a day, 365 days a year, 36 pairs of precision-proud legs prance to the frenzied applause of visitors at New York's Radio City Music Hall—a parcel of rooters amounting to some 8,000,000 a year. As a Manhattan tourist draw, Grant's Tomb has only a fraction of their allure.

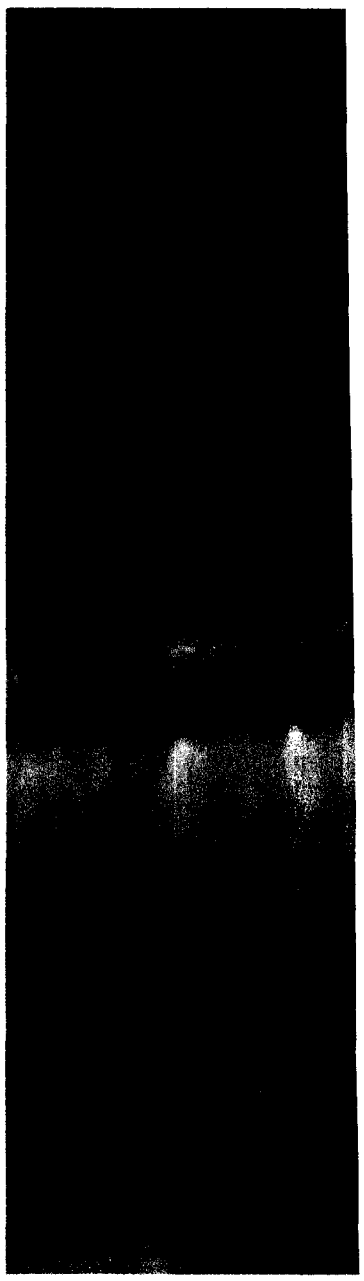
But though the Rockettes' parade-ground form has been touted globally for two decades, perfection isn't all. Off and on the troupe departs from its format to distinguish itself in a number more notable for its originality than its symmetry. One example, a weird novelty called Sawing a Woman in Half, performed a few weeks ago, is a reprise of a Music Hall hit of the late forties.

"Woman," created by Russell Markert, founder-director of the group, is the result of countless experiments in black light, an old theatrical device which Markert makes look brand-new. The Rockettes' costumes are partly black, partly coated with fluorescent paint. Under ultraviolet rays filtered from ordinary arc lights the black is invisible but painted costume areas give off a luminous glow. Result: half of each dancer, horizontally or vertically divided into legs, torsos and sides, is revealed floating in disembodied splendor across a jet-black stage.

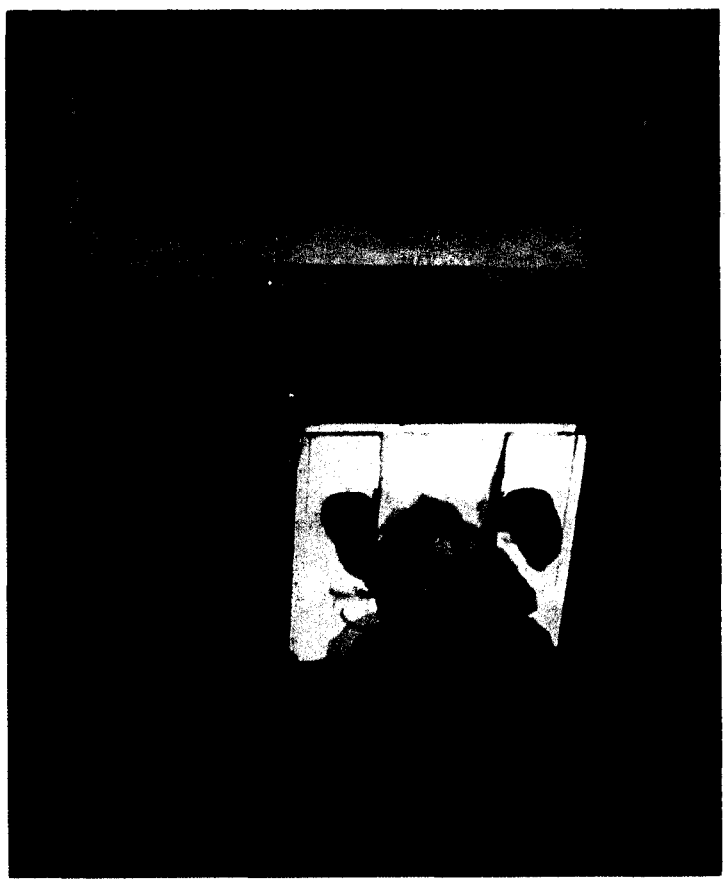
Launched by a catchy little song written by Kay Swift and lyricist Al Stillman (he also wrote the hit I Believe), the number sprouts into a musical variation of the old magic act in which a girl in a wooden box is apparently severed into equal parts. The stage blacks out to show six glowing boxes. Eerie blue saws "cut" the boxes in half. As they swing open, the bottom and top parts of each "girl" (12 dancers) emerge, are joined from the wings by other torsos and vertical halves, and cavort to a fast hobgoblin theme.

The ghostly atmosphere even extends backstage. Hooded and masked Rockettes understandably suffer some loss of face. "When I ask a friend to catch my number," explains nineteen-year-old Joan Butterfield, "all I can say is, 'Look for the eighth arm and leg from the left.'"

—EVELYN HARVEY

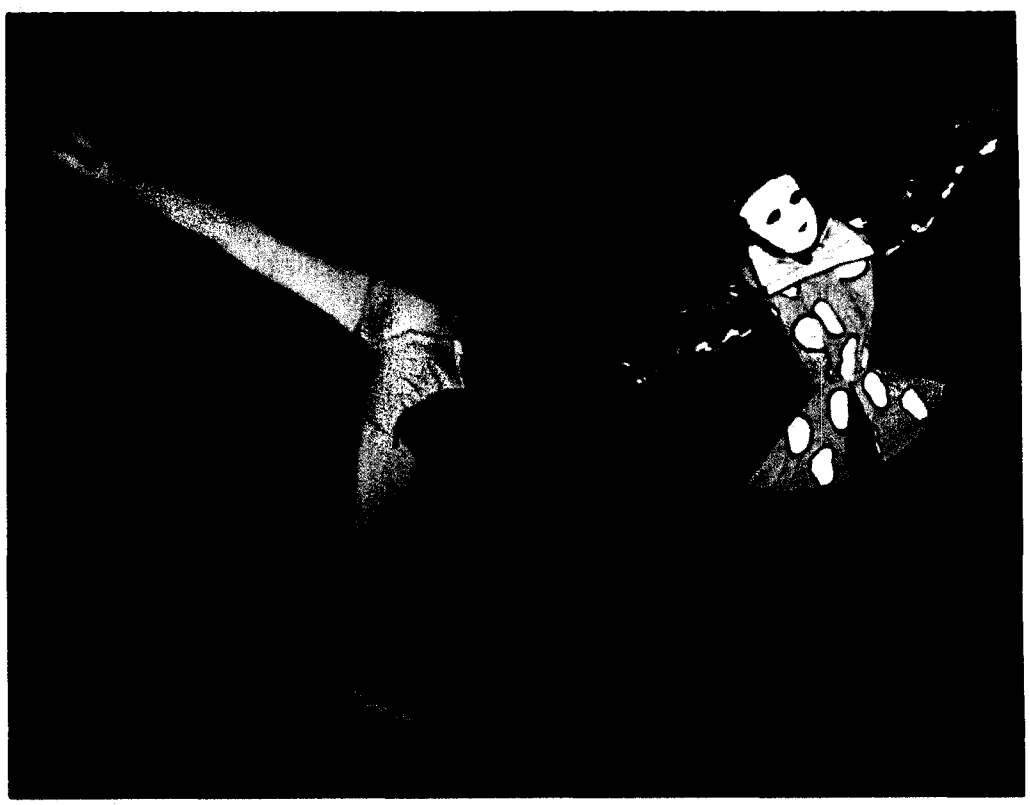


At high point in number, thr



In a magic romp, the ghostly saw moves through one of six luminous boxes and "cuts" the captive girl in two

"Severed" girl, really two dancers, springs from box in gleaming halves, fluorescent-paint-coated bottoms, tops come alive under ultraviolet rays



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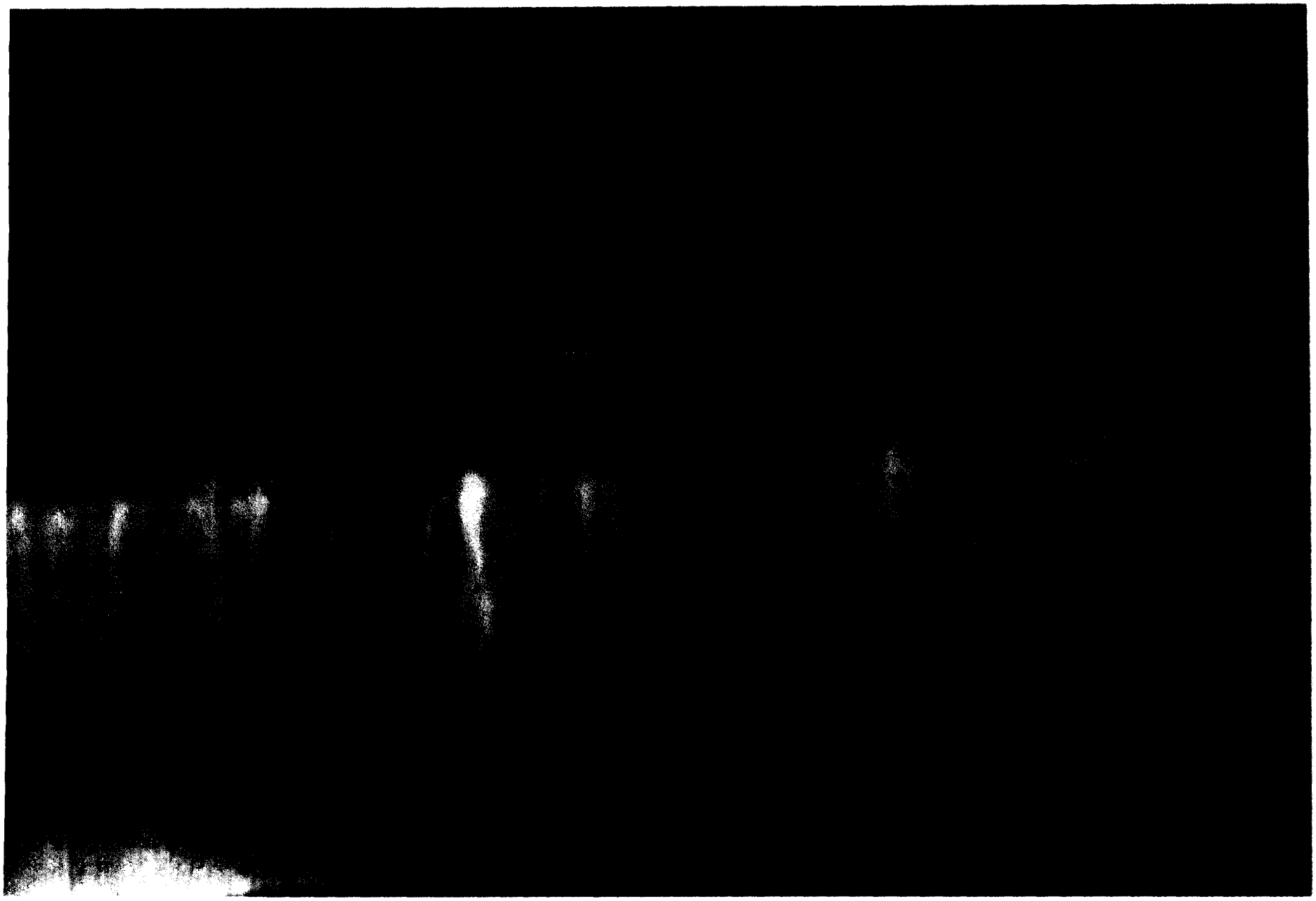
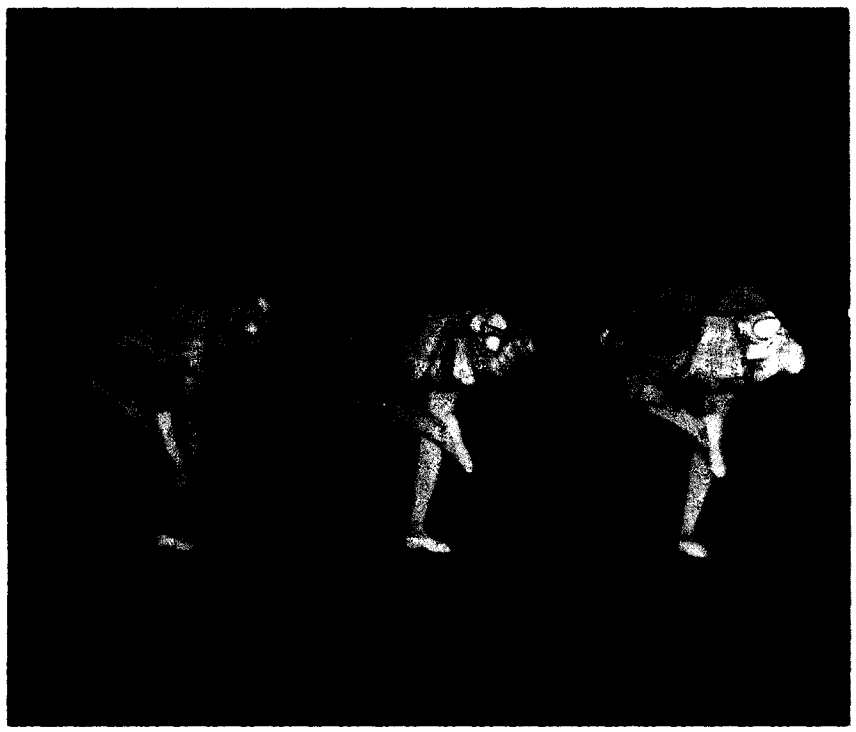


ozen pairs of celebrated legs, deserted by the "torsos," swarm in eerie animation across Radio City stage, luminous-painted areas glowing greenly



After leaving boxes, "bottoms" (a ballet group) do little truncated dance, then turn invisible backs and disappear on night-black stage

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR LAVINE

COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA

Black-light version of chorus line routine couples vertical "halves," one arm and leg to a Rockette, to form string of torsoless, two-girl "bodies"

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What Husbands NEVER KNOW

Gudrun had learned something about her husband that even he did not know. She could scarcely believe it—and yet it explained so much

By LIBBIE BLOCK

AT THE door of this room they were to part for a few hours, maybe forever. She did not seem to feel the enormity of it yet, but what distressed her was that neither did he. She made a piteous little joke: "I'll wait here in the fathers' room," she said. "You go in and have the baby. You're much more efficient than I am."

It was true that Alex was efficient. He had stayed at home all day today and, between calls to his foremen, he had charted Gudrun's labor pains, their intervals, duration and severity, and had siphoned his findings to her obstetrician. Finally, allowing time to drive slowly, he had placed her and her little bag in the car and brought her here to the hospital. All quickly, immaculately, as Alex did everything. What a baby he would have if he were bearing it: like one of his modern low-cost houses, all tidy, functional and attractive. "A baby built for complete living . . ." But, she thought, workmen built his houses for him, and I, his wife, must deliver his child.

The young messenger boy who had brought them up to Delivery stood waiting to lead her away. Yet she lingered, hating to leave, trying to memorize the fathers' room where Alex would remain. It was a very hearty maple-and-linoleum place, simple and cheery as a hand patting a back. And there was a telephone so he could be reached for business. . . .

"It's going to be all right, Gudrun," he said, holding her shoulders. There was a fine net of perspiration on his forehead and under his eyes. "It's going to be fine."

She was reminded of the prize-fight manager who tried to embolden his overmatched pugilist by saying, "Get in there and slug. They can't hurt *us!*" How easy to say!

She applied a smile. "Well, I guess I'd better get the show on the road," she said, balancing her bulk. She had never grown accustomed to this mass because it moved from high to low, front to back—like carrying a kitten in a paper bag. Well, of course, she thought.

She lifted her head and opened her lips, wanting to leave a word with him to make him conscious of the importance of the occasion. But Peg Gallatin came in.

"They're looking for you in Prep," she said to Gudrun Thatcher. "I came to remind you you're going to have a baby." Then she spoke to Alex, intimately, "I'll stay and keep you company. Are you standing it all right?"

Is *he* standing it all right! My condition must have affected my hearing, Goody thought, astonished. She said, "Nice to see you, Peg." Which was a lie.

Peg Gallatin was a nurse, now a supervisor, but when Alex had had pneumonia, she had been on private night duty with him, and her voice recalled that she had washed his body and sat with him long, dark intimate hours. "I'll get you some coffee from the doctors' kitchen, Alex," she said.

And drink it with him too, Goody thought. And look wonderful doing it, with that face like enamel and those green eyes as living as lakes—and that white crown on her head to make her look like an angel, and that belly, that nice flat belly . . .

"I wish I could stay with you two," Goody said, and meant it, fiercely.

"You won't have time to miss us," Peg said. She shook hands with Goody, her grip impersonal and strong. "Good luck."

The pains, which had subsided for a few minutes picked up their rhythm and Goody knew she must go. Regardless of injustice, of jealousy, she must go. "Good-by," she said and she left, hearing his words, "I love you, Gudrun. God bless you."

Alex's fate permitted him to stay drinking coffee with an attractive nurse who liked him a little too much. But Gudrun's led her behind a messenger down this forbidding corridor to a door marked *Preparations Room*. Ready or not, she thought—and she was not ready—here I come. It was to begin.

BUT there are always beginnings before beginnings. Really it had begun when Gudrun Anderson had come up to Los Angeles from the family's ranch near San Diego to make what was called her "bow to society." This was accomplished by buying a most expensive white gown and wearing it in company with twenty-odd other girls in white gowns and men in black and white at a ball for charity in a ballroom set out with white camellias and white orchids.

It was very sensible nonsense and accomplished its purpose. For the night she came out she met Alex Thatcher.

Her father had brought her to the ball because her mother had wanted to stay on the ranch with a sick mare, and it was her father who introduced her to Alex. He had known the younger man's father in his old days in Los Angeles, where it is easy to tell from the street signs who had done well in real estate. There was a Thatcher Drive as there was an Anderson Road, and, in the San Fernando Valley, an Anderson Boulevard.

There was also, in the process of becoming, a Thatchertown. Alex was building it.

He told her about it as he told her everything that night. He was turning one hundred and fifty acres southwest of town into a modern community—he had

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Gudrun wept her heartbreak. Alex said, "Darling, please don't." He held her close, trying to calm her. "Talk to me, maybe that will help"

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already done the same with fifty acres to the east. Before that he had worked summers as a laborer on his father's projects. He told Goody the number of his union. He told her his school—Stanford; he mentioned his service in the Air Force; he told her his age. He was twelve years older than she, thirty-one. He told her she was beautiful, sweet, and that he would not dance tonight with any other woman.

After the telling came the asking. He asked her about the Anderson Ranch with its house left from the days of Pio Pico. He asked about her mother's stable of race horses and her mother's kennel of Dalmatians. He asked Gudrun if she were warm, thirsty or tired. He asked her to marry him.

THE wedding, three months later at the Anderson ranch, was one of southern California's brightest social events. There were decorators to prink up the big house, caterers, florists, engravers, clothiers, secretaries, hairdressers and hundreds of varied lists.

When it was over, she, Gudrun Anderson Thatcher, had moved from the protection of one strong man to that of another.

For he was strong, her husband—decisive, tireless and tense. She loved him in her very young way because he was magnetic and playful. In every way he was able to support her. And she leaned.

She let him decide about the honeymoon, which was long, full of moonlit nights and transoceanic business calls. She let him build their house in Bel-Air, which was full of sliding glass walls, and telephones—everything. For what is so strong as a strong man?

When they had been married a year they decided to have a baby. She conceived nearly at once. There was nothing much for her to do then except consider all the possible names, male and female, in the Anderson and Thatcher families. But Alex flew into a fury of activity, planning a nursery arranging his business affairs, his insurance and his holdings to provide for the coming human.

Then, as though everything had been too easy to be interesting, they had a little mishap. In the third month of her pregnancy Gudrun lost her baby. There was really no reason for it, the doctor said; they must try to think of it as a sort of "reject," a pregnancy that had not quite "taken."

When it was over and she was back at home in bed, in their room where the grays melted into white and the whites into pink so that it was all like a large early-morning cloud, Gudrun wept out her heartbreak.

Alex said, "Darling, please don't." He held her close, trying to calm her. "Talk to me, maybe that will help."

She couldn't say anything except that she felt such a failure. "If you'd been having the baby, you'd have *had* it. The pregnancy would have *taken.*"

When the tension went out of her she lifted her head from his chest and looked at him. There was so much emotion in his eyes it was as though he spoke. Yet he said nothing.

"What is it? What are you thinking, Alex?" she asked him.

"I was thinking I wish I could cry," he said.

After that he had a bad cold. He had worked in rain and wind at Thatchertown where his houses were going up. The cold became pneumonia; the doctor sent him to the hospital and Peg entered their lives.

She came home with Alex from the hospital and attended him as though he were a baby, a not quite bright baby. It amused Goody to see her dictate to Alex.

"You'll make no more telephone calls today," Peg said. "You'll take no more, either." She shook her finger at him, and when men came on business she set a timer with a bell. If they delayed after the bell rang she said, "That'll be it for today, friends. I'll thank you not to breathe up all my patient's air."

Even Goody. "I think he'd better rest a little," Peg said when Goody had been with him a while.

"There are just a few questions I need to ask him."

"Why do you think there are so many widows, lamb? Too many askings. Now run along and play." She batted her eyelashes at Goody, those lashes that mascara turned into fences around the green lakes.

Alex mended quickly and Peg was gone—only she kept coming back. It was surprising how Alex, who was so busy and had his head so full of many important deals, never quite forgot Peg Gallatin.

He took her to lunch a few times. Forthrightly, when he came home, he would tell Goody, "Had lunch with Peg Gallatin today."

"Why?" she asked him once. "Wh do you like to be with Peg?"

"I've never stopped to think," he said, interested. "Because she's—I don't know—restful, I guess."

Her annoyance blew away. Such a funny idea, Peg Gallatin with her poster make-up and her brusque talk—Peg Gallatin, restful!

"Just the same," she said, "instead of meeting her in restaurants where people might see you and not understand, why don't we invite her here?" She was pleasant and intelligent about it, but she didn't like the situation much and she liked Peg even less.

Alex accepted her suggestion at once. He did not overlook the opportunities it opened.

WHEN they had the big open house to celebrate the completion of the cucumber-shaped pool he said, "Ask Peg, will you, Goody? I'll bet she'd like a swim and a drink."

The New Year's Day reception: "Ask Peg," Alex directed his wife. "Tell her to bring a guy with her, if she wants to."

Peg always came—sometimes with a man, sometimes without—but always wearing a little too much mascara, a few too many straps, spangles and veils. But Goody noticed that sometime during each party, Alex was with Peg, talking, listening and laughing. Goody wasn't jealous, watching them, but she was . . . something. It was as though she had prepared a full-course banquet for a husband who stopped off at a hamburger stand.

After a few months the doctor said they might try again to have a baby. Never tell a soul, never let it be known that this time Gudrun had been scared to have a baby.

She did an excellent job of acting. She talked about "the baby" as though such a person already existed and would come to them when its extensive itinerary permitted. She called Alex "Daddy" until he stopped her.

"The baby will call me Daddy," he said, "not you. You will call me Alex. Or Toots. Not Daddy."

"Darling, why not?"

"Because there are too many childless people who call each other 'Mother' or 'Father' or 'Daddy.' That is what

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they do *instead* of having children. I don't want any 'instead.' I want my child--my children."

But as the months went by, Goody began to believe she would escape this fearsome burden of women. She was never going to have a baby. She had her taffy-yellow hair cut a new way and ordered a series of dresses that hugged her ribs and waistline.

Five weeks later the laboratory rats spoke. "Positive," they said. She accepted the doctor's congratulations and her smile was like a trapped animal's while she pulled this way and that to get out—only to get out.

SHE drove to Thatchertown to lean on Alex. She found him in the frame of a house, half built. When she told him, he lifted her from the unfinished flooring and kissed her. She saw that this time, since he could not tolerate inactivity in any project that was his, she was *it*. Her health, well-being, Alex was going to see to them.

The fabled morning-sickness, she had it. The doctor assured her that these spasms were not necessary, that if she didn't know other women had had them, she wouldn't either. Necessary or not, she did. What was more, Alex had them too.

Certainly it was companionable. Weak, laughing and miserable, they would cling together. Once he cried out, "We're taking this too hard, having a baby. It's natural."

She rested on his lap in a terrace chair outside their bedroom. She did not answer, but she thought: To have a baby is *not* natural. Surely it has never happened before. It is a fantasy, an invention from outer space. A living thing within a living thing . . . For the first time she realized that she would have her child alone—all alone.

Then the doctor said she should walk. They walked. Alex wore a pedometer to see that they went the full distance. She must have enough sleep; he timed it and shared it. She must take iron, calcium; he carried them for her and measured them into her palm. She asked him why he didn't take some himself and he did, forthwith.

After the child had firmly settled itself for growth and the nausea was over, she began to want cold food: pineapple, pickles, strawberries. He brought them and ate them with her.

This child she was carrying was his project and his vocation. And when the life within her made itself manifest to his touch, then he was like Monte Cristo, who never later found a treasure as great as the human within rapping distance of his cell. He said, his face rapt, "It's a miracle, truly."

She throve. When the thriving was a little excessive and the doctor cut her menus so she would not gain too much weight, Alex counted calories with her and, himself, went on the diet — Alex, who would never be fat.

She laughed at him. "Never mind," he said, "we want to do this right. Stewed tomatoes won't hurt me." . . .

The months went on, the time grew near and she was wrapped, as most women are, in euphoria, so that she never seemed to be impatient or annoyed, and her weariness was like the curling of a kitten. When the doctor said it would be soon, she telephoned her mother down at the ranch.

"Hello, dear," her mother said and Goody seemed to see the big quiet ranch house, the tack room down at the stable, the kennels.

"Are you coming up for the baby?"

"I don't know. I've got to stay here for Siska. She's about due."

Siska was Empress Philomene Siska, an aristocratic Dalmatian matron, and it was Goody's misfortune to come to term at the same time as her mother's best breeder.

"But, Mother . . ."

"Never mind," her mother said briskly. "You're going to be fine and have a fine baby. You have a good obstetrician. *I* am Siska's obstetrician and I can't leave the patient."

There was still Alex to depend on, but in Alex, no euphoria. He was thin, high-strung, sleepless. But to Goody he was a pillow, a carriage, a wall.

Until at last it was the Day. Today. Six in the evening. It is beginning. Goody thought. I am alone. She opened the door marked *Preparations Room* and went inside.

COLLIER'S

"Get ready! The twenty-seventh car has just started to move!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

It looked a little like part of a steam-bath establishment, tile and water and slabs. A preparations nurse took charge of her, helped her undress and went to work; neither kind nor unkind, impersonal as justice.

Moving as she was directed, subject to these indignities, Gudrun spoke to the prep nurse. "I've decided I don't like this," she said. "Just give me my clothes and I'll go home." A joke with little teeth of truth in it. "I don't much like all this."

The prep nurse did not laugh or pause. She said dryly, "Too late now. No turning back. Bring out that baby; it's the only way out of this fix."

A fix, a dilemma, a predicament! Lying naked on the cold stone slab, for the first time Gudrun understood that the phrase is not "to deliver a child," as though it was a package or a message, but "to *be* delivered of a child!" Meaning to be rescued from it, to be saved.

Since her own birth it was the first time she had met a situation in which she had no choice, in which no argument was possible. She lay paralyzed with panic, understanding that her existence was involved.

The prep nurse spoke again: "Nothing so unusual about this, you know. All the people in the world got here the same way."

But it's me! Gudrun thought, it's me! She was silent, completely still. Submissive, quiet as any bitch or mare, she hung on for her life.

"Alrighty," said the nurse, stepping back as though she had finished a portrait. "Now they take you to Labor."

After the strange dankness of the Preparations Room the Labor Room was snug and reassuring, rather like a bedroom.

The doctor came, with a gentle lack of excitement. He timed the pains, checked the dilation and assured her she was getting along just fine.

It was no longer an ordeal but a marvelous, mounting excitement. "I'm not too brave," she said. "I'm not a heroine, like those natural-birthers. I don't want to feel everything."

"I don't see why you should suffer," he said. Dear Dr. Lepmann, suddenly how handsome he was. "Scientists have been working many years just so you won't have to. You tell me when it hurts too much and I'll help you."

It was as though she were an airplane that had been in the building for many months and now, today, would take off in flight. She enjoyed it objectively, as maybe an airplane does: the readying, the tightening, the pumping and priming. The pain itself was a kind of urgent knocking, as though fate were waiting, growing impatient.

SUDDENLY it was eleven o'clock at night. She had thought time would drag but it flew. It was all different from what she had expected. What had she expected anyway?

"I think we can go into Delivery," Dr. Lepmann said the next time he came in, and she thought: Now the plane is being wheeled from the hangar and the sun is shining. For they had given her something, and the lights of the Delivery Room were dazzling with multicolored halos.

It was warm and clubby in the Delivery Room. The nurses stood around waiting for her, the new member. Her excitement reached a new peak; she was happy and unafraid.

Then came a confused time; nothing was clear—there were voices over voices and movements against movements, like two strips of film run simultaneously. The crowded haziness fell off into perfect black nothingness.

Suddenly there was a perfect moment of lucidity. She heard a baby cry. Her baby. It had happened! Opening her eyes she saw, against the lights of the Delivery Room, her late lodger, red and angry—completely new and original, no one ever seen before, belonging to no family but the human—a child.

It was all over. Her child had been born and she, Gudrun, had survived. After a moment of elation she dissolved into unconsciousness and slept. It was the sweetest sleep of her life, the most deserved. There had never been relief so exquisite. It was all over.

FOR some time the sleep had been thinning out, graying. She clung to it as long as she could, snuggling down farther into the bed as though she could crawl back into that beautiful oblivion. Abruptly she was wide awake. It was today, yesterday's tomorrow when it was to have been all over. I am a mother, she thought, not believing it, and opened her eyes to see her own mother standing beside her bed. "Hello, Gudrun! Congratulations. I just got here. How do you feel?"

"Wonderful," Goody said. She felt not only wonderful but hungry.

A nurse stepped up smiling, and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Thatcher. Do we want breakfast?"

"I'll say I do. What time is it?"

"About ten in the morning."

This was startling. So late. She looked around; she had never before seen this pink, tidy room. But it was home, the harbor. It was all over.

"How's the baby?" she asked the nurse, alarmed.

"Fine. We have a beautiful baby, Mrs. Thatcher." She disappeared and Goody looked at her flowers. Dear little Goody Thatcher has gone and had her first baby, the friends who had sent the flowers must have said. Let us congratulate her with china baby shoes filled with roses, and arrangements in potties of asters and zinnias. It was nothing, really, she thought, looking at the floral toys, nothing at all.

But she knew she would take the bows and enjoy them. For if having a baby was now no trick at all, it was at the same time a work of art.

It is a ballet of orderlies, she thought, and nurses. The doctors dance the solos and the mothers and infants are merely the subjects of the piece. She would tell Alex. Alex! "Where's Alex?" she asked her mother.

"He phoned me about five this morning," her mother said. "I got in the car and came along. Alex is probably at home, asleep."

"I didn't think you were coming," Gudrun said.

"Well, Siska whelped last night, a little ahead of time, and so I was free."

Whelped hardly seemed a polite word for the maternity floor of a hospital. "Is it a good litter?" Goody asked, not caring really.

"Only one bitch. Four dogs."

Listening for footsteps in the hall, Alex's footsteps, Goody said, "That's pretty good, isn't it? Four males?"

"I'd have liked at least another fe-

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male. Of course the dogs will bring good prices, but I wanted another bitch to keep."

"Why?"

"One would think you'd understand a bit more about animals. Out of a good litter I always sell the dogs and keep the bitches. They're much more valuable. That's where the machinery is. In the female."

The footsteps went by. Not Alex.

"Are you happy, Gudrun?" Mrs. Anderson asked.

GUDRUN replied dutifully. "Yes, Mother." Then she realized it was true. She let it come out, opening her arms to the flowers, to the pink-walled room. "I'm so happy I'm out of my mind! I've never been so excited, so—"

"Cried yet?"

"—so thrilled . . . Why 'cried'?"

"That comes next. That's the end. Then you'll have it out of your system. Birth. Way up, way down. Normal."

"I have no intention whatever of crying!" Her joy raised her indignation to overflowing, as water will spill from a cup that is already brimmed with wine.

"Intentions have very little to do with the whole business of birth," Mrs. Anderson said. "Good-by, Gudrun. I'll rest a bit and come back." Sealing her visit with a kiss on her daughter's forehead she said, "You look fine. You've done well." And left the room.

Left Gudrun to the telephone. "I Mr. Thatcher still asleep?" she asked the houseboy at the house she had left so long ago.

But Alex wasn't there. Her franti interrogation gained her little. Mr. Thatcher had not been at home since she herself left, yesterday afternoon. He had called at about five in the morning to tell Sam and Marty, the couple, that the baby had been born, that Mrs Thatcher was all right. That was all.

She lay back, shaken and sweating After a minute or two she called Thatchertown; perhaps Alex had gone directly to work. But Alex's secretary said she had not seen him. He ha awakened her at five to tell her the news and ask her to carry the tidings. Since then, no word.

The nurse came back with the breakfast tray, which she set aside while she brought a washbasin. "Shall we clean up a bit before we eat?" she asked.

"Were you on duty when my husband was here?"

"No." Water felt good on Gudrun's face, and the brush was a relief to her hair. "But I certainly would like to meet Mr. Thatcher. The girls told me he made about fifty telephone calls without stopping to take a breath. Half of them long-distance, too."

That was Alex, Alex the efficient, the doer. *Where was Alex?* "Do you know, did he leave any message for me?"

"No, but we might ask Miss Gallatin, the afternoon supervisor. The girls said he was with her." Her eyes were suddenly professional. "Now we mustn't be upset, Mrs. Thatcher."

Peg—that was it! Peg might know where Alex was. When the nurse left the room, Goody asked on the telephone for Miss Gallatin. No, of course she wasn't in; her shift was later.

She forced herself to drink her coffee, her milk. She was tired and frightened. She was angry too; she had just had a baby. It was unfair to let her be upset so soon afterward. When Alex came she would tell him that. He should see the light, she would shine it in his eyes.

Now footsteps came to her door,

COLLIER'S

"Well, George, how much do we think he can afford to pay?"

J. GORDON HOLT

heavy, a man's. But it was not Alex. It was Dr. Lepmann.

She greeted him as though he were her voice coach and she had, last night, sung her first operatic role. "Well?" she challenged him.

He knew she wanted praise. "A great job," he said.

"When do I see the baby?"

"Later today."

"I thought you woke up and there was your baby in your arms."

"Well, none of it was quite what you thought, was it?"

For the last time she told the truth: "It was easy," she said.

He was ready to go now. At the door he paused. "I've seen fathers and fathers," he said, "but rarely one as excited as your husband. I don't think he sat from the moment you came into the hospital. Good idea for Miss Gallatin to drive him home."

Gudrun Anderson Thatcher had been raised with the best people, and she knew how to act when it was revealed to her that her husband was involved with another woman. She did not shriek. "But he didn't *go* home!" She did not ask any questions nor allow her smile to dim.

But when Dr. Lepmann went on to his next patient she dived down into her misery and rage.

How could he, how could he! And on the day their baby was born! She turned her face against the pillow and the tears came, gushing like blood, more tears and wetter than she had ever shed in her life, convoyed by great uncontrollable sobs. At least they might have let her leave the hospital in happiness after her ordeal.

Alex—Alex and Peg. Finally she turned her face from the pillow. Her cheeks were scalded with salt, her eyes felt boiled, but she was no longer crying. She was—well, it was unbelievable—she was sleepy.

While she was considering the strangeness of it, she fell asleep. It was a deep and narrow sleep, like a little death. Hours later, when she awoke. Alex was just coming into her room.

Sleep had taken her memory. All her biography had been left in that deep channel of unconsciousness. She tried to identify the smiling man who swayed above her.

"Alex?" She tried the name in her half-waked voice.

"How do you feel?" His face was flushed, his eyes were very bright. He bent to kiss her, she moved.

"All right," she said, as though if she were not so brave she would let it be known that she lay dying.

"Look!" he said in high excitement, and she saw that he bore packages, "M"—triumphantly—"M is for mink, O is for orchids"—he brought out his prizes—"T is for tulips, H is for handmade lingerie"—more packages—"E is for emeralds, and R is for rubies. Put them all together, they spell 'Mother' and how does it feel to be one, Goody?"

He seemed drunk, lighted like the jewelry showcase the emeralds and rubies had come from, all shining and sparkly, lark high. She felt wept-out, cold and angry. At the heart of her anger was resentment.

"Did you and Peg have a nice time together?"

"Great gal, Peg," he said and then he knelt beside her bed. "I love you, my darling."

But she took her hands back. "Great gal," she said. "How nice for you to have a little chum when I'm in the hospital having your child."

PEG found them thus, Alex kneeling beside Goody. "When they give you that 'your child' bit, watch out!" Peg said. "Alex, get off the floor." She helped him up, straightened his tie.

"Oh, Peg," he said. "Isn't she terrific? To go through what she has, to do what she's done?"

In her gray suit, a little too tight, and her feathered hat, a little too red, Peg was still, in this environment, easy and official. "I know all about it," she said. "Now why don't you go down to the car and bring up that other gross of gifts and toys you bought for Goody and the baby." She had the bald nerve to wipe Alex' face with her handkerchief and, with a series of little pats, to get him through the doorway. Goody wasn't sure but she thought that, just out of sight, Peg kissed him.

Then she came back to Goody and took off her hat, ready for battle.

"Well," Peg said, "if you want to be witchy to anyone, here I am. Don't take it out on Alex. He's been through enough." Goody could see the green lights in her eyes.

"*Who* has been through enough? If you recall," Goody said, very dignified, "*I* had the baby."

"That's the point. He *couldn't* have it. Went through those nine months with you, every symptom and emotion. Then *you* have the kid and get

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it out of your system. But Alex is still tensed up, ready to bust, and no way to do it."

"Oh, how interesting," Goody said. "And did you tell him his wife doesn't understand him?"

"I didn't tell him anything. I followed where he led, trying to help him unwind. I drank champagne with him, I walked miles at dawn along the beach with him, more miles from shop to shop while he bought you everything he could think of. What a guy!" Professionally she wound Goody's bed down a foot, and a smile glimmered on her crimson lips. "I wish he were mine."

GOODY said, as loftily as she could from the horizontal, "Aren't you being presumptuous?"

"I'm a nurse, that's why I presume," Peg said, "and a friend of Alex' too. And I know darn' well you never had the slightest notion that the reason Alex had pneumonia was because you had a miscarriage, and Heaven knows what he'd have this time if he didn't get some emotional release. You silly baby, nature takes care of you; there is nothing so relaxing as having a baby. What's any guy got that compares with that?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Goody said. "I wish you'd leave."

"I'm due in my office in five minutes," Peg said, "and that's when I'll be there. Furthermore I *know* you don't know what I'm talking about. But you'll find out, Goody, you'll find out who's strong and who's weak, who leans and who supports, who can take the punishment and who is delicate. You'll find out or you'll lose him to death or divorce."

She rolled the bed down so that Goody lay flat.

The mention of the word "divorce," her own lowered position and Peg's sudden towering combined to make Goody anxious.

"How long were you and Alex together?" she cried, craning her neck.

"Long enough, sweetheart, long enough. And the last months of a woman's pregnancy are hard on a red-blooded American boy." Now that she had rolled Goody absolutely flat, Peg looked at her, hands on hips, as a prostrate opponent. "You know I'm teasing you, Goody. You know your guy too well. But don't think I wouldn't if he would!"

She picked up her hat. "I just wish I could convince you of this: most men wish they could bear their own children, have the whole experience. That's what makes them—the way they are. Why do you think a rooster crows while a hen is satisfied to cluck?" Her composed, triangular face did not soften for an instant. "I hate to mention it since you think you invented the process, but I have children too. A girl ten, a boy fourteen. And no husband any more. So I know what I'm talking about."

She pulled open the heavy door.

"You don't look old enough," Goody called after her.

Her fingers already unfastening the buttons of her jacket, Peg said, "Having babies gives a woman a lot, including good gland functions. Ever heard of it doing anything for a man?"

Now there was the sound of many footsteps in the hall. It was late afternoon. The husbands were coming to the maternity wing—the fathers who were not permitted to see their babies except through glass, the fathers who came when they were allowed and went away when they were dismissed, the fathers who were the cause of the whole thing.

The footsteps of the father of Gudrun's child came to her door. His elbows opened it, his arms were loaded with gifts. Alex came to her bed, kissing her as gently as though she were a snowflake that would melt at a touch. "My girl," he said. "My darling. My brave Goody."

For an instant it occurred to her that he had had no sleep since night before last, that he was very thin and that Peg had been trying to tell her—something. "How are you, darling?" she asked him.

"Me?" he said. "Who cares about me? How are you? Was it—bad?"

"Anyway," she sighed, "it's all over now." She rested, unconsciously adopting as her own experience the whole literature of woman's experience in childbirth—the pain and the terror. God's punishment since Eve. It was supposed to be terrible, maybe it had been. Maybe in some cases it still was. But if it had been changed now, made easier, no husband would know and no doctor would tell him. And some women would prefer to remember the worst, which had not happened. "It was"—Goody paused effectively—"but it's over now."

It was her moment to be worshiped and she would have it.

When he had petted and praised her, he asked where Peg had gone.

To her office, Goody said, and then asked, "Alex, would you mind awfully not seeing Peg any more? She—makes me nervous."

He laughed, he made a big good-humored scene about it. But in the end he made the promise she asked; it was her day, he could refuse her nothing.

A NURSERY nurse opened the door and stood revealed in her sterile uniform, her head swathed. "I'm sorry, Mr. Thatcher will have to go now. The babies are coming."

"I wish I could stay with you, Goody," Alex said.

"It's to protect the babies," she said. "Only mothers can see them."

"I know," he said.

He did look tired, a little disappointed too—or maybe frustrated. "Alex," she said softly, "did you ever wish you . . . could be the one to have our baby?"

"Only a thousand times," he said softly. "How did you know?" Then he laughed; he was Alex the busy and successful. "And waddle for months? And have heartburn? Are you kidding!" He kissed her one last time. "You have the babies," he said. "I'll work for them." And he was gone.

Just in time. To her door came the squeaky big teacart that carried on trays the baskets of the newborn. A nursery girl holding a bundle stood in the doorway, spelling slowly from the beads about the baby's neck. "T-H-A-T-C-H-E-R."

"Yes," said Goody triumphantly. "Give me . . ."

Carefully the nursery girl gave Goody her child. Only its face showed, sleeping, paler than at birth, lashless, without eyebrows, and flat of nose—a most beautiful sight.

"My son," Goody said, "my son." And was glad he was hers alone, and a male. He would never be subject to the afflictions of women. Alexander P. Thatcher, Jr., who would never, no never, have to be a mother.

—LIBBIE BLOCK

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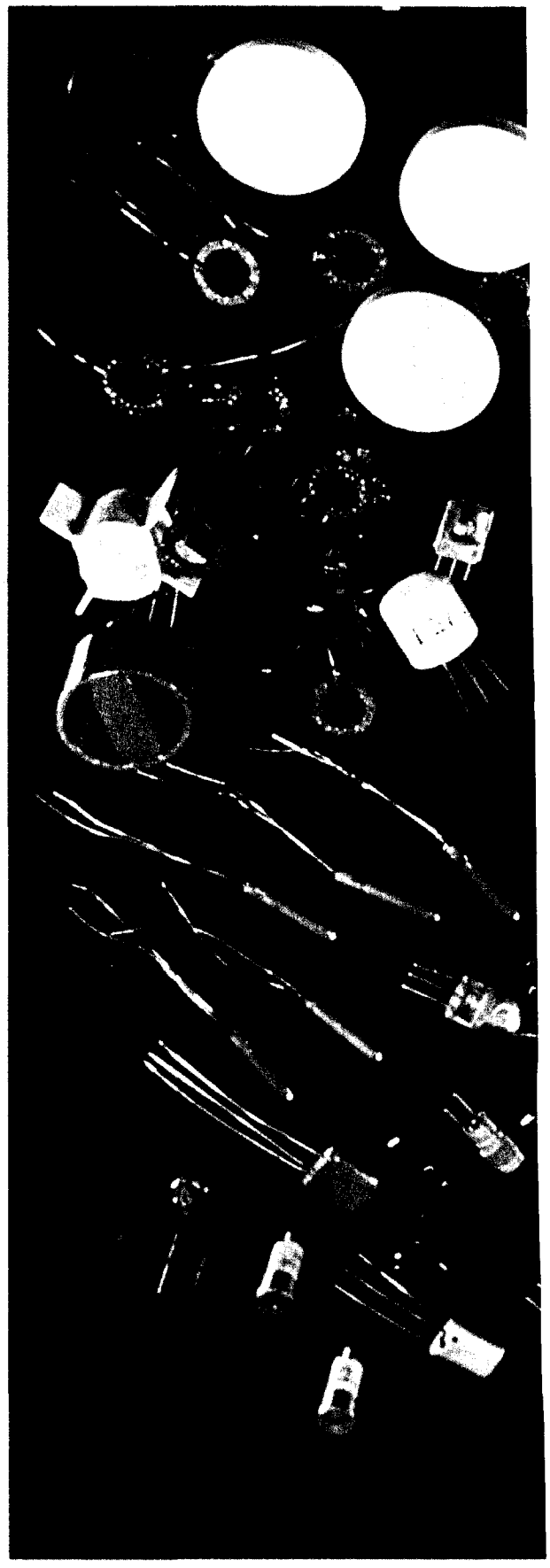
STEREATRONICS

A New Science that Will Change Your Way of Life

TV set of the future (as designed here by GE) is thin enough to hang on wall



Simple solids like these, some almost microscopical

Tiny solids are turning the electronics industry upside down. Some vibrate, others change light to energy or energy to light, or direct current to alternating. Together, they spell revolution

A NEW science, stereatronics, has been creeping up on us in the last few years and has started to make major changes in the way we live. Few of us have noticed any difference; the changes have come so quietly that even many of the people who are closest to the new science are surprised at what it has been doing. Yet the evidences have been all about us.

—Television sets are a great deal less expensive now than they were a relatively few months ago.

—More and more tape recorders are being sold. Five years back, they were too costly for most people. Ten years ago, they weren't to be had at any price.

—New phonographs sound better than models just a few years old. There are many reasons, but one important contribution is made by a new-style pickup.

Collier's for September 3, 1954

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nall, are destined to replace scores of the complicated inventions of the last 40 years, from vacuum tubes to the agitators in washing machines

—A recent innovation in automobiles is a headlight that dims automatically as another car approaches.

—Are you reading this magazine by fluorescent light? Its glowing tube was one of the first harbingers of the new science. The photoelectric cell that opens doors automatically was another.

The exciting fact is not only that these changes are occurring (they're insignificant compared to what's coming), but that they are caused by little bits and pieces of solid matter—tiny, brightly colored rings, wafers and blocks, many of them no larger than the letter "o" on this page.

Some of these devices are taking the place of complicated wire and metal electronic gadgets; others are performing jobs that are entirely new, even revolutionary.

These little objects, or stereatrons, are tipping the electronics industry upside down. New ways to use them are being discovered literally faster than they can be developed. Some of the solids give off power when light is applied. Others give off light when power is applied. Some vibrate with tremendous speed, a characteristic with great promise. Some change alternating to direct current, or amplify an electronic signal, or delay a signal for an instant—or remember it indefinitely.

In the latest television sets, certain stereatrons are replacing old-style rectifiers and transformers, at a considerable saving in cost (in addition, of course, the cost of TV sets has been cut sharply because of improved production techniques). The coating on the TV screen is composed of thousands of tiny stereatrons, and other stereatrons are beginning to take over the functions of the small tubes in all sorts of electronic equipment. The magnetic surface of the tape recorder, which "remembers" sounds fed to it, also consists of many tiny solids. Other solid devices are being used to help translate the vibrations of a phonograph needle into enjoyable sound.

Those are all *present* uses of the stereatron, and there are many more. The future uses—those expected in just a few years—are countless.

A dentist's drill being developed consists principally of a piece of nickel, one of the vibrating stereatrons; by vibrating 29,000 times a second, it sets up sound waves which drill quietly and less painfully. In the next few years, another vibrating solid may be used to operate a washing machine in which it is the only important moving part; its vibrations will literally shake the dirt out of clothes. Through the use of tiny stereatrons, refrigerators and air conditioners with no moving parts whatever also may be developed. Another device under consideration is a television screen so thin that it can be hung on the wall like a picture. A new clinical thermometer being made available to doctors makes use of a stereatron that reacts to heat; powered by a tiny battery, it shows a patient's temperature within seconds. Someday, not too many years from now, your house will light up automatically as the sun goes down—and the artificial illumination will come from the entire surface of your ceilings (or walls, or windows, if you wish), instead of from isolated bulbs.

Hundreds of other stereatronic devices are being planned which promise cheaper, more efficient, longer-lasting appliances, better communications,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JEROME YULSMAN

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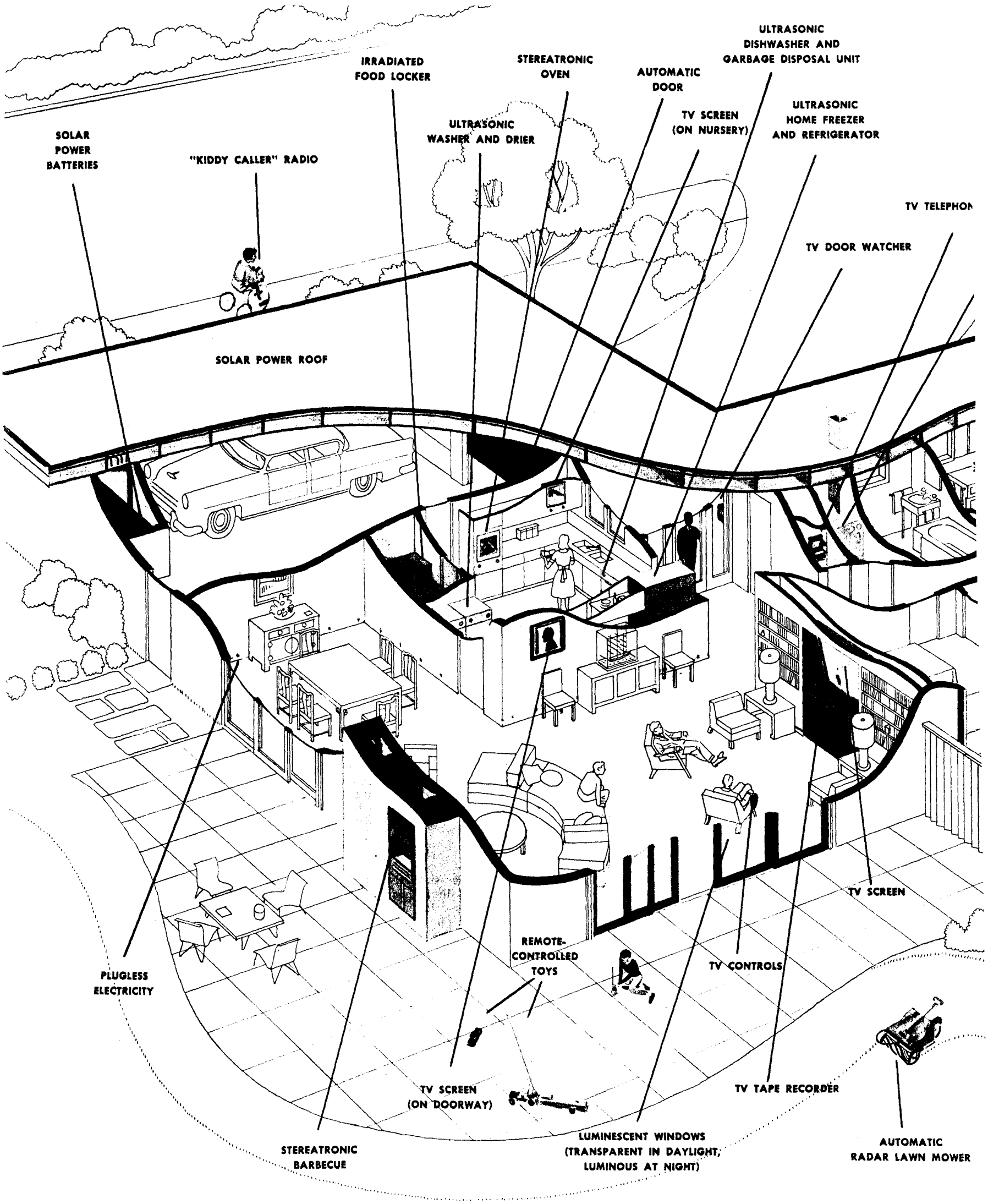
Stereatrons have brought the electronic dream house clo[illegible] to reality. It will hav



DRAWING BY ROLF KLEP

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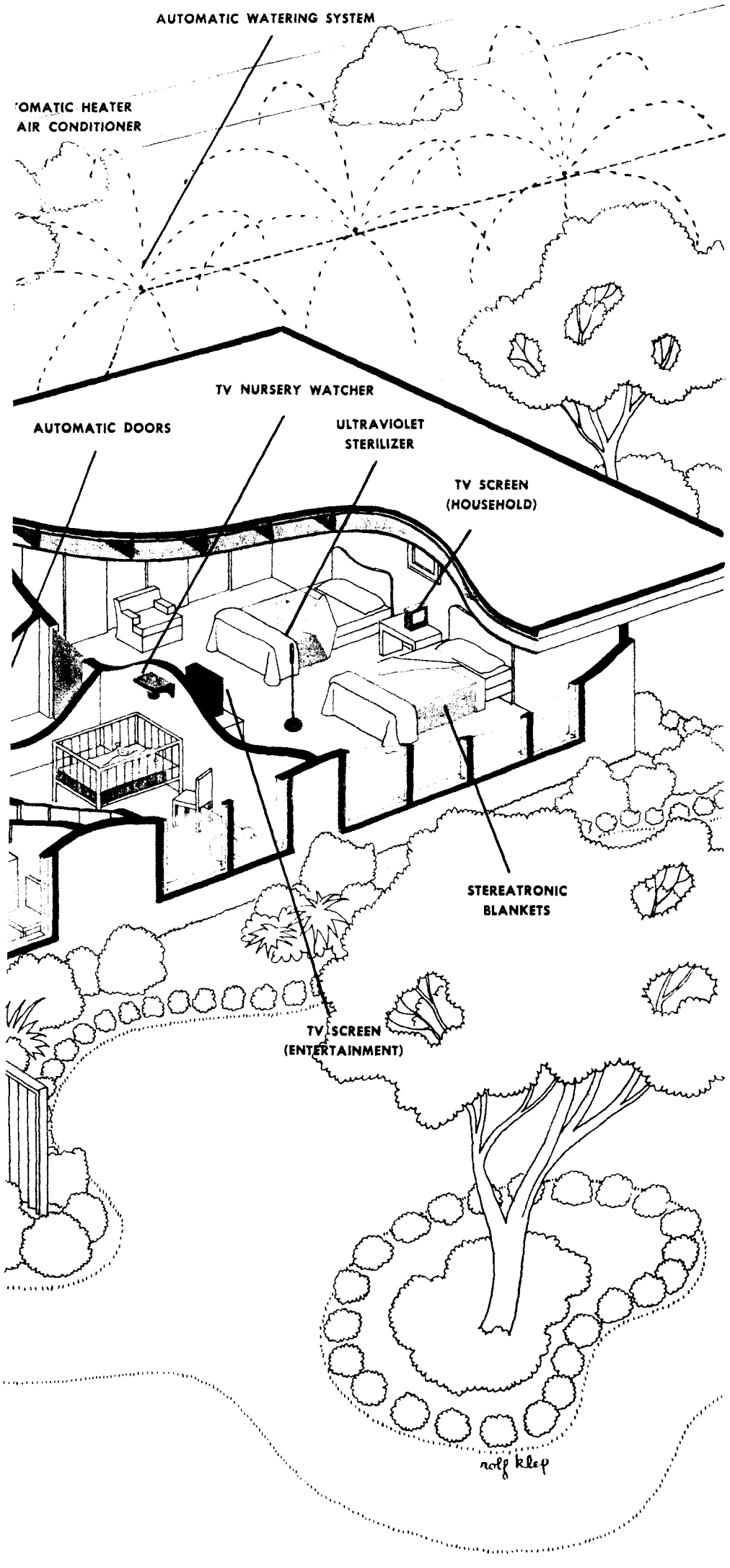

improved transportation, new kinds of entertainment—even a general rise in the standard of living, through stereatronically operated factories. One of the most exciting projects envisions a tiny portable radar set which may provide the blind with a "picture" of the obstacles that lie in their path.

Progress in the field has been so fast that the scientists working in stereatronics—electronics engineers, physicists, chemists, metallurgists, ceramicists and mathematicians, among others—haven't even had time to compare notes. As a result, stereatronics hasn't developed a language of its own, as sciences usually do. In fact, until recently the science itself didn't have a name; physicists said they were working on "solid state physics," chemists referred to "materials research," and others used such names as "electronic solids," "solid state electronics," or simply "solid state."

How the New Science Acquired Its Name

While this report was being compiled, the word stereatronics (ster'e·a·tron'ics) was suggested by Collier's to fill a need felt by all of these scientists. It was derived, after consultation with both electronics experts and etymologists, from the Greek word for solids, *stereos,* and the word electronics. Defined as, "the science of the controllable electronic performance of solids," it is already in use among scientists in the field.

The lack of a name, according to some researchers, was a major handicap. It prevented co-operation among scientists working on various aspects of stereatronics, because they were unaware of the work being done by others. It added just one more complication to a science already beset by complexities.

"It takes nearly a full year of close teamwork on these solid devices," Dr. Lloyd T. DeVore, chief of General Electric's electronics laboratory, told me, "before our scientists and engineers can even begin to understand one another."

Stereatronics is a difficult science largely because it deals with the electrical and mechanical properties of matter—properties which defied comprehension for years and which even now experts find astonishing. In its 40 years of existence, the electronics industry has produced a variety of complex tubes, coils, transformers and so on, which have made possible the marvel of modern radios, television sets, lighting and the like. Now scientists are finding that the stereatrons do many jobs just as well, and some a great deal better.

The ironical fact is that radio engineers stumbled on the first practical stereatron long before there was any such object as an electronic tube, but failed to realize its significance.

Do you remember the galena crystal in the "cat's whisker" radio of the 1920s? Nobody knew why it worked, but it did unscramble radio waves as they came in on an antenna, and at the same time transmitted enough energy to vibrate the diaphragms in a pair of earphones, so the radio waves became audible sound. The galena crystal had major shortcomings as a radio receiver. It wouldn't amplify the sound it received, and it was exasperatingly inefficient at pulling the right signal out of the ether; you might spend hours poking at it before getting the station you wanted. It ultimately was abandoned in favor of the more effective vacuum tubes.

"For all the years since," said Dr. DeVore, "we've been inventing wonderful gadgets in glass, wire and metal to make all our electronic equipment work efficiently—while all the time, if we'd only known it, nature, with a little help from us, could have done the same jobs at a fraction of the power and cost."

Today nature is getting a second chance. One of the most important results will be the miniaturization of all sorts of electronic apparatus, from bulky computers to portable radios.

Some of the computers now in use are so big they occupy whole buildings. The same machines, using stereatrons, will be packed into a space not much larger than a couple of filing cabinets. Furthermore, they'll be more efficient, more economical and longer-lasting than any computer which can be made today.

Other examples are even more striking.

"Most modern electric-powered locomotives," Dr. Paul Jordan of GE told me, "operate on alternating current because direct cur-

Stereatronic house of future may derive energy from sun, particularly if remote from conventional power. Plugless electricity will do away with wall outlets; appliance works when stereatron-tipped wire is set against wall containing electric circuit. Stereatronic barbecue will use radar. Watering system uses humidity-controlled stereatron; when lawn is dry, device starts water for as long as needed. TV screens show regular programs or adjacent rooms, as desired

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Dr. L. Devore, GE, compares radio of today and (right) all-stereatronic set of the future. Disks are speakers

Swedish firm has developed a phone which, through use of transistors, is operated by push-button control

rent is impractical to transmit for long distances. Alternating current is less effective than DC, though; the locomotive would be much more efficient if it could change the AC to DC before using it. But the rectifier required for the job would have to be ridiculously large—about the size of the locomotive itself. At least, it would have had to be that large once." He reached for a box and sifted a dozen silver-colored wafers into his hand. "These will do the trick soon," he said.

Dick Tracy's Wrist Radio Was Prophetic

Some years ago, cartoonist Chester Gould imaginatively presented his comic-strip character, Dick Tracy, with a portable radio which could be worn on the wrist. Today the electronics industry is catching up with Gould's imagination; there's scarcely a concern in the highly competitive industry that doesn't have plans for a vest-pocket-sized radio receiver that will dispense with present-day tubes, wires, sockets, transformers and chassis.

"The innards of tomorrow's little portable receiver," Dr. Irving Wolff of RCA told me, "will be nothing more than a small loud-speaker and a plastic plate with some lines and bumps in it. The lines will be a printed electrical circuit—metal strips etched into the plastic—and the bumps will be the little solids that will do all the work. A tiny battery will run the whole works for a year."

It will be some years before you can buy one of the little portables. They're expensive—and military needs come first. Nearly every type of stereatronic device now being manufactured is going to the armed services. Solids are replacing various components in radio transmitters and receivers, radar sets, antiaircraft target calculators, weapons-control systems, submarine acoustical apparatus, aircraft computers, guided missiles and the like.

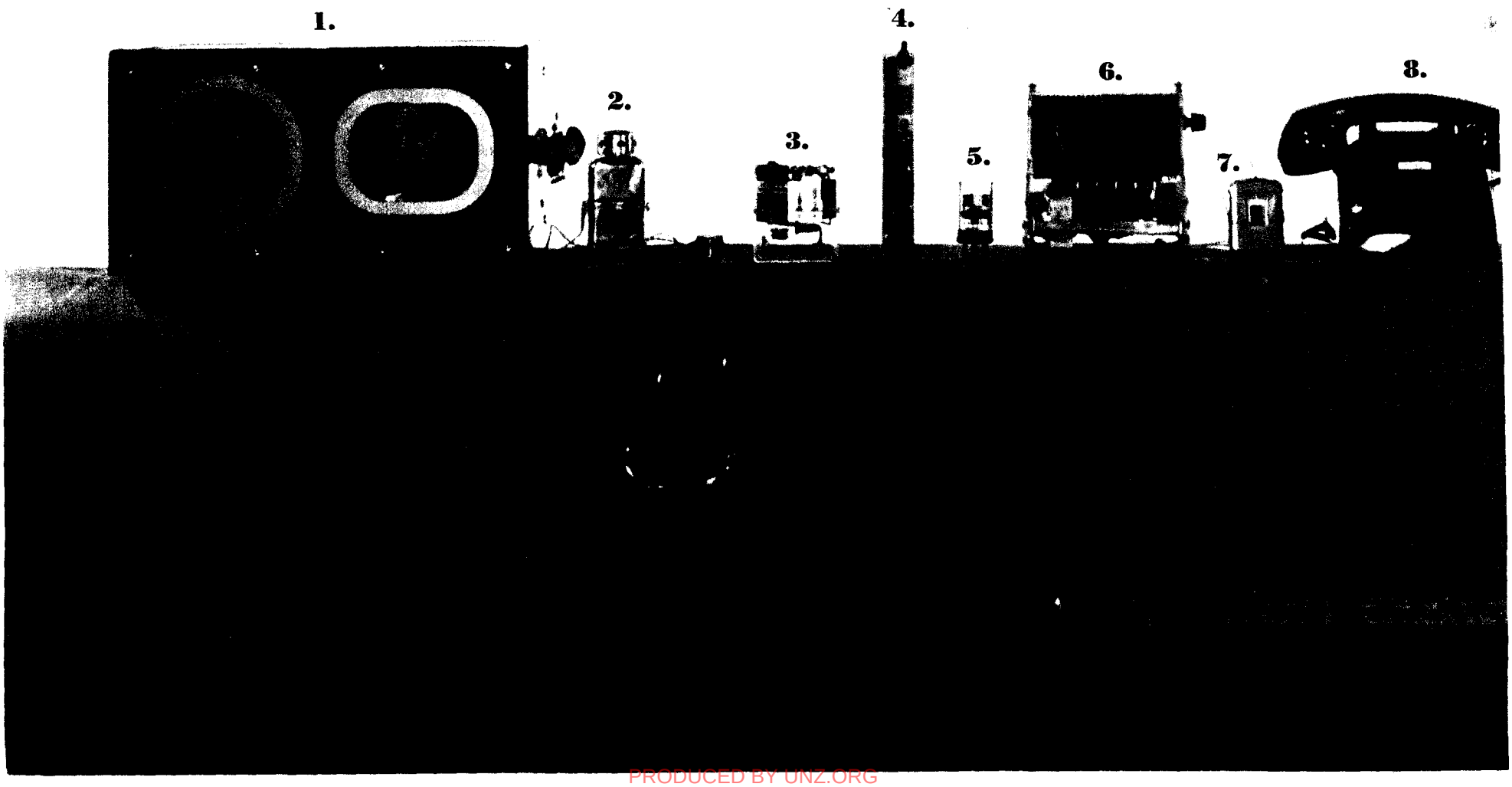
But once the requirements of the services have been filled you can expect a gradual flow of stereatronic equipment which, over the years, will touch on nearly every aspect of your life.

The greatest impact will occur in your home.

For years, there has been talk of a dream house that would be equipped with telephone-TV, ranges that cook meals in seconds, electronic temperature controls, automatic room lighting, and a long list of other highly desirable features.

"All of those advances have been technically possible for a long time," Dr. Wolff said, "but they were impractical, physically and economically." Hundreds of vacuum tubes, numerous metal components, miles of wire and great quantities of power would have been needed to make the equipment work—all at great cost.

Today the dream house has been made practical by stereatrons. Stereatron-studded wiring, strung inside your walls, will provide plugless and shockless induction power; a stereatron touching the outside of the wall will pick up current without requiring an outlet. Electric power will be less expensive, too: stereatrons used by the power company will help cut the cost of producing electricity, and the stereatronic appliance in your home will need less power.



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Some of the most important changes impending will be caused by the phosphor particle, a stereatron that gives off light when power is applied to it. A coating of phosphors is what makes the inside of a fluorescent light tube glow; and the same kind of coating, made bright in some places, dark in others, causes the picture to appear on your television screen.

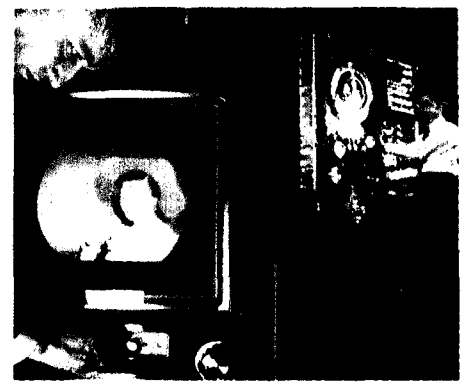
A wall or ceiling panel coated with phosphors would become a source of light if an electric current were passed through it. Hook up a series of such panels to another of the stereatrons, one that reacts to the slightest change in outside light—and you have a setup that will turn on your house lights automatically as twilight falls, and keep increasing the intensity of the artificial light as the outside darkness increases.

Prospects for Picture-on-the-Wall TV

A new method of carrying electronic impulses to the phosphors on your TV screen will ultimately make possible picture-on-the-wall television. Instead of the bulky picture tube which now comprises nearly half your TV set, you'll have a flat screen that will be connected to your receiver by a few wires, and can be hung anywhere. The reason for today's long tube is the need for a so-called electron gun at the small end; it bombards the phosphor-coated screen with impulses that cause the tiny stereatrons to glow. The new screens will have a network of hair-thin wires which intersect behind each phosphor dot; as a signal hits the point where the wires cross, the phosphor speck will light up to any degree of brightness that's ordered. The pictures can be in full color, of course.

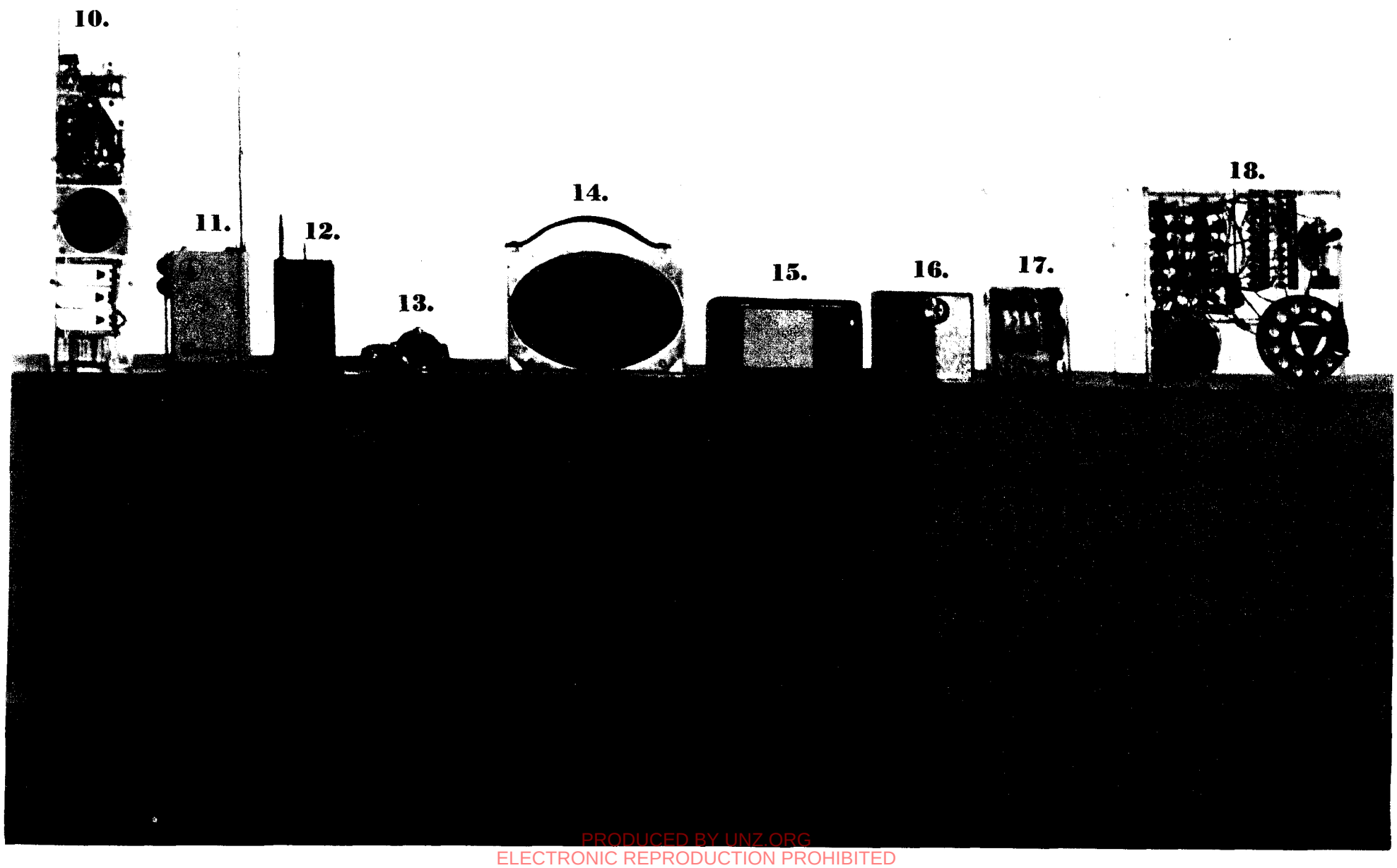
Stereatronic advances will bring down the cost of television sets so that it will be practical to have a number of receivers and screens in your house. They will provide not only entertainment, but closed-circuit communication within the home, when used in conjunction with small, portable TV cameras (RCA calls them TV Eyes). The new cameras, about half the size of a telephone directory and weighing only a few pounds, will let you keep an eye on Junior in the playroom at the flick of a switch, or check to see who's calling when the front doorbell rings. The effectiveness of these midget cameras lies in a stereatronic coating on the face of a tube known as the Vidicon. This substance, a compound of antimony and sulphur, is sensitive to light. It also has certain properties which enable it to transmit as a TV signal the light variations (or pictures) it picks up—skipping a whole series of complicated amplifying operations required by large studio cameras.

The RCA Vidicon tube (other companies have cameras of their own, some employing the Vidicon) costs about $100 at present. The tube which does the same job in a studio camera is considerably more sensitive—but it's also 15 times as expensive, partly because it's so hard to manufacture that every second tube made has to be discarded because of imperfections. Of course, the Vidicon tube is only part of the camera; the complete Vidicon camera costs about $900, far too much for general



A new stereatronic tape can record both sound and picture for video. Screen above shows how image looks

One TV color screen uses phosphor lines—shown magnified—"trained" to reproduce given color on demand



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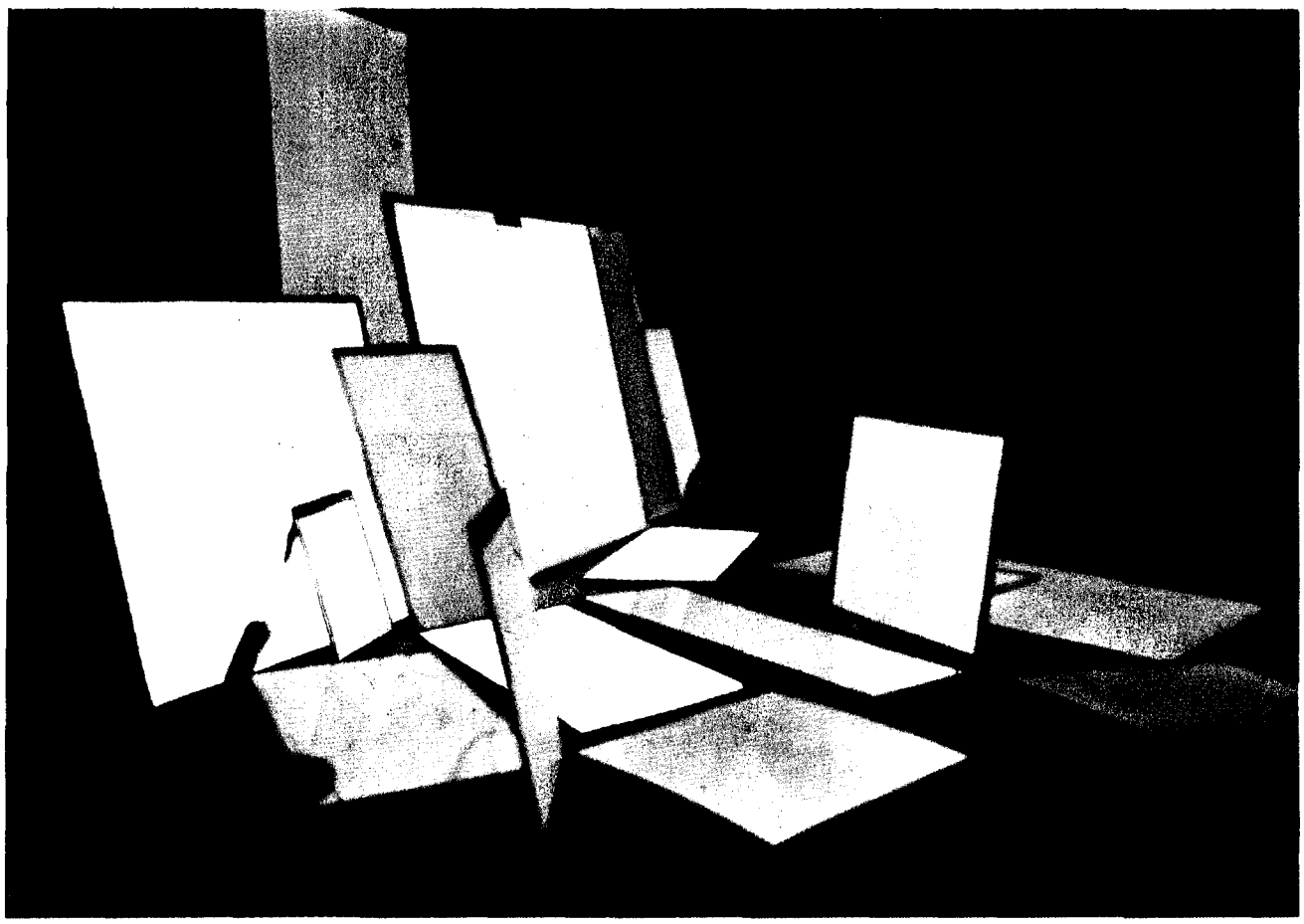
One stereatronic experiment, though still at an early stage, holds dramatic promis



Panels that light when current is applied to them may someday illuminate your house. Light is dim now (as shown by face of Sylvania worker Grace Daly) but future versions will be brighter

household use. However, the addition of other stereatronic devices is expected to lower the price substantially—perhaps down to $150 or $200.

And that will be a bargain indeed—because besides watching the baby, the Vidicon camera can be adapted to take home movies on magnetic tape. No processing will be required and you won't need a special projector. You'll simply play the video tape back through the recording apparatus and see on your TV screen, in full color and with sound, the pictures you shot a few minutes before.

New Fields for Tape Recordings

You'll also be able to use your recording apparatus to tape your favorite television shows. Moreover, you'll be able to buy video tape recordings of musical stage shows, just as you now purchase your phonograph records or 16-millimeter home movies.

Color video tape recording has already been developed experimentally, but for studio use only. The method is somewhat similar to standard sound-recording techniques on magnetic tape, but much more complicated.

The tape is covered with magnetic oxide particles. As it passes through the recorder, the tape picks up and stores away five signals, which comprise a sort of electronic shorthand. There's one signal each for the three primary colors, another for the sound track and a fifth which synchronizes sight and sound (the tape "remembers" the five signals because the electronic impressions rearrange the form of the magnetic coating). When the video tape is played back, this compact code, like a punched music roll on an old-time player piano, reproduces all the signals simultaneously as sound-and-color TV. Right now the process requires a complicated battery of equipment which fills one whole wall, but in time, RCA Chairman David Sarnoff says, "low-cost video tape equipment of simpler and more compact design than the studio-type apparatus we now have can be made available."

Television also will be adapted, eventually, for use in conjunction with the telephone. But that advance will take a while, perhaps 20 years or more. Sending a TV picture from one room to another is a fairly simple procedure. Sending it to the house down the block is somewhat more difficult, because no simple equipment now known will transmit a picture over any substantial distance without amplification. City-to-city transmissions require the use of coaxial cables; the latest cables are capable of carrying 3,600 voice signals (that is, 1,800 conversations)—but of the cable's 3,600 channels, no less than 1,200 are needed to carry a television picture! To be sure, TV pictures can be transmitted through the air without the use of wires, but there simply aren't enough frequencies in the spectrum to carry the number of pictures that would result from widespread use of TV-phones.

It's a difficult problem, but not insoluble. As more and cheaper circuits come into existence and new transmission methods are developed, the videophone will become available. You'll just have to wait a little longer than for some of the other stereatronic advances.

But you won't have much of a wait for another telephonic development. By making use of the transistor (the most famous of the stereatrons, consisting of a tiny solid within a plastic or metal case), Bell Telephone engineers have already made direct long-distance dialing available in some communities, and they hope to have 20 exchanges converted to it by the end of this year.

The transistor will improve telephonic communication in other respects, too. Jack A. Morton, in charge of transistor development at Bell Laboratories, explained how.

"In a modern telephone switching office, to handle 10,000 subscribers at top speed we need 40,000 to 50,000 relays or switching units," Morton told me. "We'd like to replace these metal units with vacuum tubes, which work 1,000 times as fast. But the average tube has a life expectancy of only a few thousand hours; with 40,000 tubes, we could expect one to fail every six minutes. And think of the heat the tubes would generate; obviously, tubes would be impractical.

"Transistors may solve the problem. They'll do the same job as vacuum tubes, using only a fraction of the power. Unlike tubes, they need no warmup. And above all, they're rugged: you can drop them or shoot them out of a gun—there's nothing to break. Properly made, they should last years."

Transistors for Smaller Hearing Aids

Some transistors are already on the market, but they cost from $3.75 to $50. Ultimately they should be available for less than a dollar. Meanwhile, they are being built into at least one consumer product. Zenith, Sonotone and Maico have used the little solids to replace tubes in hearing aids; as a result, the appliances have been reduced to about the size of a cigarette lighter—small enough to be hidden in a woman's hair.

Within the next few years, more and more transistors will be channeled into civilian production. That doesn't mean you'll be able to yank the tubes out of your radio and substitute the little stereatrons. New circuits will be needed; you'll have to buy another radio. But—eventually, at least—transistorized radios and TV sets will be cheaper than present sets, and much longer-lasting.

Industry is already gearing up for the transistor bonanza. A number of electronic manufacturers—including such major firms as Raytheon, RCA, GE, Philco, Westinghouse, Sylvania and Western Electric—are producing transistors. Others, like Zenith, Capehart, Admiral, Arvin, Emerson, Crosley, Hallicrafter and Stromberg-Carlson, have teams of researchers at work developing experimental transistorized equipment.

"It's like an Oklahoma land rush," said Professor Frederick Seitz of the University of Illinois, one of the pioneer solid-state physicists. "Nobody can afford to lag behind."

Bell Laboratories, which invented the transistor, recently announced another new device that's even more spectacular (although of limited usefulness so far): the world's first efficient solar power system.

The sun showers the earth with more than one quadrillion (1,000,000,000,000,000) kilowatt-hours of energy daily—comparable to all the energy in the world's reserves of coal, oil, natural gas and uranium—and almost every bit of it goes to waste. The greatest efficiency achieved up to now in converting sunlight directly into power has been about one per cent—for example, in the photoelectric cells in photographers' light meters. Bell's experimental solar power set (which, incidentally, is not much larger than a light meter) is six times more efficient.

The pocket-sized Bell solar energy converter is simply made. It consists of 10 razor-blade-thin wafers of specially treated silicon, each 2¼ inches long and half an inch wide. These sensitive strips are linked together with thin wires which run to two terminals. From the terminals the converter is connected to the power-consuming appliance.

When the sun's rays hit the sensitive silicon, sufficient power is produced to run low-current equipment; in demonstration, the device ran a cigarette-pack-sized transistorized radio and a toy Ferris wheel. Although Bell scientists estimate that in its present experimental stage it would take about 25 square feet of silicon wafer to keep a 100-watt lamp burning, the efficiency of the device is expected to increase considerably. Even now, telephone engineers are considering using units to run low-power mobile equipment or as battery chargers for amplifiers in rural telephone systems.

To power a small home from the sun's rays right now you'd need a silicon-surfaced roof covering a quarter acre or more—plus a battery so big it

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would fill two rooms, to store power for use at night. But scientists believe the solar-powered home may become practical someday, at least in parts of the world where conventional electrical power is now nonexistent or extremely expensive.

Although it's doubtful that solar power will be cheap enough in our lifetime to power great factories, other stereatronic advances may revolutionize the operation of industry. Chief among these are the projected computers—small in size, efficient beyond anything now known, and cool in operation. Even the relatively clumsy computers of today are taking over many industrial chores, particularly in accounting, inventory-taking, and certain self-service operations. The streamlined "electronic brains" of the near future may take over the whole factory.

"Suppose," said Dr. Samuel B. Batdorf of Westinghouse, "that a factory requires 100 machines to manufacture its product, all doing different jobs and running at differing speeds. Today, 100 operators are needed to watch the dials and regulate the speeds. In principle, one computing machine could do the job better, 'reading' one dial in a few millionths of a second, and instantly sending instructions to motors controlling the speeds. Then the same computer could turn its attention to the next machine, and so on. It would take about one second to control all 100 machines. One reason it hasn't been tried so far is the limitations of the vacuum tubes. But solid devices make it possible."

Devices That Will Benefit the Blind

The new science of the solids seems certain to change the world in highly dramatic fashion. But what may be the most dramatic change of all will affect only a tiny minority of the world's population: the blind.

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology a team of scientists under the direction of Dr. Clifford M. Witcher—himself blind—is developing an electronic-stereatronic bag of tricks which eventually may make it possible for a blind man to "see" where he's going through a series of impulses communicated to his hand. The scientists have most of the facts they need right now, but—as MIT's Professor J. Earl Thomas puts it—"the blind man would need a trailerful of tubes, radar equipment and other components." Stereatrons, by sharply reducing the size of the equipment required, will go a long way toward solving that problem.

At present Dr. Witcher is working on a preliminary device which indicates to a blind person the whereabouts of stairs, curbs and similar "step-down" obstacles. The blind man holds a boxlike apparatus with a light which scans his path; when it strikes something, the reflection causes the handle of the box to vibrate. "At the moment," said Professor J. B. Wiesner, director of MIT's electronics research laboratories, "the device is only experimental and years of development are needed before it can be made practical . . ."

"But eventually," Professor Thomas told me, "by using all types of stereatronic devices, we'll be able to produce a radar-type instrument which will paint a map in Braille for a blind person. My guess is that this apparatus will be about the size of a woman's handbag. The blind person will place one hand on the outside of the bag and feel the whereabouts of everything in front of him."

No one is more impressed by the tremendous new avenues of progress opened up by the stereatrons than are the scientists themselves. "You might sum up the significance of the new science this way," said Dr. Henry O'Bryan, manager of Sylvania Electric's physics department. "First came electricity, then electronics. Now we're beyond electronics into something just as far-reaching."

Or, as RCA's General Sarnoff put it: "Science and electronics are moving so fast that in ten years everything we're now seeing will be so obsolete that we won't recognize them . . ."

Dr. Clifford [illegible], of MIT, demonstrates his experimental device to assist sightless in locating obstacles. Light causes photoelectric cell to set up vibrations in box handle

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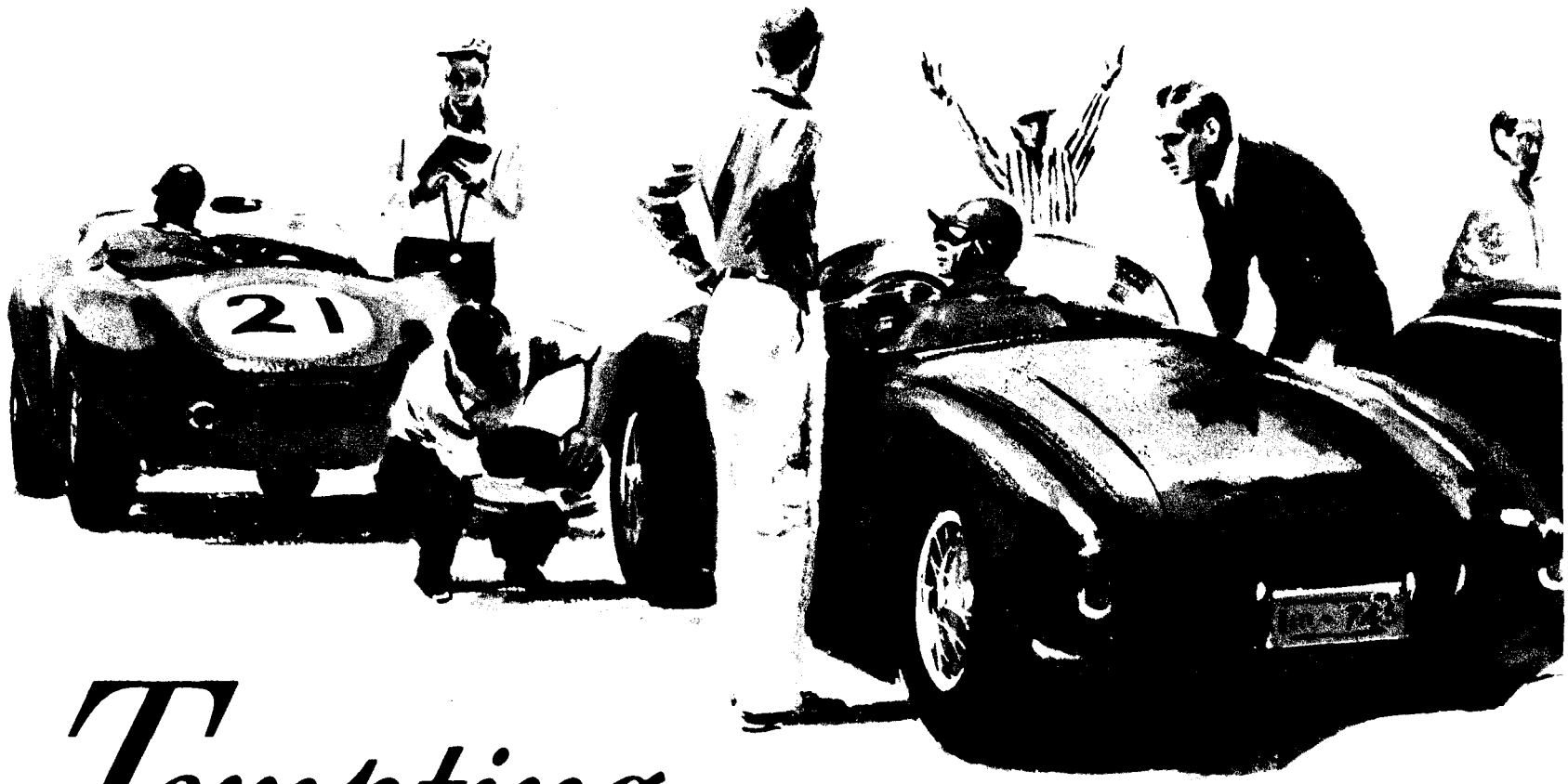
Buck could have Vickery's money and his daughter, just for the asking. All he had to do was play the game—Vickery's way



Tempting Proposition

By JOHN WALLACE

THE black-top road was coming at him in a rush as he held the car in a straight course. His hands lay lightly on the wheel, and he felt the car's response to each slight movement of his fingers. He glanced down once to the big tachometer, to the needle standing just over the four-thousand mark. That meant his speed was one hundred plus. He kept his foot down, kept the car in acceleration, until he saw the farm building that was his marker. Then he began slowing, touching the brake with gentle stabs of his foot.

The turn was coming up fast. Eighty, he thought: she should take it at eighty. But there were no hay bales there to receive him if she didn't: there were trees at the very edge of the macadam, and no open field to give him a fighting chance of killing velocity, of staying in the cockpit.

Well, he'd decided on eighty and now he was betting his life on it. In third gear, he held the tachometer shaded over forty-two hundred and then he was into the turn.

The edge of the bucket seat pressed against his side. His foot lay lightly on the gas pedal. Too much power and her rear end would break loose; too little and she would go into a skid. Either way—with no room to drift, no margin of control—the trees would take him.

The car went around the turn as though on rails. Like a goat, Buckmaster Smith thought; she's as sure-footed as a goat. He allowed himself one split second of exultation.

He eased the thrust of his arms, feeling the hard pressure of the seat against his side move to the small of his back as the car settled into a straight course again. A clean road, this, and one for terminal speeds. He dropped into fourth gear and pressed his foot down, all the way.

It was something, this high speed: it was the approach to another dimension, a new and private world to explore. Always when he drove fast, Buckmaster felt a deep sense of exhilaration and freedom.

But presently his excitement began to fade. The engine was heating up: the temperature gauge was climbing into the red. The tachometer was hovering over five thousand, giving him a good one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. Buckmaster Smith let up on the gas pedal. At three thousand revolutions he began slowing gradually until the temperature check points showed a drop. Then he stopped on the shoulder and cut his motor.

So much, he thought, for the maiden test run.

He loosened his safety belt and pulled off his crash helmet and gloves. The light breeze felt cold on his face. I'm sweating too much, he thought, jittering too much. When, presently, he lighted a cigarette, he noticed that his hands were shaking.

There's too much of the win-or-lose feeling this time,

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After Buck was belted in his seat, Ann gave him a good-luck kiss. She hadn't guessed that he intended to throw the race

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he thought, and too many people involved. He remembered "Parlay" Vickery's saying: "Take that *Grand Prix*, Smith. I've got the best public-relations outfit in town on retainer. Win that Caledon Cup and we'll really make something out of this road racing. Win it, and I'll have five thousand replicas of your car on the market while everybody else is still talking about it."

And Anne Vickery had said: "Just win, darling. It's all Daddy wants. It's all I want. Don't you see? There won't be any problems after that."

BUCKMASTER thought: Ah, no problems. No problems with the fabulous Anne Vickery as his wife! He recalled the first time he'd met her—a tall, slim, white-skinned brunette who, even though they were total strangers, had pushed her way through the crowd and kissed Buckmaster while he was still strapped in his car, exhausted after the hardest-won race of his career.

"You beat my brother," she had said. "Anybody who gets ahead of Jack Vickery is good." She had kissed him then, and Buckmaster—tired, dirty, and run-out as he was—had felt the stirrings of a deep fierceness within him. Later, much later, he was to recognize this as the Vickery family's passion for winning, a competitive lust that Anne's kisses transfused to him, which made his own keen pleasure in racing for its own sake seem pallid indeed.

And then there was brother Jack. Jack Vickery was a tall man, but with none of Anne's slimness. Jack was of heavyweight build, a genial product of money and the best schools. "I've decided to hate you, future brother-in-law," Jack had said after Anne and Buckmaster had got engaged. But Jack's geniality was no mask for his enmity. "I had the Vickery Corporation's sports-car money sewed up until you came along. But I can still buy professional drivers to beat your time. And I can drive too."

It had been Jack's plan to import an entire Italian racing house to manufacture in America under the Vickery aegis. And Parlay Vickery had been going along with the idea until his daughter became engaged to a man whose automotive designs, and whose driving, were very often beating the Europeans at their own game.

Vickery had examined the designs of each of Buckmaster's prototypes; he had examined, with care, their racing records; he had consulted with his production engineers. And then he had put the proposition to Buckmaster directly: make a prototype, make it a winner in the year's most spectacular event—the Caledon Cup—and the Italian idea would be dropped. The Vickery Corporation would put Buckmaster's car into production—with Buckmaster heading up the division and collecting royalties. . . .

The big time, Buckmaster thought now. He flipped his cigarette into the ditch and started his motor. Well, he'd always wanted to hit it, but it was like everything else worth having: it wasn't free; there was always a price tag. He shifted gears, turned off the township road his club had leased for practice, and began to drive sedately. He could still remember that interview, when the doors to the big time had been opened to him.

"Well, son," Parlay had said, "there it is. How much money do you need?"

They'd been in Parlay's office, one of his many offices, and Buckmaster could not help feeling awed. "Get me the comptroller," Parlay had said into a telephone.

"How much money do I need?" Buckmaster had said, not quite getting it at first. And then he'd said: "None. We're not doing it that way."

Parlay had put down the telephone. "Listen, son," he'd said. "I just made you a business proposition. This is no time for the poor-but-proud act. I mean to make lots of money out of this deal—if you produce the car I want. And you'll make money too. So let's not spare expense now."

"All my cars were built on credit," Buckmaster had said. "That's the way I'll build this one."

Parlay had leaned across his desk. "If Anne—"

"Leave Anne out of it," Buckmaster interrupted. "I just don't want you to own me. If the car proves itself, then you can buy it."

Parlay had studied him for a long time after that. Finally he'd said: "Smith, I've made bigger men than you eat that kind of talk. There are rich men in this country who are *glad* I own them. Let's say you are free to change your mind—and still leaving Anne out of it. I want a winner."

And right now, Buckmaster thought, if I don't find another couple of thousand to sink into this baby I might as well try for the Calendon Cup on a tractor.

Presently he drove up onto the broad apron of a place called Joe's Speedshop and killed his motor. There were several cars about: a couple of sports models fueling at the pumps, a stock sedan getting its engine worked over. Buckmaster waved at the drivers and went on into a building marked *Office*.

"Buckmaster, me boy," Joe shouted, getting up from his desk. "How did she go? She's a bomb, hey?"

"She's a dud," Buckmaster said.

"No!" Joe said. "You hear that, Betsy? Our boy is a failure."

BETSY, who was Joe's stenographer, secretary, stock girl and manager, said, "Not our boy. He's not our boy any more—he's Vickery's boy." She looked up from her ledger—a pretty girl, made somehow prettier, Buckmaster thought, by the heavy black reading glasses she wore.

"Betsy hates success," Joe said. "She hates money. That's why she works for me. Tell me about the car."

"It's the head," Buckmaster said. "She wanted to melt and run out of her own tail pipe."

"Ah," Joe said. "That engine should have gone on the dynamometer."

"The chance I took," Buckmaster said. "The damn' race is only two weeks away. Anyway, this head's machined to the limit. There's got to be an entirely new casting and machining job. So how's my credit?"

"Your credit's fine with me. But my credit isn't worth a damn with anybody else." Joe turned to Betsy. "Tell him."

Betsy looked up from her books again. "Thanks to you," she said to Buckmaster, "and several others like you, Joe's Speedshop is in the red. No-

Financial Plight

Money talks,
Often clamors;
Mine, however,
Merely stammers.

—LEONARD K. SCHIFF

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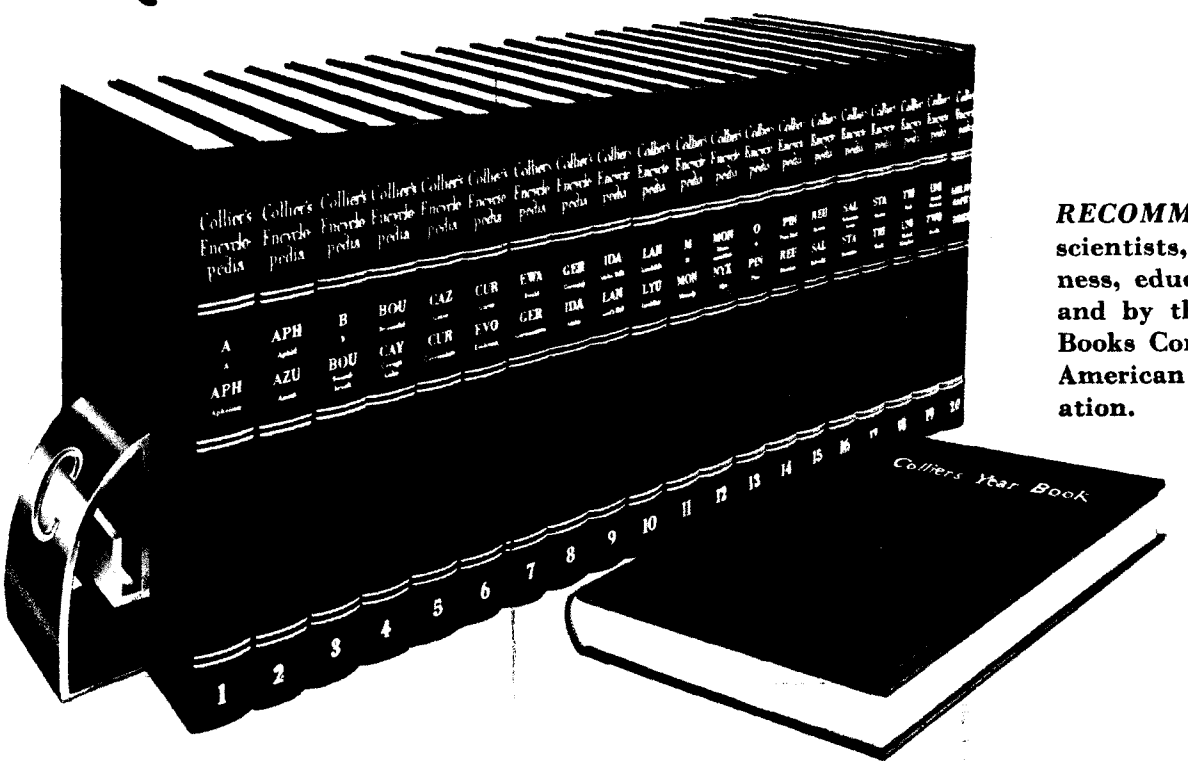

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body will supply us, and the banks don't like us any more."

"She's not kidding," Joe said. "Look, why not put it to old Parlay Vickery? After all, you've sunk all of your own money into the car—"

"That's just what the Vickerys want," Buckmaster said. "The car's going to be mine all the way."

"It's not as though your deal with Vickery was a secret," Joe said. "He broadcast it around himself."

"Everybody thinks he's backing you," Betsy said. "That got broadcast, too." She carefully didn't say who was doing the broadcasting on that one.

Buckmaster began to feel embarrassed and bitterly angry: the Vickerys were laying claim too soon. "Well, it looks as though I've got to take the Caledon or be an everlasting fool. Well, okay," he said, beginning to feel an intolerable soreness about the whole situation. "I'll take the damn' race if I have to kick holes in the belly pan and trundle it in!"

"That's the spirit, boy," Joe said.

OUTSIDE, Buckmaster was just about to start the car to put it away for the day when a big phaeton drove up and Anne Vickery got out.

"Buck, darling," Anne called, coming across the apron toward him. She was wearing handsomely tailored slacks—and wearing them very well indeed, Buckmaster thought.

"Buck, darling," she murmured, and bent and kissed him. Buckmaster could never get used to the savage excitement he felt after even her most ceremonious kisses. "I wanted to go with you today," she said with a touch of complaint in her voice. "I thought I deserved to be in on this test run."

"You know the rules," Buckmaster reminded her.

"*Your* rule, darling. But I just can't see the risk. After all, you always come back in one piece."

Buckmaster harbored a moment of guilt. Risk was only the minor reason for his refusal to take Anne out on high-speed runs. The mystic dimension that he had discovered in speed was Buckmaster's private territory. He had never been able to share it or to talk about it.

"Well," Anne said eagerly. "Have we got a winner?"

It was Buckmaster's temptation to say yes, yes, she's fine—and thus win time against the inevitable. It was his further temptation to suggest going to see her father right away. Nothing would save the show now except a big chunk of money.

"The car's a tiger," Buckmaster said. "But I can't get enough speed out of it."

Anne gave a small, tragic moan. "What can you do?"

"Look for more credit," he told her. "I need some casting and machining done in a hurry."

"Darling," Anne said. "I hate to harp, but when are you going to come to your senses and let Daddy—"

"And I hate to harp too," Buckmaster said. "But you know the answer. Suppose I did let your father back me and then didn't turn up a winner? What then?"

"Would that be any different from owing other people?"

"Yes," Buckmaster said. "It would."

He could feel her anger mounting. "Honestly," Anne said, "you're being childish, Buck. You really are. Look, we all want you to win. Daddy does. I do. You do. Even Jack will come around, because—"

"Because the Vickerys can't resist a winner?" Buckmaster felt himself grinning, a little nastily.

"All right! Why shouldn't we like winners? That's the way you get on top, winning." Anne came around to the far side of the car and slid gracefully into the other bucket seat. "Look," she said earnestly, "you've got to come down to earth, Buck. Jack has two new cars just off the boat from Italy. He's going to drive one of them. Chazzie Watson will drive the other."

Buckmaster turned to look at her. "You mean C. K. Watson?"

"I do. He's staying at our house, and he and Jack are spending every waking minute either driving or planning this race."

"Well!" Buckmaster exclaimed. "Chazzie Watson, eh?"

Watson was a big-leaguer, an Englishman, who had a reputation for bringing his car in first and arguing the ethics of his driving technique later.

"He's not too proud to take Vickery money," Anne said.

"He's not engaged to the Vickery daughter, darling."

"No," Anne said sweetly. "But he'd like to be. Darling."

"Well," Buckmaster said. "I see. Or I begin to see." And he could feel his own anger mounting.

They were now very close to a real quarrel, Buckmaster thought—to the point where they would both speak the truth but in unforgivable terms. Let it go, he thought; anything could trigger it off now, maybe settle it for good.

He turned to speak, but the look on Anne's face was so patently miserable that his anger changed to something else entirely. "Darling," he said. He touched her face gently. "This is no way for engaged people to be talking."

AS THOUGH she too were retreating, Anne pressed against him in swift response. "I know," she said. "But I'm afraid of losing, at any time. Once you start losing, what then?"

"You've got to be prepared to lose sometimes," Buckmaster said. "There's that phrase about being a good loser. It just means acceptance of a common possibility."

"No," Anne said. "I don't agree. I think good losers are deceiving themselves, or trying to deceive others."

Buckmaster had the sensation of her suddenly revealing to him some terrible, long-suspected and long-denied deformity. For a moment he floundered, shocked, and then he felt a strong, sudden pity for her. "Look," he said, "would it help any if I stopped queering my chances, if I let your father back me the rest of the way?"

Anne looked at him. "Oh, darling," she said. "If you only would."

"Well—all right," Buckmaster said slowly. "Let me put this car in its stall and then you can drive me over."

He stared steadily into her eyes for a moment, seeing her look of proud, pure triumph. . . .

They arrived at the cocktail hour,

Big Fish

What a tug on the line!
What luck—incredible!
A six-foot . . . *skin-diver?*
Throw him back—inedible.

—NAOMI MASSON

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and Jack Vickery called, "Well, sport. Well, brother-in-law-to-be. The Old Man hasn't come home yet, but in the meantime come and have a drink with the men to beat. Come meet Chazzie."

Watson was an enormous blond man. He grasped Buckmaster's hand quickly, and then suddenly dropped it as though he had mistakenly picked up something rather dirty.

"Well," he said. "Smith. You're going to be on a homemade one, I hear. Put it together yourself, I understand."

Before Buckmaster could answer, Chazzie glanced past him.

"Anne," Chazzie said. "Anne, darling!" He stepped away and bent to kiss Anne's cheek.

LOOKING away with some embarrassment, Buckmaster saw Jack Vickery watching him. Jack looked twice as large as life—the way the Vickerys always did when everything was going their way—and was beaming genially. "How's the new car, Buck?" he said.

Buckmaster drank most of his Martini swiftly. "She goes," he said.

"Cagey, huh?" Jack said. He turned to Chazzie. "This fellow builds a car, though. Don't make a mistake about that. And he can drive." Buckmaster noted a trace of admiration, or perhaps envy, in Jack's voice.

"Chaps over here," Chazzie was saying, "drive too cautiously, unless they've had Continental experience."

"Well, you're the boy to give it to them," Jack said. He began pouring another round of drinks. Chazzie walked over to Anne and said something that made her glance around at Buckmaster sharply and then begin to laugh. "Oh, really," Anne said. "You can be outrageous, Chazzie."

Chazzie smiled benignly at Buckmaster, and then in an encompassing way at Anne and the luxurious room. "Some chaps have all the luck," Chazzie said.

Somewhere in the house, a telephone began to ring.

Buckmaster was watching Chazzie, watching him tink the rim of his glass against Anne's in an uncalled-for gesture. Why, Buckmaster thought, he wants in. He wants in, in the worst way.

A maid came to the door. "Mr. Smith is wanted on the telephone. You can take it in the library, sir."

"Buckmaster, me boy!" Joe shouted through the receiver. "I've found you a chunk of credit!"

"What?" Buckmaster said.

"Any part of three thousand. Joe's Speedshop never lets a good customer down. Look, boy, all your drawings and specifications are here. Will I send 'em to the foundry?"

"That'll be a good fifteen hundred, for a new head and manifold."

"And fifteen hundred left for sundries," Joe said.

"All right," Buckmaster said, believing it at last, beginning to laugh a little crazily. "Tell them it's urgent, Joe. Tell them I want it right away." . . .

Six days later the redesigned engine came off Joe's test bed showing a power curve that barely varied from the design figures. Buckmaster worked with the mechanics who lowered it into the car, and helped them wheel it out onto the apron. He started the motor again and backed and filled a little around the apron, feeling the alignment. Then he got out to look under the hood, but he saw Betsy coming across the apron toward him.

Betsy was a tidy girl, but she didn't bother too much about style. She wore her fine blonde hair shoulder-length, and this morning she was wearing a gathered skirt and peasant blouse. She walked in the peculiar gliding way girls have when they're wearing flat heels. And she looked, Buckmaster thought, most attractive.

"You are totally ravishing this morning," he told her.

"Why, Buckmaster Smith," Betsy said. "And here I always thought you just looked right through me."

Buckmaster grinned at her.

"You look like a crumb," Betsy said, gazing at him. "When did you shave last? When did you eat last? When did you sleep last?"

"Listen," Buckmaster said. "Destiny's upon me. Look at the car that will take the Caledon Cup."

"I'm looking at you," Betsy said. "Are you cultivating a nervous breakdown or something?"

"You can't blame me for being a little keyed up."

"No," Betsy said. "I can't blame you for anything." She bent over the motor, pushing her hair behind her ears the way she always did when she was concentrating on something. Buckmaster watched the fine strands separate and begin to fall forward again. As he bent over the motor himself, he caught a whiff of Betsy's perfume.

"You smell very nice this morning," he said.

An Italian-built job came toward them across the apron. Looking up, Buckmaster saw Chazzie Watson at the wheel. Beside him was Anne.

"Morning," Buckmaster called out. Chazzie smiled thinly at him. Anne's smile was cool. Anne, Buckmaster knew, was still pretty sore about his sudden refusal to take Parlay's money. "Just don't let me down," she had warned him that day in the library. They had slugged it out that afternoon, all right, with old Parlay himself coming in to take a hand. Buckmaster had come away from it battered but still a free soul.

He had been too busy to see Anne since, and now here she was in a Vickery car, with the Vickery hired help. Chazzie was looking at Buckmaster's car appraisingly. Then he looked at Betsy appraisingly.

"We seem to have interrupted a tête-à-tête," he said to Anne. And to Betsy he said, "You must be careful, my girl. Don't you know the gentleman is Vickery property?"

Betsy's blue eyes turned a stony gray. "No," she said. "I thought it was *you* who had been bought."

Anne's cool smile became fixed. Chazzie gunned the Italian job deafeningly and rolled it toward the pumps.

"Sorry, Buck," Betsy said. "That creep gets me!"

"Forget him," Buckmaster said. "Hop in and we'll see how she goes."

Betsy hesitated and then climbed in. Buckmaster guided the car around in a tight circle and headed down the street. At the end of the block Betsy said: "All right, Buck, you've made your gesture. I'll walk back."

"That was no gesture," Buckmaster told her.

"No?"

"This is kind of an event, trying out a new motor," Buckmaster said. "I'd like you to be in on it."

Betsy was silent a moment; then she settled back in the seat. "The trouble with me," Betsy said, "is that I believe everything you tell me, darn it." . . .

He was bringing the car around the tree-shaded bend, everything perfect, and into the long straight. The gear lever came back smoothly as he double-kicked the clutch; the bucket seat was pressing firmly into his back.

He had had a moment of doubt, of conscience perhaps, before he had realized that everything had been settled there on the apron of Joe's Speedshop—as he had watched Betsy walk toward him, watched her long blonde hair fall about her face as she inspected his car. Her hair was done up now, and crammed inside a crash helmet. Buckmaster took a final look at her and thrust the gas pedal all the way down.

The road began rushing at him; trees and the roadside became a green blur. Buckmaster saw the tachometer pass the six-thousand mark.

Quite suddenly, the sensation of speed fell away. It was as though the car had crossed a barrier, had hurtled out of time, and lay now suspended over an unending road, over an unending world. Buckmaster felt a vast leisureliness, a brilliant emptiness of mind.

Presently he saw his marker, the warning to let down. It seemed to drift toward him, an old, isolated stone building, and Buckmaster thought it would be quite possible as they passed to count the stones in its collapsing walls. By then he was easing back on the throttle. With an exploding roar the car dropped back into tangible speed and he guided it slowly to a stop.

He cut the motor and sat staring straight ahead. After a long time he heard Betsy draw a long, shuddering breath. Then she took off her crash helmet and goggles and loosened her hair. She lay back against the seat, still trembling as she breathed. Buckmaster took off his own helmet.

"Now I know," Betsy said, "what 'out of this world' means." She stared at him, her head turned, her eyes wide and intensely blue. "Give me a cigarette, please," she said.

Buckmaster lighted two. He began to pass one to Betsy and she began to reach for it, and then quite suddenly he threw the cigarettes into the ditch and took Betsy in his arms. It was probably the clumsiest kiss she ever received, or Buckmaster ever gave, there in the bucket seats with the steering wheel pinning down his legs, and Betsy's shins knocking against the gear lever.

"Buckmaster, darling Mr. Buckmaster Smith," Betsy said a while later, "please light me a cigarette. And please look at me again so I can see the way your ears stick out."

Buckmaster lighted two and, successfully this time, passed one to her. He said: "Betsy, I—"

"I love the way your ears stick out," Betsy said. "I think we should stick to talking about subjects like that."

"Like what?" Buckmaster said.

"I mean, darling, we shouldn't say anything about anything. Just put this down to a whim of the moment. Just call it an impulse to kiss a pretty girl by the roadside. You do think I'm a pretty girl, don't you, darling?"

"Yes," Buckmaster said. "Betsy—"

"Let's go back now. Let's go back to Joe's Speedshop and the Vickerys and you breaking your heart to win an auto race—"

"Betsy!" Buckmaster shouted. "Do you love me?"

"Love you, darling. Love you till I die," Betsy said. "And don't you say you love me, darling. Because I believe every darn' word you say."

HE BROKE away fast but not shedding any rubber, threading his way among the more cautious ones until he came to the head of the pack at the first corner. Jack and Chazzie had already ripped around it, and Buckmaster stayed with the strong leaders, driving tactically now, his strategy established. They were on the road for the Caledon Cup.

He spent two laps feeling out the strongest of the cars which were still trailing behind Jack and Chazzie. Then, satisfied that the race was among the three of them, he swept clear and began to drive hard. It was his intention to make Chazzie Watson and Jack Vickery work as they had never worked before.

And it was his intention to throw the race.

He felt very confident of being able to do it. He was sure that his car was better than the Italian jobs; he was sure he could drive it to a win. But he knew now that to lose was the only way out of an intolerable situation: it would give Anne her kind of excuse to break off the engagement. He thought she had guessed his change of heart, but she had come out onto the road after he was belted in his seat to give him a good-luck kiss.

The Caledon course was a tough one. It had hills up and hills down. It had a railway crossing, dirt roads, broken macadam roads and one dazzling straight. Buckmaster caught Jack Vickery going downhill on a dirt road, the

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Italian car yawing and using everything that lay between the ditches. Buckmaster timed the frequency of this yawing and roared past in third, in sudden acceleration, before the nose of Jack's car could touch him. Immediately he downshifted and braked, the safety belt cutting him, and then he was drifting the car around a hairpin bend, showering gravel and dirt onto the hay bales alongside the course.

THE new straight was macadam, rough and with an uncertain camber. Twice he saw daylight under the wheels of Chazzie's car, and he chased Chazzie until both were driving on the thin edge of disaster. He made no effort to pass the Italian car on the clean straight, but waited until the next lap, until both cars were bounding crazily, before he made his challenge.

But Chazzie wouldn't give him road room. Suddenly angry, Buckmaster swung in behind the red car, downshifting and braking for the curve and holding an angry distance of a few feet as Chazzie swept superbly into the curve. In Buckmaster's vision the red car seemed to reverse itself, to swing out wide in the opposite direction, and then the whole world seemed to follow it. Buckmaster was spinning out, and he lifted his feet and then touched the gas pedal in an effort to re-establish traction. Screeching, his car spun end for end, slammed into the hay bales and through them and over a shallow ditch. Jack Vickery's car whirled past, and Buckmaster, grunting with pain, looked up to see a steward signaling him to go ahead if he could.

His engine was stalled, and the starter merely whined when he stepped on it. Savagely, he kicked down on it, and felt immense relief when the pinion snappishly engaged. The motor roared and he gunned the car through the ditch and then up onto the road with all the acceleration it had. Chazzie had outdriven him there, and Buckmaster began to see something pretty funny about his plan to throw the race.

On the long straight he hauled them into sight again, sparing nothing of his car's speed, wondering vaguely if his near crash had damaged the suspension. He would find out the hard way at this speed, he knew; and sweeping around the broad curve and into the main street of the little town he was amazed when his pit board told him that this was the final lap. His counting had slipped several cogs; but before he was through, before he yielded everything his life had been aimed at these past months, Buckmaster wanted once to lead the field in this race.

He accelerated hard to the end of the street, meaning to trail the two Italian cars until he could pass them cleanly on the fastest leg. After that—a controlled spin-out on the dirty little bend just before the short leg back into town, and Buckmaster would have had his day. He drew his lips up and down on his dirt-crusted teeth and spat. Then he started to drive.

On the uphill he sighted the two Italian cars again, lost them momentarily as he fought for control after bounding over the railroad tracks. But after each bend he had them closer. When they reached the straight he was in good time to make his bid. The familiar sensation of the seat's thrust against his back assured him that the car had lost no power; and then he was bearing down, closing the gap fast.

Now Jack Vickery was in the lead, and Buckmaster wondered how much Chazzie Watson had taken to yield this advantage. He swung out to pass Chazzie, and Chazzie blocked him. Buckmaster fell back, acknowledging that Chazzie might have been avoiding a bad spot, and then swung for a bid again. At the same time Jack Vickery fell back a little and now the two red cars, a little closer than nose to tail, were straddling the road. The space between them widened, then narrowed, then widened again as Jack and Chazzie maneuvered. But at its widest the space would hardly admit his car, and Buckmaster realized that he was not the only one with a master plan for this race. Jack and Chazzie had no intention of letting him pass.

It is probable that any other time Buckmaster Smith would have decided to hell with it, and let the officials decide later. But whether he wanted it or not, Buckmaster had been conditioned to combativeness lately; his rare temper flared. Fallen back to a safe distance from the weaving cars, he again closed the gap, chose a moment when the lane between the Italian cars seemed widest, and rammed his way through. He saw Chazzie give him a look of complete surprise; out of the corner of his eye he saw Jack Vickery's arm make some sort of gesture. There was a scraping thud at his right rear wheel and then his own car began to yaw violently, whipping from side to side on the smooth road with the tires screeching their treads away.

His anger still mounting, Buckmaster was hardly aware of his danger. This was the way a lot of the bold ones went, yawing farther and farther, and then the rollover, and over and over, and car and driver scattered a quarter of a mile. Buckmaster fought hard for control and won it, coming into his corner much too fast, making the hairpin with his wheels hard down at first and finishing in a beautifully controlled drift. Then came the short rough straight and the final corner, and the main street of the town. Barely realizing that he had won the Caledon Cup, he accelerated past the flag.

IT WAS Anne Vickery who handed him the winner's bouquet, who, smiling brightly, pressed his ring into his hand as he accepted the flowers. She gave him the winner's kiss too, saying: "Now you can do what you like. I think we gave you a rough time." She passed down the line to Chazzie Watson's car and kissed him too, and Buckmaster, watching that, wondered if the winner's passion that they shared would be enough.

"Well," Betsy said, when she and Joe had taken him to a quiet spot. "Now you've got what you wanted."

"Yeah," Buckmaster said, and he opened his hand and the diamond winked up at them.

"Hey, boy," Joe said. "You got a divorce from those Vickerys?"

"Had to," Buckmaster said. "Had to do it, Joe. Betsy, darling," he said, "kiss me. I'm a free man."

"Hey," Joe said, "now she gets her money back. The fancy way."

"What?" Buckmaster said.

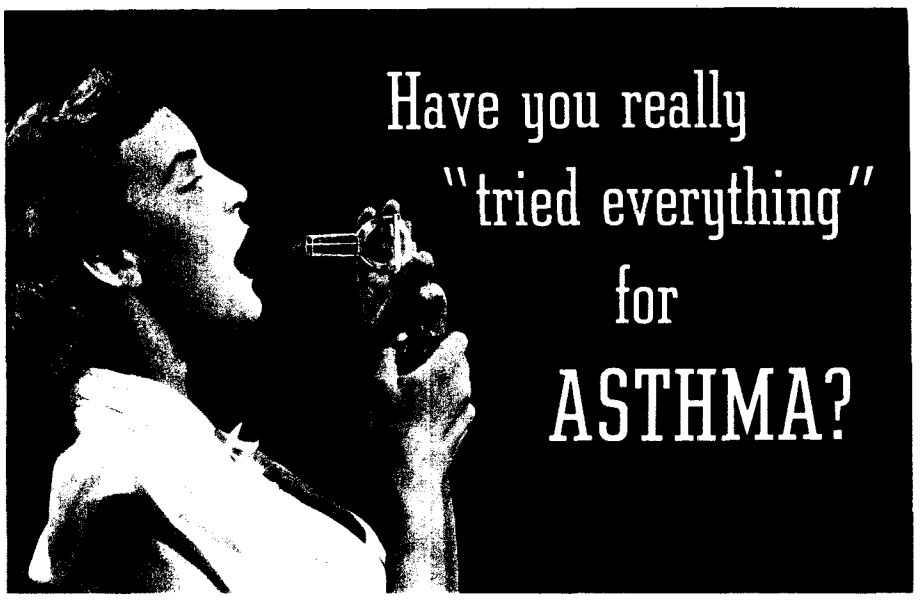
"Where'd you think the three grand came from? The girl's life savings."

"Joe," Betsy said, "you promised. Buckmaster," she said, "be careful of what you say. I always believe every word you say."

Buckmaster took a deep breath. "Dear Betsy," he said. "I have just found out that you are nuts. But I love you anyway. Do you believe that?"

"Every darn' word," Betsy said.

—JOHN WALLACE



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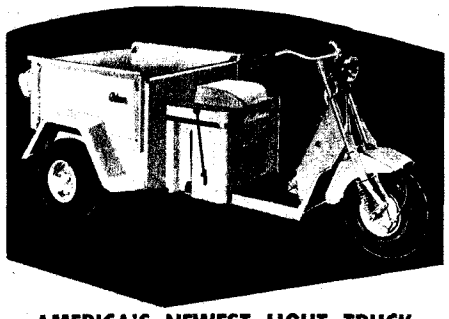

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Low and Outside

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

good kids at the tryout Saturday," I said to Mr. Pomfritt, "we're going to be in big trouble."

"Oh, this is terrible, terrible," moaned Mr. Pomfritt, biting his cruel lip. If there was anything that man hated, it was to lose. He whimpered and screamed and carried on something fierce. "I've got to have a winner, Gerald," he said, grabbing me by the lapels. "I've got to, you hear?"

"Yes, sir," I said, feeling mighty glum because I had a sudden fear that unless I came up with a winner, I'd be out of a job.

NO DOUBT I could find another job someplace, but not at *this* salary—and *this* salary was what I needed to support a wife: namely, Harriet. I hadn't asked her yet—she was always so busy with suffering humanity—but I intended to the first chance I got.

"Don't you worry, Mr. Pomfritt," I said. "There'll be five hundred kids at the tryout. I'll pick some good ones."

"See that you do," he said, glaring at me with his mean little eyes.

"Yes, sir," I said and left him and went to tell Harriet I wouldn't be available to reform the world for a while.

"Oh, what a shame!" said Harriet. "I just joined a wonderful new organization that I'm sure you'd love. It's called the Society for the Abolition of Little League."

"The *what?*" said I.

"The Society for the Abolition of Little League," she said. "Why are you such a funny color."

"Harriet," said I, "who wants to abolish Little League?"

"Why, this group I just joined," she said. "We feel it has a bad influence on children."

"*Baseball* is bad?" I asked incredulously.

"Organized baseball, yes—it puts the emphasis on *winning*. It makes the kids so competitive, so tense. It's just terrible!"

"Harriet," said I, "I will yield to no man in my admiration for your intellect, but this time you've got rocks in your head. Of course kids want to win. And this is not peculiar to Little League. This happens in any pickup game on any sand lot."

"Ah, but that's different. In sand-lot baseball, a kid plays a game and then forgets about it. Pressures don't build up over the whole summer. There's no schedule, there's no pennant, there's no regular team, there's no organization."

"That's right!" I cried. "No organization! That's what's so great about Little League. It's *organized*. You don't have a bunch of kids of all sizes and ages, playing on beat-up old fields with any equipment they can find. You've got the right-sized kids on the right-sized fields, playing with the right-sized equipment. They're *organized!*"

"Organized to *win!*" she snapped, her creamy skin going pink, which excites me wildly, even when she doesn't have her facts right. "That's all that counts—*winning!* Not playing the game—*winning!* So the best players do all the playing, while the rest of the kids sit on the bench!"

"Now, just one minute, my girl. Every kid on a Little League team gets a chance to play."

"Sure," she answered. "If a team is so far ahead or so far behind that it doesn't matter, you let the poor little bench warmer play for an inning or two. Gerald, I don't understand you. How can you defend Little League?"

"Well, for one reason," I said, "I am manager of the Mustangs."

Her mouth popped open, revealing her faultless molars. "Well!" she gasped. "I'm glad I found out in time." She made as if to leave.

"Don't go," I said, grasping her creamy hand.

She wrenched it free. "It's Little League," she said, "or me."

Well, sir, here was a pretty dilemma. Life without Harriet was unthinkable. But so was life without baseball. And besides, unless I managed the Mustangs, Mr. Pomfritt would fire me, and if Mr. Pomfritt fired me, where would I find a job that would pay me enough to marry Harriet—that is, if she'd have me, which she wouldn't if I managed the Mustangs, which I had to do if I wanted to hold my job, which I needed if I was going to marry Harriet. A pretty dilemma, you must agree.

"Can't we," I suggested, "work out some kind of compromise?"

Her eyes flashed blue fire. "There is no compromise with principle!" she declared, and took her large, cunningly formed body away.

Never have I been in such agony as that night. Lifeless and dry-mouthed, I sprawled on my bed—a heap of anguish, a pile of woe, a hillock of misery. A dozen times I reached for the telephone to call Harriet and capitulate. Each time it was Harriet's own words that stopped me: "There is no compromise with principle!" For I believed in Little League, and I had to stick by my guns.

But the next morning when I saw Harriet coming through my gate in a peekaboo blouse, I knew that, principle or not, I had to have her, and I rushed out of my gatehouse to tell her so. It turned out, however, that it wasn't necessary, because she said to me, "Gerald, I've got an idea. You stay in Little League and reform it from within."

"How, Harriet?" said I. "How, my big toothsome doll?"

"Make your team an example to the rest of the league. Teach your boys that it's not winning that counts, it's playing the game. Don't have any stars; don't have any bench warmers. Just have a bunch of happy kids playing the game, not to win, but for the pure sport of it—and I'll help you."

"You will?" I said with ill-concealed nervousness. "How?"

"I'll go to the tryout with you tomorrow," said Harriet. "We'll choose the kids nobody else wants, the poor little darlings who can't run or hit or throw. We'll choose them because they deserve a chance to play ball too."

"Oy!" I said, seizing my head with both hands.

HARRIET went on, her eyes gleaming the way they do when she is on a crusade. "And we'll see to it that these poor tykes get a chance to play regularly. Everybody will play the same number of innings; nobody will warm the bench."

Two salt tears ran down my cheeks. I saw my job vanishing—but I also saw Harriet's snowy shoulders peeking from her peekaboo blouse, and I knew I could not say her nay.

So the next day she was beside me at the Little League tryout, where 500 boys, aged eight to twelve, had come

TIZZY

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around to show their stuff to the managers. Harriet shook her head steadfastly as the first twenty or thirty boys —all fairly good prospects—came up to bat. They were too expert for her purpose. Finally she found one who pleased her.

This ball-hawk was eight years old, about two feet high, and almost perfectly globular. He had big, soft brown eyes and a loony smile that never left his face for a second. On his way to the plate he stopped to pet two dogs, pick a dandelion, and lift up a little girl who couldn't reach the drinking fountain. Then he stepped into the batter's box. The pitcher lobbed him an easy one. He gave a mighty swing —straight over his head like a woodchopper. He hit himself in the toe. His pants fell down.

"Him," said Harriet.

"Oh, no!" I begged.

"Him," she said firmly, and the rest she chose were not much better. Only by concentrating furiously on Harriet was I able to put out of my mind what Mr. Pomfritt would say when he saw his new Mustangs.

THERE was an auction on Wednesday following the tryout at which managers bid for likely prospects, but I didn't even bother to show up. It was a leadpipe, certain, dead cinch that nobody would compete for my choices.

On the next Saturday I met my team for the first practice session. "Boys," I said, somehow managing a smile as I looked over the collection of puny limbs, baby fat and spongy tissue, "I am Gerald Trask, your manager."

"How do you do?" said the little round boy whose pants had fallen off at the tryout. "I am Irving O'Sheel, and this is for you." He handed me a homemade cherry pie.

"Well, this is very nice," said I. "Be sure to thank your mother for me when you get home."

"What for?" said Irving. "*I* baked the pie."

"Isn't that precious!" cried Harriet, planting a kiss on Irving's skull.

"Boys," I said, "this is Harriet McDade. She will be with us this year as, you might say, our spiritual adviser."

"Hello, boys," said Harriet. "We're going to have a lot of fun this year and we're all going to be good sports and we don't care if we don't win a single game because winning isn't important; it's playing the game that counts."

"I love you!" cried Irving, plunging his face into her dirndl.

I pulled them apart and began the practice. At the start of the session I was heavyhearted; at the end I was suicidal. There was no chance, no chance in the world. The best players I had were the five bench warmers held over from last year; they at least had a nodding acquaintance with the game. But the new boys were totally impossible. They could not hit or pitch or run or field; indeed, several of them had trouble dressing themselves.

But, for the love of Harriet, I persisted. In the month that remained before the opening game, I called practice sessions for every single evening. I was the soul of patience. Over and over, I drilled them in fundamentals: "This is a ball. This is a bat . . . this is a base. . ." After a while they mastered those facts, and I began teaching them how to run and throw and some of the simpler rules of baseball. Finally, after gallons of sweat and buckets of blood, I had them looking a little bit like a ball club—until the first game, that is.

We opened against the Bombers, our traditional rivals. They'd been runners-up for the past two years. We batted first. The opening pitch on Sutphen, our leadoff man, was a called strike.

"Why, you blind bum, where'd you learn to umpire?" came a voice from the stands. The voice was Mr. Pomfritt's. He was a great one for yelling at umpires. Any time a call went against the Mustangs, you could depend on a few words from him.

But his protests got less loud as Sutphen fanned, and Armitage and Adler, the next two batters, did the same. When, in the bottom half of the first inning, the Bombers scored eleven runs, Mr. Pomfritt fell deathly silent. When, in the second and third innings, the Bombers scored, respectively, seven and twelve runs more, moans could be heard coming out of his throat. When, after the third inning—which is the mid-point in a Little League game—I took out my regulars and sent in the scrubs, as I had promised Harriet, and the Bombers *really* began to murder us, Mr. Pomfritt fell to gibbering. I had never heard a man gibber before. It was pretty scary.

AFTER the game Mr. Pomfritt fled from the field as from a brush fire. The Mustangs shuffled miserably into the dugout. Me too. Then Harriet came bouncing in. "Why all the gloom, boys?" she called gaily. "You did your best. Winning doesn't matter; it's playing the game that counts. Come, I've got a picnic for us."

Sure enough, she'd spread a blanket in the outfield and covered it with hot dogs and plums and bananas and root beer and salt-water taffy. She stuffed the boys with food and tousled their hair and led them in camp songs until she had them all as jolly as though the Bomber game had never happened.

"See?" she said to me when we were alone. "It isn't winning; it's playing the game that counts."

"Yeah," I said glumly, thinking of what Mr. Pomfritt would say to me in the morning.

But he didn't say anything. He just rumbled and turned sort of blackish as he went through my gate, and I knew that my days were numbered. . . .

The second game was against the Spitfires. We lost it 21 to 0. Mr. Pomfritt stayed silent all through this game, except for one piercing shriek at the end of the third inning when I took out the regulars and sent in the scrubs. When the game was over, Harriet invited the boys to her house where she had cocoa with marshmallows, marble cake, jelly beans and paper hats. After the refreshments, there were pony rides in the back yard.

The following morning Mr. Pomfritt stopped at the gatehouse and talked to me. "Gerald," he thundered, "I was going to fire you today, but I've decided to give you one more chance. If you don't win the next game, you're through, do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," I quavered, and at lunch I told Harriet about Mr. Pomfritt's ultimatum.

"Oh, pooh!" she said lightly. "You'll find another job."

I sighed miserably and said nothing. A pretty dilemma; a pretty dilemma indeed! To hold Harriet, I had to lose the one job that would pay me enough to marry her. Oh, a pretty, pretty dilemma!

When I arrived at the practice field that night, the team was lined up in front of the dugout, looking very formal and grave. Irving O'Sheel stepped forward. He cleared his little fat throat. "Gerald," he said, "we men want you to know we appreciate it that you don't get sore at us because we play such rotten baseball and you give us cocoa and plums and everything, and we decided that we're gonna try real, real hard to be better ballplayers. Aren't we, men?"

"Yes!" chorused the Mustangs.

"Well, thanks," I said, touched, but not cheered. Because I knew that even with the best intentions in the world, this collection would never make a team. The scrubs were completely hopeless; the regulars were not much better.

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fielding and running—night after night after night. Here and there I began to see some improvement, and a flame of hope was kindled in my breast—tiny, feeble and flickering, but a flame nonetheless.

The flame was abruptly snuffed out in the first half of the first inning of the next game. Sutphen, Armitage and Adler went down swinging—one, two three.

Our opponents, the Hawks, came to bat. Lace, the Mustang pitcher, fired three fast balls over the heart of the plate, and the first batter was out before he could get the bat off his shoulder. Overconfident now, Lace kept throwing the fast one, but he couldn't find the plate and the next batter walked. Now Lace slowed down and started looking for corners. He threw two strikes, and then the batter connected—a scorching grounder headed for left field.

But Ritter, the shortstop, came charging in, head down, and scooped up the ball. I couldn't believe it! He pivoted, whipped it to second. And—I couldn't believe this either—the second baseman was there! He threw down to first. Double play! The Mustangs—the ten-thumbed Mustangs—had made a double play! The flame of hope was alive again, big as a bonfire!

It dwindled somewhat in the second inning when three Mustangs fanned in a row, but in the bottom of the inning Lace held the Hawks to one scratch single. In the third inning Ritter fanned, Depiero fanned, and then Lace came up and hit the first pitch over the left-field fence.

I looked at the Mustangs and the Mustangs looked at me. Then we all nodded; it was true. Then we started screaming, screaming like maniacs, and as Lace crossed the plate we swarmed all over him, pumping his hand, hugging him, cheering, yelling, pounding his back. The Mustangs were winning—and it felt wonderful!

Sutphen, the next batter, drove a fly to deepest center, but it was caught. The Hawks came to bat and went down in order. At the end of three innings the Mustangs still led, 1 to 0.

IT WAS the halfway mark in the game now—time to put in the scrubs. Glumly I turned to the sorry specimens on my bench. "All right, fellows," I said. "Go on in."

Irving O'Sheel stood up. "Please, Gerald," said he, looking up at me earnestly, "we don't want to go in. We'd rather win the game."

A wave of exultation came over me—came and went. Naturally, I wanted to win the game—for the sake of the team, for the sake of my job. But I had promised Harriet there'd be no bench warmers. "Sorry, fellows," I said. "You have to go in."

"Please," begged Irving. "Please," begged the others, and on every one of their faces it was clear; they didn't want to play; they wanted their team to win.

I came to a decision. "Okay," I said. "The regulars stay in."

The Mustangs cheered, regulars and scrubs alike. Mr. Pomfritt cheered. I did a little cheering myself—till I looked up in the stands and saw Harriet. A frown was darkening her creamy brow; there was obviously trouble ahead.

But meanwhile we had a game to win. Lace pitched carefully and well. The infield held together. The outfield caught everything that came its way. Mr. Pomfritt recovered his voice and screamed abuse at the umpire. The Mustangs squeezed over one more run in the fifth inning, held back a Hawk rally in the sixth, and won the game 2 to 0.

I didn't stay for the celebration in the dugout. I raced for the gate to head off Harriet who was stalking out of the park in a high dudgeon. "Out of my way, you hateful, selfish man!" she snarled as I laid a hand on her arm.

"Honest, Harriet," I said, "I didn't do it to save my job. The kids wanted it this way."

"I don't care what they wanted," she replied hotly. "It's up to you to teach them that playing the game is more important than winning."

"But I don't believe it!" I cried in a sudden attack of truth. "These kids *want* to win. Look at them over in the dugout; you've never seen them so happy. And what makes them happy? *Winning*—not root beer, not hot dogs, not pony rides—but *winning!* And I don't care what you say, I'm not going to take it away from them."

"Well then," she said in icy tones, "I guess there's nothing more to say."

"I guess not," I said numbly, and numbly I watched her walk away—the creamiest girl a man ever saw.

Nor could I find anything to say to her after that as she passed my gatehouse in the mornings. All I could do was look at her—rosy and beautiful in her summer dresses—and sigh and bite my lip and keep silent, for I knew I had a keyed-up baseball team, hungry for victory, and I couldn't cheat them out of it.

What happened to the Mustangs was—I will not mince words—a miracle. The taste of victory was pure magic. Hitless wonders blasted home runs. Pitchers who couldn't find the plate threw shutouts. Outfielders with two left feet turned into gazelles. At every game I told myself, "Well, this is the end. They can't keep it up." But they could, and did. They won six in a row before they dropped one, and then they won eight more.

I didn't think Mr. Pomfritt would survive it. I thought he'd die of oral fatigue, if nothing else. That man never kept his mouth closed for a second. If he wasn't chewing out the umpires, he was yelling advice to the players—yock, yock, yock, all through every minute of every inning. And, besides that, he was in the dugout before and after every game, bellowing pep talks to the boys. All this noise made me pretty nervous. I was afraid he'd wake up the Mustangs and spoil the whole beautiful dream.

But all that happened was that the Mustangs—and Mr. Pomfritt—kept getting keyed up higher and higher, and we finished in first place, 14 wins, 4 losses.

Unfortunately, we were not alone in first place. The Bombers also had 14 and 4, and we had to go into a play-off.

THE Mustangs arrived extra early for the play-off game. Silently they filed into the dugout. Silently they sat while Mr. Pomfritt screamed a few encouraging words to them—something to the effect that in this game he expected every boy to risk every limb, and life itself, if necessary. Still silent, they went out for twenty minutes' pregame practice and silently came back to the dugout. Silently they sat, then silently stood for The Star-Spangled Banner, then silently took the field. Denham Patterson, president of the local Little League, sitting in a box next to our dugout, threw out the first ball and the game was on.

The Bombers batted first and went down in order. So did we. There was no score in the second inning, none in the third, none in the fourth, none in the Bomber half of the fifth.

With two out in the bottom of the fifth, Sutphen rounded second, shot a

BUTCH

COLLIER'S

"Keep tryin', Butch. He must have a wallet on him somewheres . . ."

LARRY REYNOLDS

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COLLIER'S

"Your wife wants to know what's the idea of leaving your lathe running and the basement window open . . ."

BOB BARNES

look at the left fielder, still scrambling for the ball. Sutphen dug for third. The left fielder found the ball, fired to the third baseman. Sutphen hit the dirt. The ball came in. A cloud of dust churned and billowed. The umpire bent down, straightened up, jerked his thumb over his shoulder. "Out!"

Sutphen jumped to his feet, red, trembling, tears streaming down his face. With one voice the Mustang rooters thundered their outrage—but Mr. Pomfritt could be clearly heard above the bedlam, more savage, more furious than anyone.

And the Mustangs were yelling too, boiling out of the dugout and yelling bloody murder. Suddenly Harriet was at my side, tugging roughly on my arm. "Look at them!" she snapped, pointing at my team. "Look what's happened to those little children!"

I LOOKED. I saw boys' faces red and twisted with rage, teeth bared, hands clenched into fists, cords standing out on young necks. Truly, it was an ugly and disturbing sight.

"Now do you know what I've been talking about?" said Harriet.

"Yes," I replied quietly. "Yes."

"Well," she demanded, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Regulars," I said quietly, "get back in the dugout. Scrubs, you're going in."

"No!" they yelled. "No! Please, no!"

"No arguments," I said. "Get in there."

But Mr. Pomfritt was in front of the dugout, blocking their way. "You," he yelled at me, "are fired!"

Suddenly I felt a great, steaming rush of anger, and I was bellowing right back at Mr. Pomfritt. "I'm not fired," I roared, "I quit! I wouldn't work for you if I was starving to death! You tyrant! What are you doing in Little League anyhow? How can we teach sportsmanship to kids with examples like you staring them in the face? There is only one danger threatening Little League—people like you."

"True," said Denham Patterson, president of the league, coming out of his box. "You're absolutely right, Gerald. All our other Little League sponsors are decent, civic-minded men who would never dream of interfering with their teams. But one loudmouth like Pomfritt could give the whole Little League a black eye. Pomfritt, you're through. Get out of the ball park."

Mr. Pomfritt mouthed and choked and sputtered—and left.

"Play ball!" called the umpire.

Irving O'Sheel, leading the scrubs, started sadly for the field.

"Hey, come back here!" I called to Irving and his colleagues. "You guys stay in the dugout. Regulars, go on back in—and win yourselves a pennant!"

Big, delighted smiles appeared on every Mustang face—scrubs and regulars alike. They whooped and hollered and pounded one another, and then the scrubs dived happily into the dugout and the regulars took the field.

Harriet looked at me in stunned disbelief. "I got a bulletin for you, Harriet McDade," said I. "In fact, *two* bulletins. Number one: kids like to win. Number two: there's nothing wrong with Little League except a rare case like Pomfritt. Now you might as well go, because you'll never convince me I'm wrong."

"Go?" said Harriet. "Who wants to go?" She sat down beside me and slipped her creamy hand into mine. "Come on, Mustangs!" she yelled.

"Come on, Mustangs!" I echoed.

On the mound Lace gave me a wink and fired his fast ball. Three pitches got the first batter. The second one grounded to short. The third flied to left field.

And it was the last of the sixth inning. Armitage singled. Adler sacrificed Armitage to second. Ritter made first on an error and Armitage went to third. With Depiero batting, Ritter tried to steal second. The catcher fired a perfect strike to the second baseman, and Ritter was an easy out. But meanwhile Armitage was running home from third with the winning run—and the pennant.

AFTER that ball game I shook a lot of hands, but one stays fresh in my mind. It belonged to a little round man with soft brown eyes.

"My congratulations to you, sir," said he.

"Thank you, sir," said I.

"That's my pop," said Irving O'Sheel.

"How do you do?" said I.

"How do you do?" said he.

"Hey, Pop," said Irving, "don't you need a gatekeeper at your factory?"

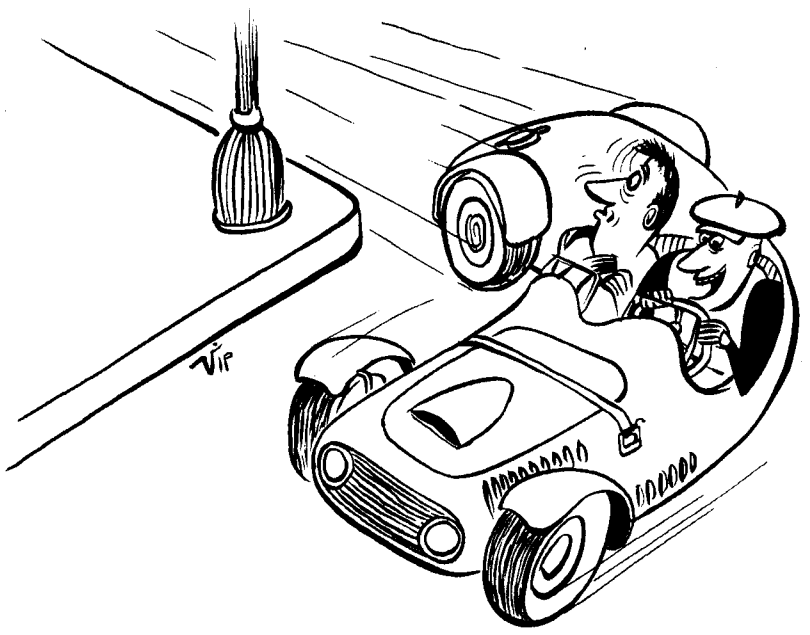
"What for?" said Mr. O'Sheel. "We haven't got a gate."

"You could build one," said Irving. "Gerald is a very fine gatekeeper and he needs a job."

"I should warn you, sir," I said to Mr. O'Sheel, "I'm rather a high-priced gatekeeper."

"Oh, I'm sure we can work something out," said Mr. O'Sheel, and sure enough, we did. So today I keep the brand-new gate at the O'Sheel Bluing Works and make enough money to marry Harriet—if she'll have me, which I will ask her as soon as she gets back from New York, where she is currently picketing the United Nations with her fellow members of the Society for the Unmasking of Moslem Women.

—MAX SHULMAN



COLLIER'S

"How's *that* for cornering!"

VIRGIL PARTCH

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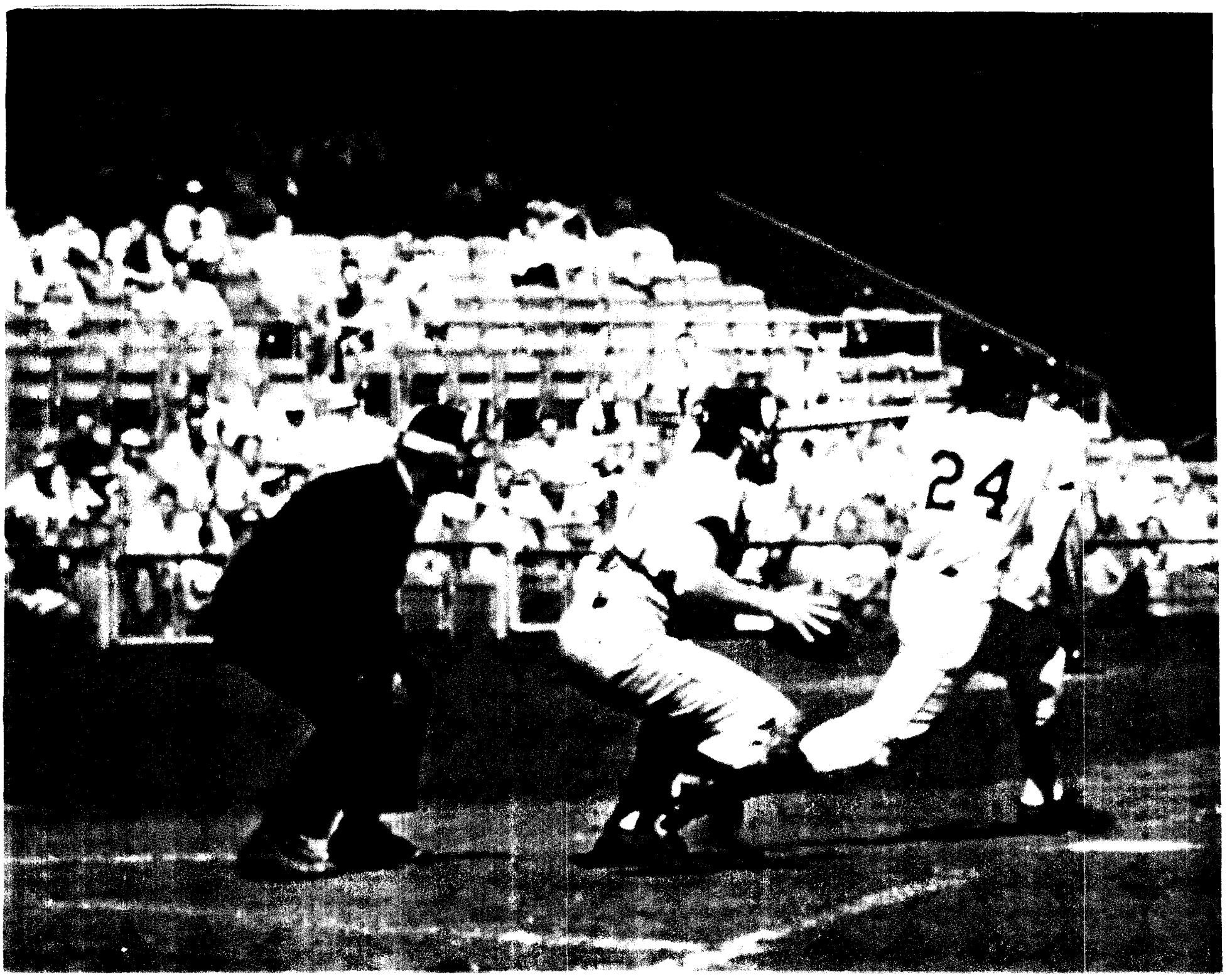

Mays, spark plug of the Giants, smashes out base hit against Pirates at Polo Grounds. But his admirers aren't just New Yorkers. Milwauk

Willie's Best Hits Aren't

By TOM MEANY

WILLIE MAYS, the twenty-three-year-old "Say-Hey" kid from Alabama, is more than a center fielder for the New York Giants—he's virtually a way of life. He has yet to play his 300th major-league game, but his followers already are clamoring for the gates of baseball's Hall of Fame to be left ajar for him. Those crashing noises you hear aren't Willie's home runs bouncing off the roof of the Polo Grounds; they're his fans toppling the statues of Babe Ruth and other baseball greats.

Charley Grimm, manager of the Milwaukee Braves, gave Willie the ultimate accolade. "I've always admired Mays," he said recently, "but that was strictly on his playing ability. Until I was associated with him in this year's All-Star game, I never realized how great he really is. He's the only ballplayer I know who can help a team just by riding on the bus with them."

Mays has captured the imagination of baseball fans as nobody has before in so short a time, not even Ruth. When the Babe first began to unleash the home-run power that was to revolutionize the very technique of the game, he had neither radio nor television to chant his praises. But Willie has, and to millions of American kids he already has replaced Superman and Captain Video.

Great as Willie is with the Giants, some of his best hits are made away from the club—for Mays excels in another sport.

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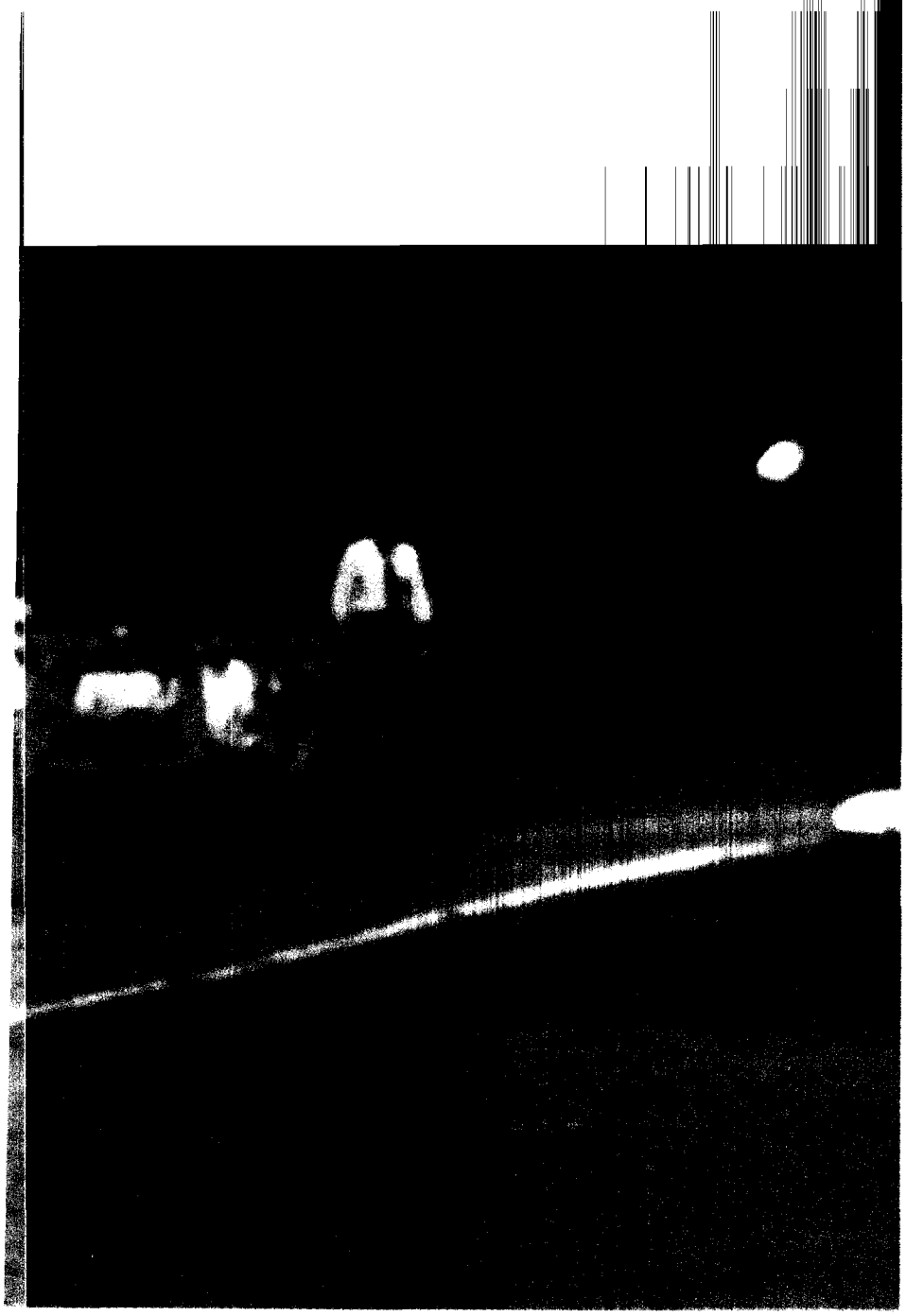

arley Grimm says: "He can help a team just by riding on the bus with them"

for the Giants

The "Say-Hey" kid's big bat, fine fielding and wide grin are making him a baseball legend. But there's another side to the amazin' Mays, another sport in which he excels

Collier's for September 3, 1954

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. . . It's stickball. And when Willie joins the boys on a Harlem street, after starring at the Polo Grounds, he really scores

Willie waits for traffic to pass before resuming stickball game. "He's a nice friendly guy," the small fry who play with him say. "He doesn't let us think he's too great." Even Dodger fans in the district like him

It's stickball, a game he plays with the kids on the streets of New York City's Harlem district before an even more appreciative if somewhat smaller gallery than he attracts in the big-league ball parks.

Stickball is a game indigenous to big cities, although Willie insists he remembers a version of it played in the open fields of his native Fairfield, Alabama. As in stud poker, the number of players can vary, but seven is usually tops. Stickball is a variation of baseball, with a broom handle for a bat and the pitcher throwing a rubber ball to the batter on one bounce. *Home plate is a manhole cover. So is second* base. First and third bases are usually the fenders of parked cars. One strike—or one foul—is out.

Willie plays almost every free evening with the youngsters around St. Nicholas Place and West 155th Street, where he boards with Mrs. James Goosby, widow of one of his early fans. She watches the games from a front window of her first-floor apartment and calls Willie when dinner is ready.

Naturally Mays is the best stickball player around. Butch McFarlane, a sixteen-year-old fellow player, says: "Willie can hit 'three sewers' any time he feels like it." In stickball a "sewer" is a manhole cover, and it is used as a unit of measurement, although it probably never will replace the metric system. On an average New York City block, "sewers" are spaced about 30 yards apart. Ordinarily, a "two-sewer" hitter is the champ of his block.

Although the kids play regular stickball games among themselves, Willie rarely plays in an actual game. He stands at the plate and whacks the ball until it gets dark, a habit of his which is no novelty to National League pitchers.

Joe Hawkins, sixteen, and also a stickball teammate, says: "Willie's a con man. He tells us kids we'll get our turn to hit, but we never do. Nobody gets a hit every time, but Willie does. I only seen him strike out once."

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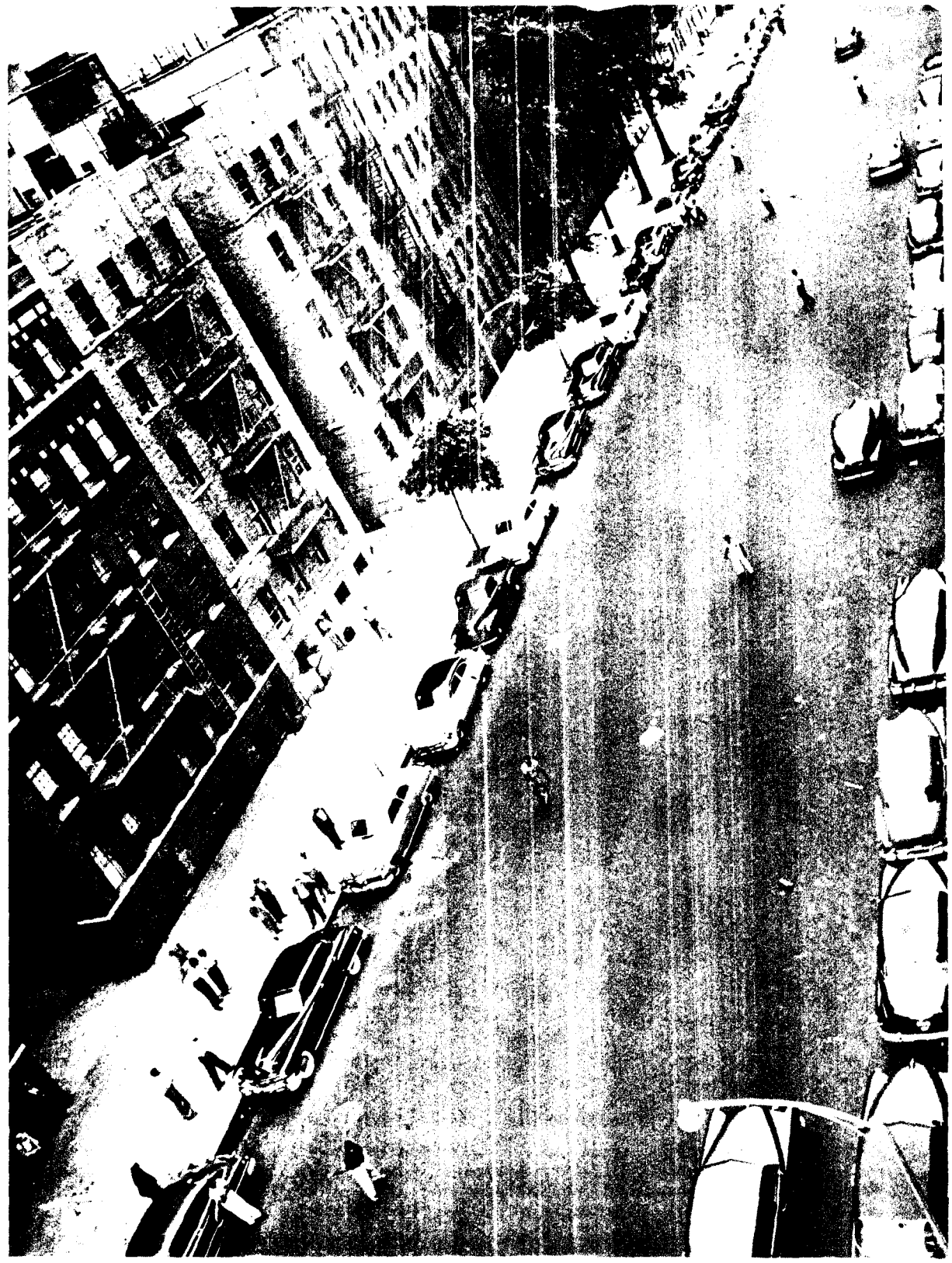

Above—Ball field is St. Nicholas Place. Below—Admiring neighborhood youngsters gather around their idol as famed ex-boxer Harry Wills (l.) pats him on the back. Standing to right of Mays (from l.): Joe Simms, 16, Butch McFarlane, 16, Bob Graves, 14, Joseph Hawkins, 16, Carl Martin, 14. Seated with Mays is Lorenzo Garland, 12

Gabriel Moses, a serious nine-year-old says: "Willie will play catch with us younger kids when the big fellers aren't around. He's always telling us, 'Throw harder, throw harder. How do you expect to be a big-leaguer if you don't throw hard?' He's nice to us kids, takes us for sodas and all that. No swelled head with Willie."

Willie's influence for good on the small fry of Harlem, not only in stickball but in his casual contacts with them, is almost immeasurable. The most completely unaffected athlete to come along in a generation, Willie is friendly as a kitten and gracious almost to the point of ceremonious politeness. Besides, how would you feel, as a kid, if you had a real big-leaguer on your block who played ball with you, chatted with you, joked with you and treated you as an equal? Boys are hero worshipers, but few of them get a close-up of their idol the way the kids do along St. Nicholas Place.

Carl Martin, fourteen, put his finger on one of Willie's finest assets when he said: "He doesn't let us think he's too great. He's a nice, friendly guy."

Little Skipper Gunn, seven, quite seriously opined that he didn't think Mays was better than the Brooklyn Dodgers' Duke Snider. "But Willie's a good friend of mine," he added.

With 50 to 100 people watching Willie's stickball performances from the sidewalks, and passing cars stopping while the occupants exchange pleasantries with Mays, traffic jams around St. Nicholas Place are frequent. One night recently, a police radio car, cruising to find the cause of a tie-up, spotted Willie as the culprit.

"Cut that out, Mays," one of the patrolmen called in mock severity. "I'm a Dodger fan and I don't want you practicing nights!"

Willie giggled and sang out: "Say-hey man! You a Dodger fan? Man, I'm sorry for you!"

So were the kids of St. Nicholas Place.

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HARRY DEVLIN

A Horse He Can't Ride

MANY VOTERS ARE asking themselves whether, in view of the performance during the 83d Congress, the Republicans deserve to remain in majority. We hear on all sides predictions that the Democrats will gain control of the House, and possibly the Senate, at the November elections.

True the record of the 83d Congress leaves much to be desired. The Republican leadership of both House and Senate failed to demonstrate sufficient enthusiasm for President Eisenhower's program. Too many of his proposals were rejected or were left on the shelf —among them the health reinsurance bill, statehood for Hawaii and the foreign trade bill.

Even so, we do not believe the President was speaking entirely with tongue in cheek when he declared that, in balance, his legislative program was coming out all right. The administration fared reasonably well on the all-important matter of appropriations. The long-delayed St. Lawrence Seaway project was approved and the Social Security Act was broadened, as the President requested. Commendably, Congress refrained from an election-year cutting spree and gave the President an acceptable tax program. The Senate heeded the President's stern advice and rejected the Bricker Amendment.

We do not believe this record justifies turning control of Congress over to the Democrats. On the contrary, we believe there are excellent reasons for giving the Republicans a larger majority in the 84th Congress.

History clearly has shown that it is not good for the country for one party to control the White House and for the other to control Congress. Two spectacular demonstrations are still vivid in memory—1930-'32, when a Democratic majority blocked key recovery proposals by President Hoover, and 1946-'48, when a Republican majority refused to act on most of President Truman's domestic program.

Both were periods of dismaying indecision.

Democrats in Congress have been making much of their support of the Eisenhower program, insisting—justifiably in some instances—that many of the President's accomplishments would have been impossible without them. One of their main arguments is that the best way to assure enactment of the Eisenhower program is to send a Democratic majority to Washington in January. This is too much to expect, politics being politics.

As the next Presidential election approaches, a Democratic majority in Congress will be tempted strongly to quibble over details, to block measures which "fall short" according to its lights, and to harass the administration generally. Inevitably, the Democrats will feel compelled to make a record of their own—as contrasted to that of the Republican President —on which their Presidential nominee can stand in 1956.

A certain number of Democrats, and Republicans, will refuse in any case to go along with much that the President proposes. These are the stanch conservatives from rock-ribbed Republican districts in the North and solid Democratic districts in the South—men who are sent back time after time regardless of national issues. They have been a thorn in the side of Eisenhower just as they were when his Democratic predecessors were in office. They will be back in 1955.

This is something that needs to be remembered next November. Practically speaking, the balance of Congressional power lies in those "uncertain" districts where the compulsion is strongest to put up Republican candidates pledged to support the President. In these areas, personalities and local issues sometimes outweigh party affiliations. This year, however, Collier's urges voters to pay closer attention to party labels—and to vote Republican.

We believe that under our system the surest way to fix responsibility is to give the party which controls the executive branch of the government a clear working majority in Congress. If the Republicans are given a substantial margin of control in November, voters then will have a right to demand that the G.O.P. deliver on the Eisenhower program and the President will have the chance to supply the leadership required by these challenging times.

Furthermore, the issues thus will be more clearly defined for 1956, when the country once again will decide which party is to be entrusted with the future of the United States of America.

Community Challenge

A COMMITTEE has been set up by President Eisenhower to study ways to reduce the tragic number of fatalities on the nation's highways (38,300 last year). It is attacking the problem on the local level.

If each community launches its own program to improve and enforce traffic safety, the committee says, better results can be achieved more quickly than would be possible under any nationally based campaign.

The President's Action Committee for Traffic Safety—as the study group is known—offers plenty of evidence that the local approach is effective. It cites the example of one Midwestern metropolitan area where a concerted safety campaign cut traffic deaths 42 per cent in 12 years—at a time when auto registrations in the district were increasing 60 per cent. There are other such examples, and similar, if less dramatic, results have been reported for rural areas.

The moral in these statistics is self-evident. It's up to all of us, working in our own communities, to find and correct the conditions which each year contribute to the fearful national traffic death toll, plus hundreds of thousands of injuries and economic losses totaling nearly $4,000,000,000.

Traffic safety is everyone's problem. As citizens of a nation which grants us the privilege of solving our own problems, we should accept the challenge gladly.

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